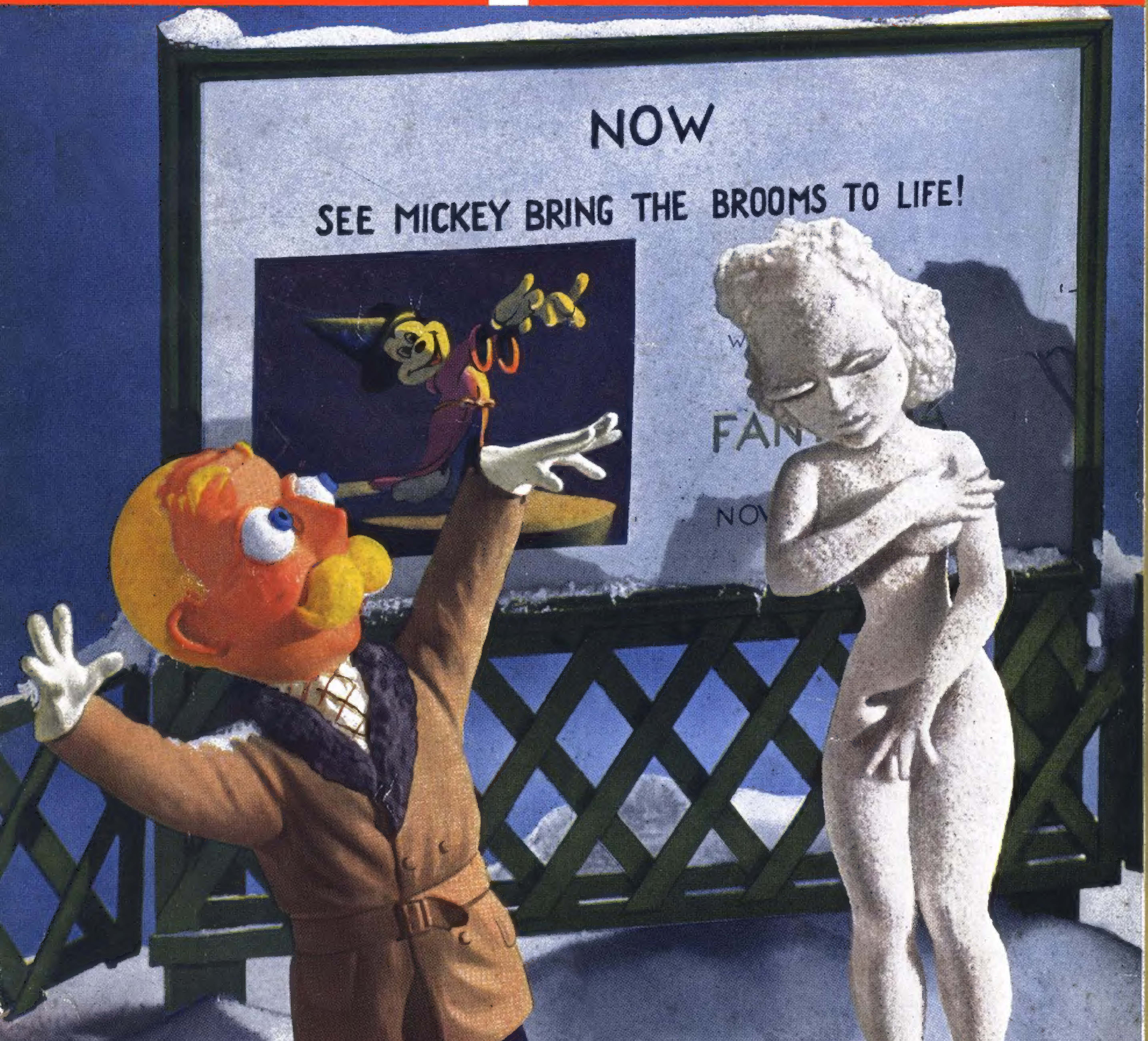
THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD • THIS PRINTING 850.000

JANUARY, 1942
HOLIDAY ISSUE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN


NOW
SEE MICKEY BRING THE BROOMS TO LIFE!
FAN
NOV

ARTICLES
JOHN R. TUNIS
FRED C. KELLY
JAMES R. YOUNG
S. M. ROBBINS
ROBERT O. FOOTE
SIDNEY CARROLL
HARRY SALPETER
DONALD HOUGH

FICTION
MANUEL KOMROFF
HORATIO WINSLOW
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
BENEDICT THIELEN
ROGER L. TREAT
MARTIN SAVELA

ART
PAUL SAMPLE
WESLEY DENNIS

SATIRE
LOUIS PAUL
PARKE CUMMINGS
CURT RIESS
FRANK GRUBER

PHOTOGRAPHY
PAUL GARRISON
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
LEON DE VOS

VERSE
ROARK BRADFORD
PHIL STACK

SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
O. B. KEELER
AL WESSON
JOSEPH TRINER

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
WM. LYON PHELPS
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
ROBERT W. MARKS
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

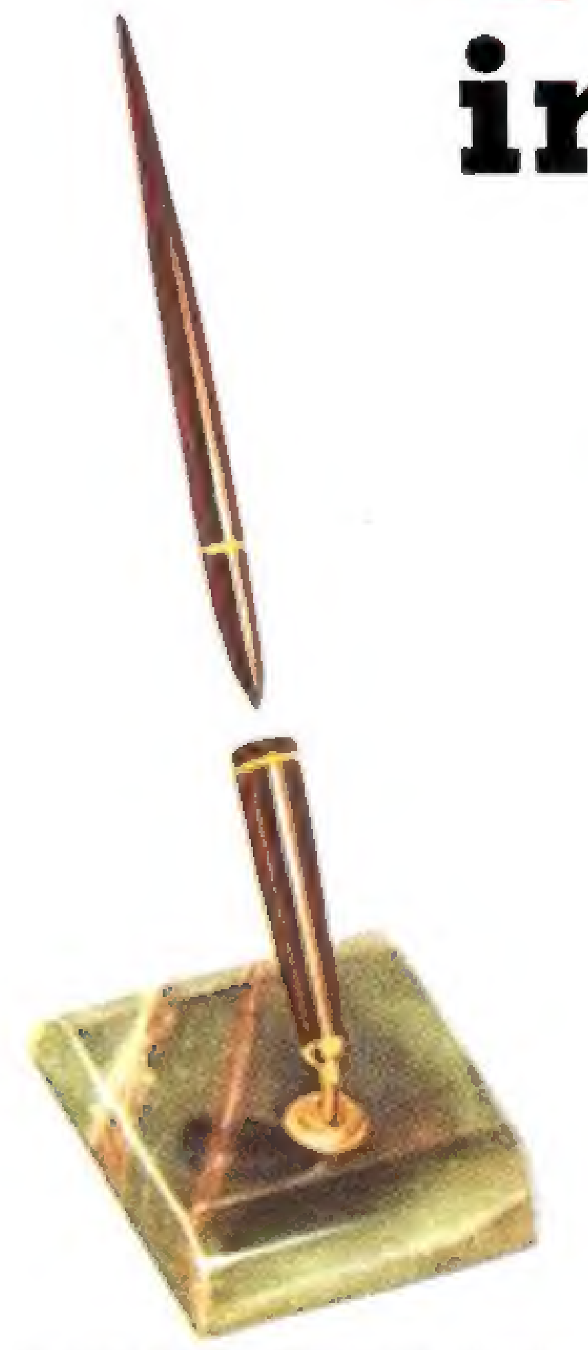
CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
WILLIAM PACHNER
D. McKAY
BILL O'MALLEY
GEORGE WOLFE
LAWRENCE LARIAR
LOWELL HOPPES
LEO GAREL
ERIC PETERS
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 192

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

You **Bet** there's *National Unity* in the Gift We Want ***This*** Christmas



PARKER DESK-PEN SETS with Patented SEALOMATIC Socket make all Parker Desk-Pens Split-second Starters, $5 to $132.50. Illustrated, IC—Green Onyx with new Parker "51" Desk-Pen, at price of pen alone, $12.50.

Parker—the Jewels of Pendom

for the busy writing days ahead—busy with Defense work, Business, and Training, with School work, and Family Affairs

Yes, just about everyone wants a Fountain Pen or Set *this* Christmas. And more than a dozen separate, independent pen surveys leave no doubt that people prefer the PARKER. Here's why:

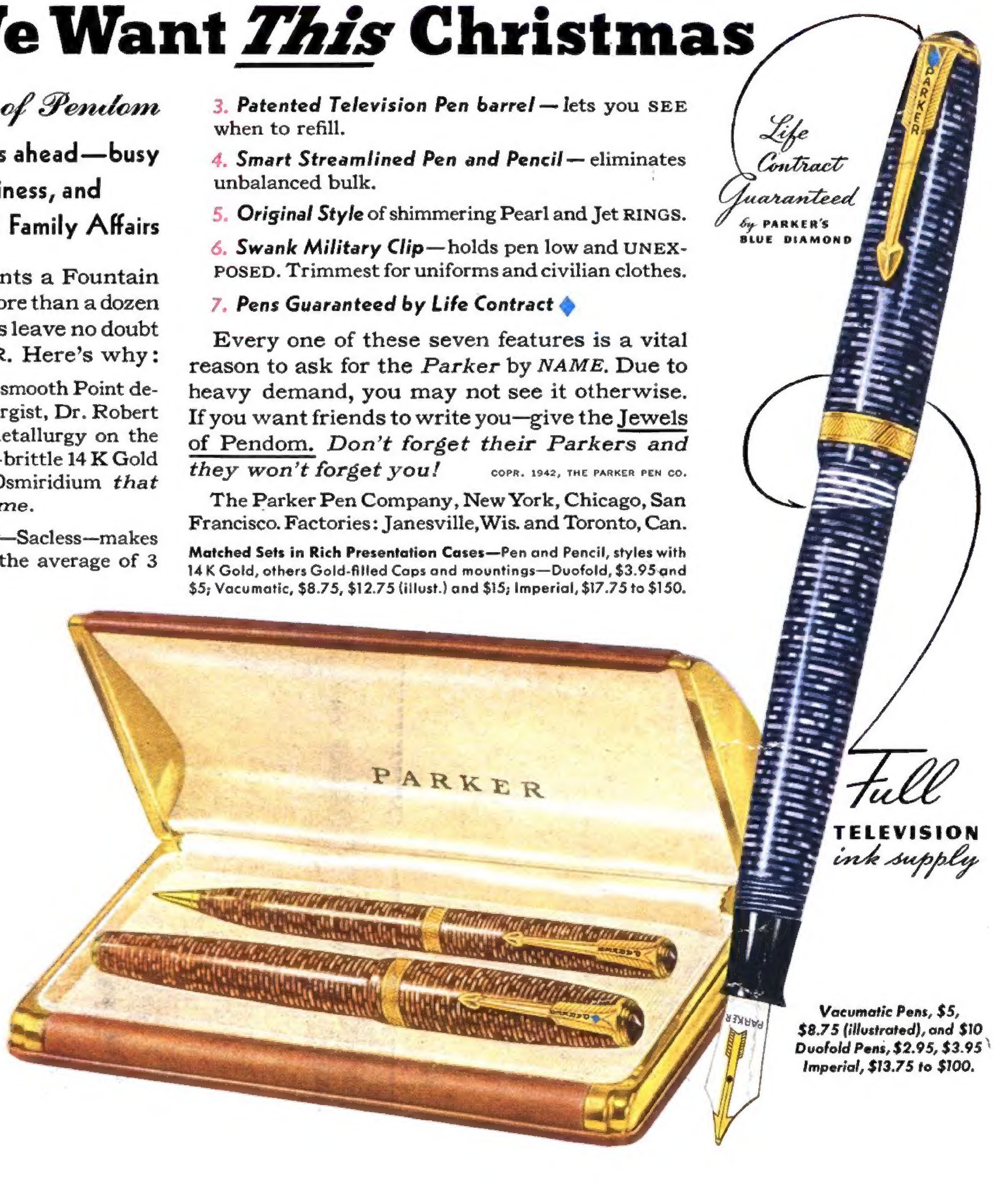
1. ***Lubricated Writing*** with an oil-smooth Point developed by Parker's chief metallurgist, Dr. Robert Pickus, formerly instructor of metallurgy on the faculty of Yale University—a non-brittle 14 K Gold Point tipped with oil-smooth Osmiridium *that won't wear scratchy in a lifetime.*
2. ***One-Hand Super-charging Filler***—Sacless—makes room for a third more ink than the average of 3 well-known, sac-type pens.
3. ***Patented Television Pen barrel***—lets you SEE when to refill.
4. ***Smart Streamlined Pen and Pencil***—eliminates unbalanced bulk.
5. ***Original Style*** of shimmering Pearl and Jet RINGS.
6. ***Swank Military Clip***—holds pen low and UNEXPOSED. Trimmest for uniforms and civilian clothes.
7. ***Pens Guaranteed by Life Contract*** ◆

Every one of these seven features is a vital reason to ask for the *Parker* by *NAME.* Due to heavy demand, you may not see it otherwise. If you want friends to write you—give the Jewels of Pendom. *Don't forget their Parkers and they won't forget you!*

COPR. 1942, THE PARKER PEN CO.

The Parker Pen Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

Matched Sets in Rich Presentation Cases—Pen and Pencil, styles with 14 K Gold, others Gold-filled Caps and mountings—Duofold, $3.95 and $5; Vacumatic, $8.75, $12.75 (illust.) and $15; Imperial, $17.75 to $150.


Life Contract Guaranteed by PARKER'S BLUE DIAMOND
PARKER
Full TELEVISION ink supply

Vacumatic Pens, $5, $8.75 (illustrated), and $10 Duofold Pens, $2.95, $3.95 Imperial, $13.75 to $100.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

PENS . . . PENCILS . . . SETS

Guaranteed by Life Contract

◆ Parker's Blue Diamond on the Pen is our Contract unconditionally Guaranteeing service for the owner's Life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete.

Hoot, mon!

"Hoot, mon, it's a *gift!*" However a man expresses his delight at getting a gift of Teacher's, there's one basic reason for his pleasure . . .

"It's the flavour"

HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. TEACHER & SONS, Ltd.
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

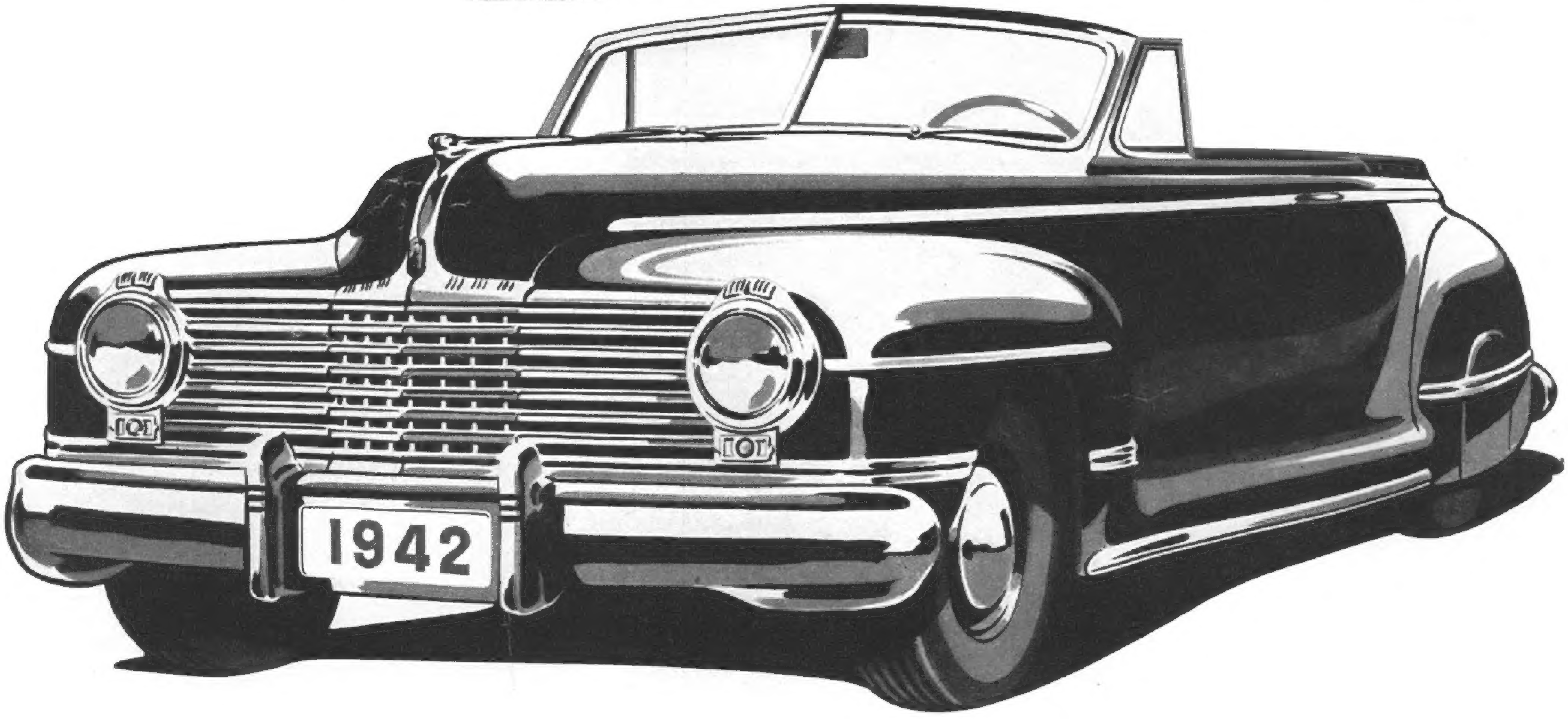
86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow . . . SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

A DASH OF Glamour A TOUCH OF Taste



HERE IS SOUND DESIGN WITH PLENTY OF SPARKLE AND LIFETIME QUALITIES UNDERNEATH. WITH POWER-FLOW ENGINES AND ALL-FLUID DRIVE PUSHING UPWARD TO ENTIRELY NEW PERFORMANCE AND ECONOMY STANDARDS. NOTHING ELSE LIKE DODGE AVAILABLE, WITH POWER THAT EBBS AND FLOWS AND FATIGUE ALL GONE, FROM YOU AND FROM THE CAR. LET YOURSELF GO—FOR THE DASH OF GLAMOUR AND THE TOUCH OF TASTE THAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS REALLY WANTED...VERY GOOD FOR YOUR MORALE IN TIMES LIKE THESE. IF YOU LIKE, LET IT BE AN INVESTMENT FOR THE YEARS, YEARS AHEAD OF TIME.

NEW Dodge

ALL-FLUID DRIVE
POWER-FLOW ENGINES

Publisher: David A. Smart
Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1941 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1942

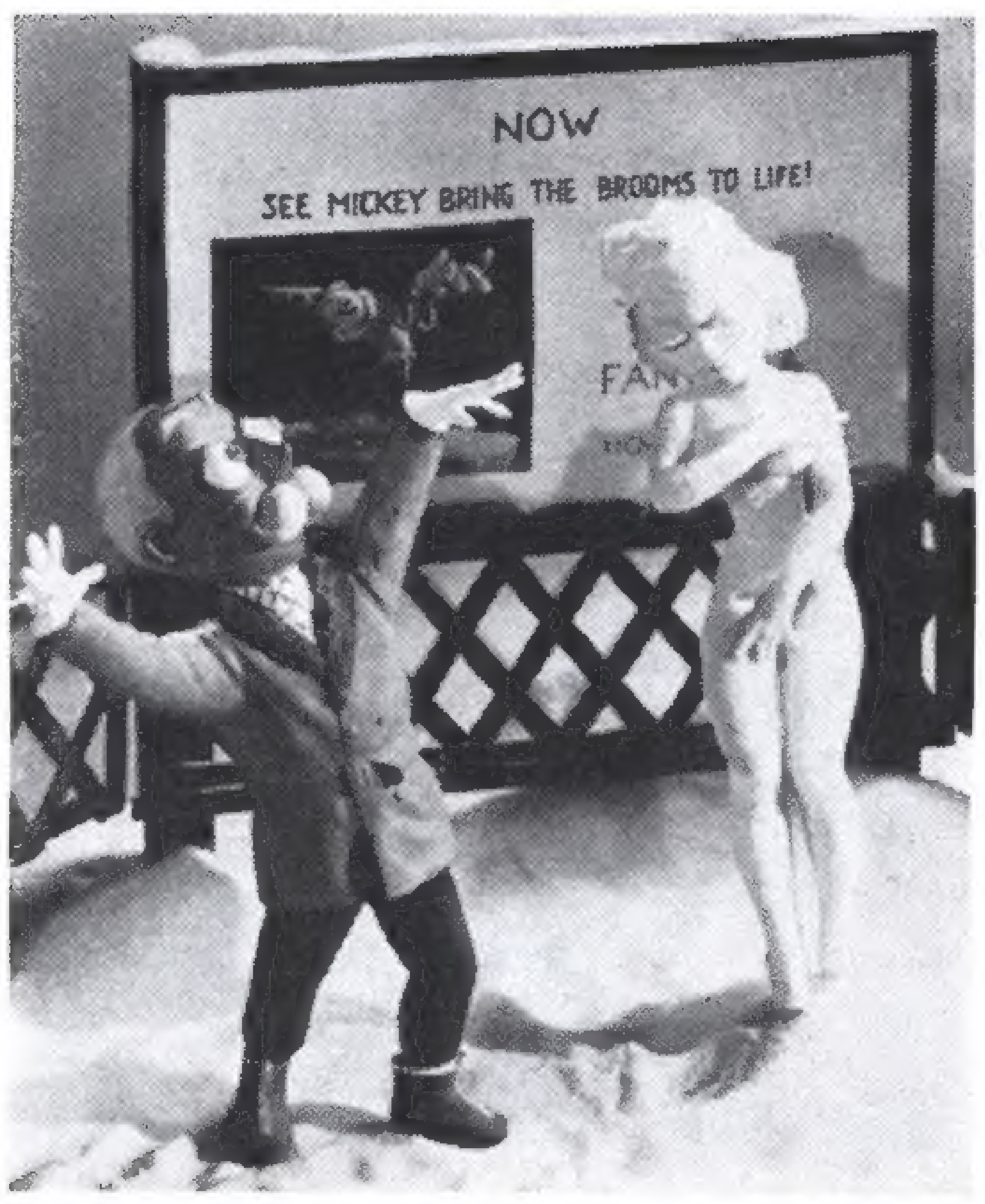
Page

ARTICLES

Shape of Things to Come . . *The course of the war has repeatedly made saps of radio commentators, journalists, statesmen and other forecasters* . . John R. Tunis 31
Cupid Is a Hypocrite . . . . . *No wonder so many marriages are unhappy, considering how dishonestly and unscrupulously people behave when in love* . . . Fred C. Kelly 34
Twice-Told Truth About Japan . . *She has never contended with a first-rate power and her vaunted military strength is just a bubble* . . . . James R. Young 43 ℞
Hypnotism Grows Up . . . . . *Psychologists Rowland and Wells have made an honest science out of hypnotism, once known as "black magic"* . . . . S. S. Tomilson 84
Does Xmas Get in Your Hair? . . *Lady-in-the-know pilots male shoppers safely past shoals of trite parcels to gifts that women treasure* . . Sarada Murlin Robbins 86
Who Was Joe Miller? . . . . . *Old joke books dating as early as the 16th century show that radio, stage and cartoon gag men only change the words* . Robert O. Foote 94 ℞

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury . . *Every reader an editor* 18
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire . . *Are writers people?* 26
Motors: Bombs Over Broadway . . *What the Axis could do to New York* . . . . Robert W. Marks 80
The Lively Arts: Anything for a Laugh . . *On military defense comedy* . . . . Gilbert Seldes 98
Wearables. Tips for the Snow Trail . . *Calisthenics and clothes for skiers* . . . . O. E. Schoeffler 104
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments . . *Craven shouldn't talk* . . . . George Jean Nathan 105
Potables: Gifts That Gurgle . . *Bearing good will for the inner man* . . . . Lawton Mackall 108
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf . . *The amazing prophecy of Thomas Gray* . . William Lyon Phelps 110
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette . . *When in Florida don't snub the fish* . . . . Iles Brody 113
Records: Esquire on the Record . . *Plugging Songs of Free China* . . . . Carleton Smith 114
Music: Roulades and Cadenzas . . *The best musicians are none too good for Mozart* . . . . Carleton Smith 123



FICTION

That Which Was Spoken . . *The general confessed that controlling the subject nations was more difficult than conquering them through warfare* . . . . Horatio Winslow 33
The Storm Cloud . . . . *It started with one of those sudden streaks of crackpot carelessness that every air pilot gets once in a while* . . . . Roger L. Treat 36 ℞
Traced in Moonlight . . . . . . *Judas willingly follows the three ruffians to the Temple in Jerusalem to proclaim that his Master is King over all* . . . . Manuel Komroff 46
Herr Umlaut's Hospitality . . *It would have been all right if the gentle professor hadn't boasted so much in Bavaria about his New World prosperity* Robert Z. Melville 50
Lesson of a Cockfight . . . . . *He told her he was going stale on their dance routine and needed to see something different, get some new ideas* . . . . Benedict Thielen 61
At the Way Station . . . . *The old man told his son how he had traveled and worked, never hearing the dialect of his native place* . . . . Martin Savela 66
Tale of the Bad Brothers . . *Uncle Theodore, who was tough as all hell, came joyously every year to see the sights and punish the four rascals* . . . . Sándor Hunyady 103

PERSONALITIES

The Happy Tragedist . . . . . *Lillian Hellman, author of* The Little Foxes, Watch on the Rhine *and other top-drawer drama, is no pale introvert* . Sidney Carroll 59
The Master of Vermont . . . *Paul Sample makes art a kind and pleasing, story-telling thing even if not a mighty, tormenting and compelling thing* . Harry Salpeter 91
Field Day in Hollywood . . . *That faithful bloodhound, your Hollywood reporter, makes a heroic effort to tree the evasive Miss Betty Field* . . . . Donald Hough 96

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design . . . . *Esky and Galatea* . . . . Modeled by L. S. Soderstrom
Three Holiday Moods . . . . . *A dream of fair women* . . . . *Color Photographs by* Paul Garrison 39
Welsh Corgi . . . . *He is a See-all, Hear-all* . . . . *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 58
Varga Calendar . . . . *Twelve reasons for embracing 1942 . Verse by* Phil Stack; *Paintings by* Varga 67
Gifts for Her . . . . *Suggestions showing imagination* . . . . *Color Photography by* Leon de Vos 87
Winter Visitor . . . . *Courtesy of Ferargil Galleries, N. Y. C.* . . . . *Painting by* Paul Sample 89
Gifts for Him . . . . *From beer mug to barometer* . . . . *Color Photography by* Leon de Vos 99
Blind-man's Buff . . . . *From the Collection of Joel Spitz* . . . . Robert Cruikshank 101
Mixed Company . . . . *" 'Tis the season to be jolly"* . . . . *Photography by* Leon de Vos 109
Sally . . . . *Undiscovered movie extra* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 111
Margie . . . . *A Hollywood fashion model* . . . . *Photograph by* Hurrell 112
Boxted Confider . . . . *Champion Suffolk Stallion* . . . . *Painting by* Wesley Dennis 138

POETRY

The Boils and Bildads of Job . . . . *Illustration by* Howard Baer; *Verse by* Roark Bradford 32
Varga Calendar . . . . *Verse by* Phil Stack 67

SATIRE

Snow With Oomph . . . . *The inventor's high-pressure promoter could see plenty of commercial possibilities in snowflakes of varying hue* . . . . Parke Cummings 38
You're in the Army Now! . . *Private Bradley felt sure he had some kind of rare-like disease, because he wearied so easy on the drill field* . . . . Louis Paul 62
Columnists' Fifth Column . . *Police reporter busts into the Twenty-one and other joints to organize a spy ring and corner the rumor racket* . . . . Curt Riess 79
The Corpse Talks Back . . . *Separating mystery books into such categories as the Had I But Known, the Hard-boiled and Mice in the Attic* . . . . Frank Gruber 106 ℞

SPORTS

The Translated Bobby Jones . . *Guy who saw former golf champ win thirteen national titles tells how he'd rank in today's low-score events* . . . . O. B. Keeler 45
Rose Bowl—Gold Bowl . . . *Pasadena doesn't mind getting the short end of the game's receipts, being chiefly interested in the big parade* . . . . Al Wesson 48 ℞
Ring of the Cash Register . *Monopoly in big-time boxing threatens to edge the sport toward the same non-competitive burlesque as wrestling* . . . . . . Joseph Triner 64
The Esquire Sports Poll . . . *Counting votes on such debatable questions as legalized bookies, the center-jump in basketball* . . . . . Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 82
The Sporting Scene . . . . *What's cooking in heavyweight boxing, defense activities of boating sportsmen and cheering news for golfers* . . . . Herb Graffis 93

TRENDS IN DRESS

New Clothes, Accessories, *sketched by* Goodman, Hughes, Fellows . . . . beginning on page 122

ESQUIRE
January, 1942
Vol. XVII, No. 1
Whole No. 98
T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of sales; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

NEW YORK EDITION

EDITORIAL: Resolved, to let the holidays linger on throughout '42

TWO years ago, after one of our big annual blowouts, in the form of a huge December number replete with added Holiday features, we wrote our several readers to the general effect that "Christmas will come back again, with April."

That was our way of announcing the addition, as a regular feature of Esquire, of the color inserts that had, up to that time, been included only in the big annual Holiday issues. And, sure enough, since April 1940 these extra pages of inserts in full color have been a part of every issue.

This year, however, our Holiday season has been prolonged. For there have been two Holiday numbers this time; the December issue, which has just gone off sale, and this one that you are now holding in your hands. Both have been liberally garnished with added features, each taking and earning equal rank, in this respect, as Holiday Numbers.

So the best way we can think of, to announce our new program of added value for the New Year, is to say that this time Christmas will stay on, with February, March and April and all the year through.

For beginning next month, as a regular practice, we will increase by a full fifty per cent the complement of colored inserts in every normal, not to say ordinary, number of the magazine. In addition, that is, to the four gatefold spreads carried regularly through 1941, equaling eight pages of added color inserts, we will now add another four full page inserts in full color, every month.

Thus we here highly resolve, as one New Year's resolution we aim to keep, to make every day, in effect, a holiday—and every issue of '42 a holiday issue.

* * *

This new reader-dividend is in line with our eight-year-old policy, long ago laid down and often voiced since, to pass on to the readers, wherever and whenever possible, some measurable part of the magazine's gains, every time its affairs prosper. And this past year has been a good one, as magazine years go. We hope that we shall always be able, when our business is good, to reflect it in a better magazine.

* * *

We use the word "hope" advisedly. Priorities, as we told you last month, have cut deep, if not wide, into our advertising pages. Soon they may affect us even more directly.

Already there is a pinch in meeting our requirements for certain kinds of paper. Mills that make some types are less able to meet the demand than the mills that make other kinds. For instance the slick paper, such as that on which this page is printed, is beginning to be parceled out pretty strictly, whereas the antique finished paper, such as that on which the Varga Calendar is printed in this issue on pages 67 through 79, has not yet become subject to shortages. As a result, while we are able to see ahead far enough to be able to promise, at this time, a regular monthly increase in the number of pages of color inserts, printed on the antique finished stock, we have already had to make plans to switch over a portion of the body of the magazine from slick paper to the book-type of textured paper, as a precaution against exceeding our quota of the smooth paper for '42.

With a rising circulation (for instance there are over 800,000 copies of this issue in print!) and with an increase in the number of pages per issue, it is obviously impossible to confine our paper purchases to the same quantities as those we used a year ago. And yet that is what the mills producing the slick paper have already found necessary—to confine their deliveries rigidly to the amounts consumed a year ago.

* * *

But it isn't the paper you use—it's what you put on it that counts, as Brahms once told an untalented amateur composer of music, many years ago. And the use to which we are putting our newly acquired and highly treasured supply of paper for the New Year's added color inserts is something that we are as proud to announce as we think you will be pleased to see.

By last year's standards, and in fact by all ordinary standards of magazine practice, the beginning of a new series of pictorial features in full color, of the kind tritely but truly described as "eminently suitable for framing," is a once-in-a-blue-moon occurrence.

And yet, next month, we are starting not merely one such new series, but four.

* * *

Shown on this page are the "four horsemen" who represent the starting backfield for this new defense of the championship in magazine money's worth. Space limitations of this one last page to go to press in this issue make it impossible to devote to each of these four figures anything approaching their proper portion of attention. Let it suffice, for now, merely to identify, rather than begin to attempt to describe, the contribution that each will make to the next issue of this magazine.

First, if you think through your acquaintance with Esquire that you have a fair concept of the meaning of the word "cartoon," let us here and now warn you that your comprehension of the word's meaning is due, next month, for a startling enlargement. For then, on one of the four new full-color inserts, begins a series of cartoons by the Polish master, Arthur Szyk. To call Szyk a "cartoonist" is tantamount to calling Rembrandt a dauber, or Chippendale a carpenter. For not since the middle ages, when monks had months to devote to the illumination of a single letter of a manuscript, has anything been seen comparable to the exquisitely painstaking care that characterizes every detail of the work of this miniaturist who has turned his loving brush to the biting delineation of the barbarians now intent upon the destruction of our civilization.

But no amount of buildup on our part could adequately prepare you for the eye-opening awe with which you will be bound to view the first Szyk cartoon to appear in our pages. All we can say is, wait and watch for "The New Orderlies" in the February number.

* * *

Five years ago, in Paris, we bought for our sister publication *Coronet*, some of the first professional efforts of a photographer named Erwin Blumenfeld. Today, in New York, Blumenfeld is ranked as one of the world's foremost wizards with the camera. In the field of trick photography he knows no peer. But over these five years he has saved, for our pages, though war and flight and three internment camps have intervened, the neatest trick that this painter-turned-photographer has ever conceived.

So watch and wait for "The Renoir Girl," a full page insert in full color in our February issue—because words can't describe it.

* * *

One of the proudest "discoveries" of Esquire's early days was a young sportsman and nature-lover named Walter Bohl. It was in these pages that his first attempts to project, through the etcher's needle, the thrills of an outdoorsman saw the light of print. Today, his etchings are to the sportsman's library as proverbially standard an item as Blackstone to the lawyer's. Today sixteen well-known galleries now stock this one young man's sporting prints. But in the intervening years he has developed a new love for a new medium. And next month, with peculiar poetic justice, these pages where he first saw print as an unknown will feature the second "discovery" of Walter Bohl, now famous, with the first of a series of watercolors that will convey, to every outdoorsman, a new measure of recognition value, and vicarious re-enjoyment, of the most thrilling moments of "life in the open."

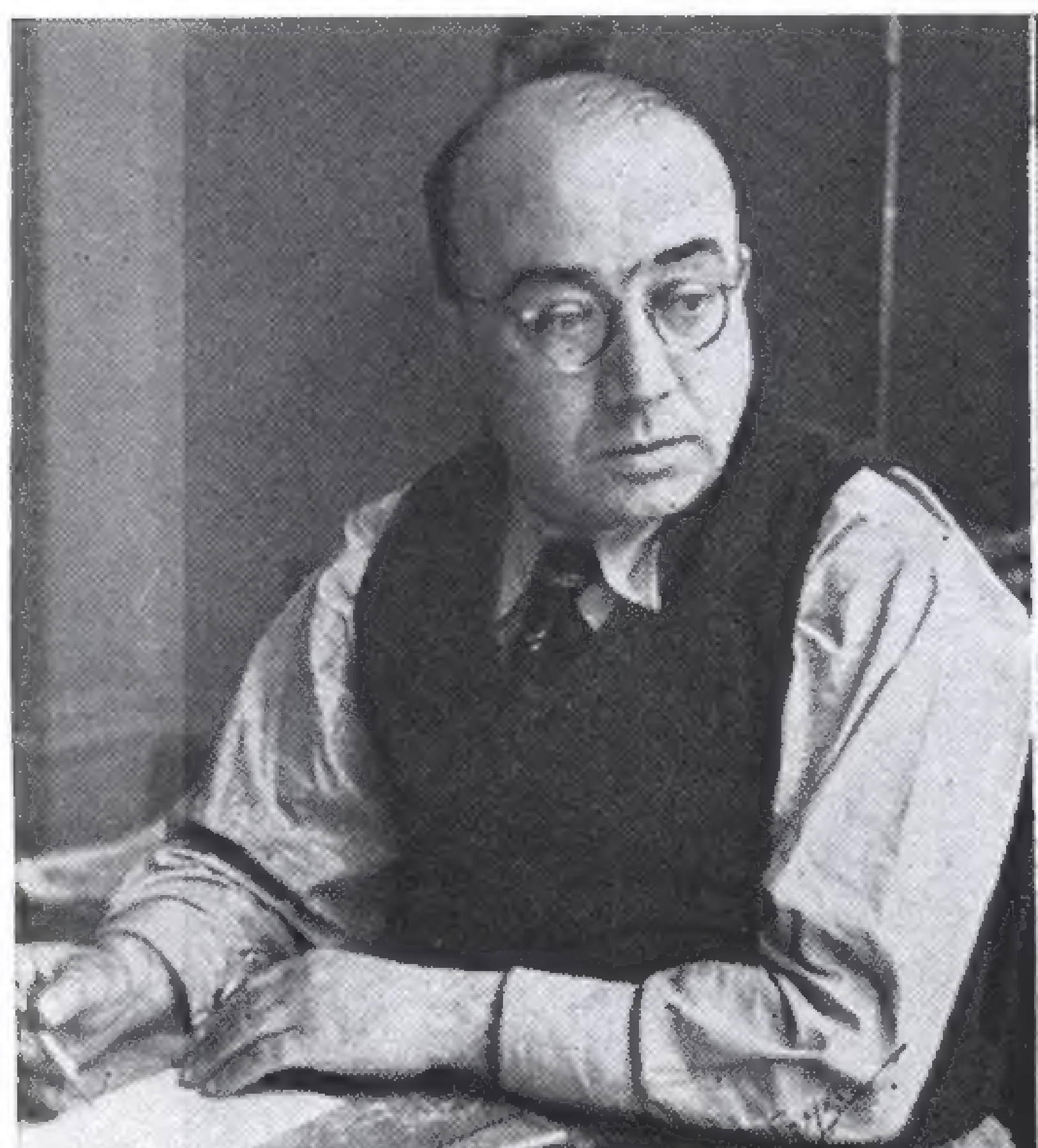
* * *

Fine art in the field of athletics—there is a new and exciting vista of a territory hitherto unexplored by a general magazine. Nor has it ever been more daringly explored than in the works of James Chapin. And we have saved mention of it until last because, from time to time, querulous voices have been raised, in the *Sound and Fury* columns and elsewhere, to the effect that Esquire, as a man's magazine, has gone soft in its middle years—lost the lusty vigor and rough-hewn forthrightness of its early youth. Into the teeth of all such hecklers it is an almost paroxysmal pleasure to be able to throw such a definitive answer as we shall offer next month, with the publication of one of the reddest hunks of raw meat ever served up through the medium of printer's ink: James Chapin's *Beaten Boxer*.

See that, all you honest doubters, and save your breath. Forever above suspicion of ruffles on its cuffs is any magazine that would offer such fare.

* * *

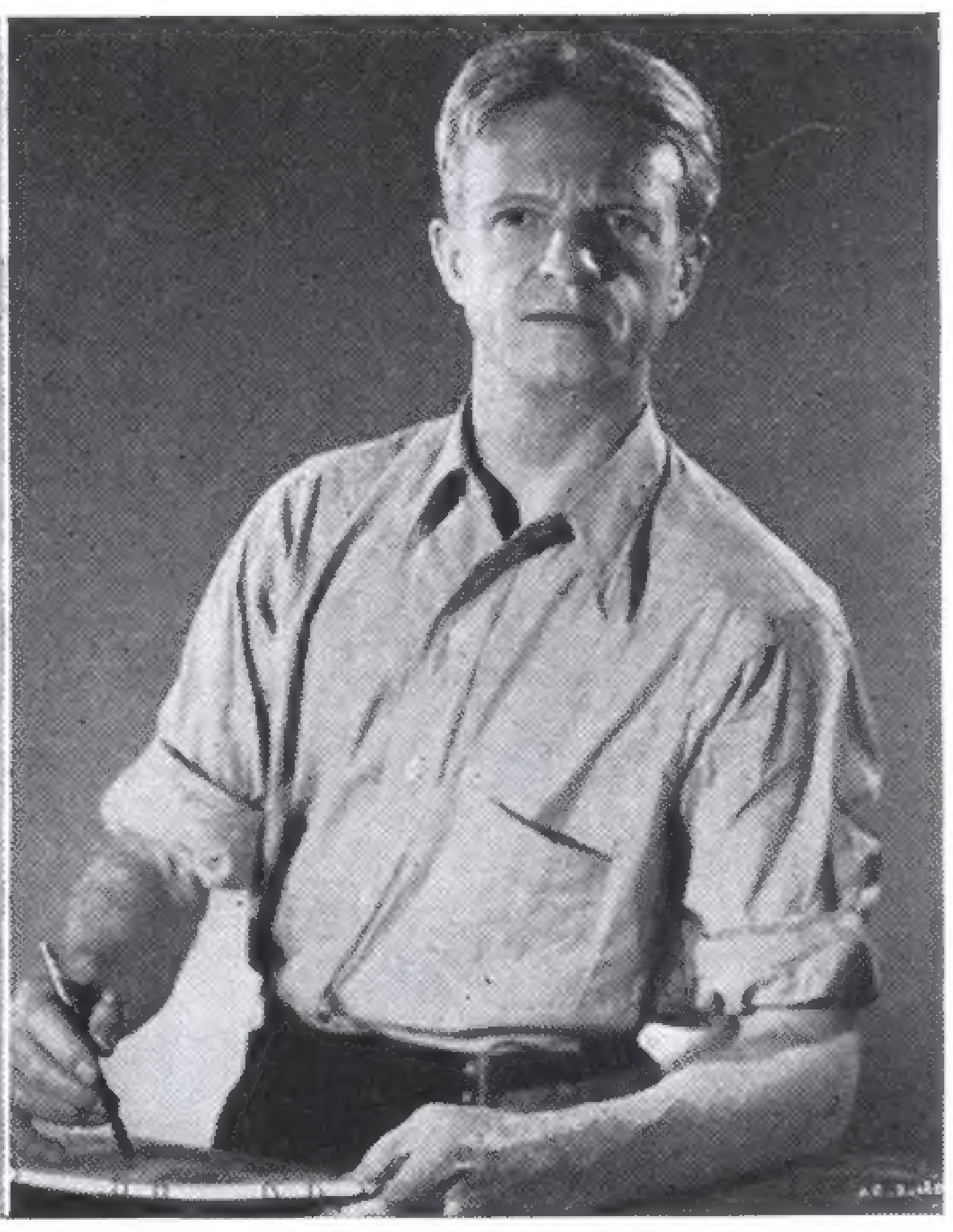
Until next month then, gentlemen—by which time we hope and trust that you will both understand and share our present stuttering state of excitement.



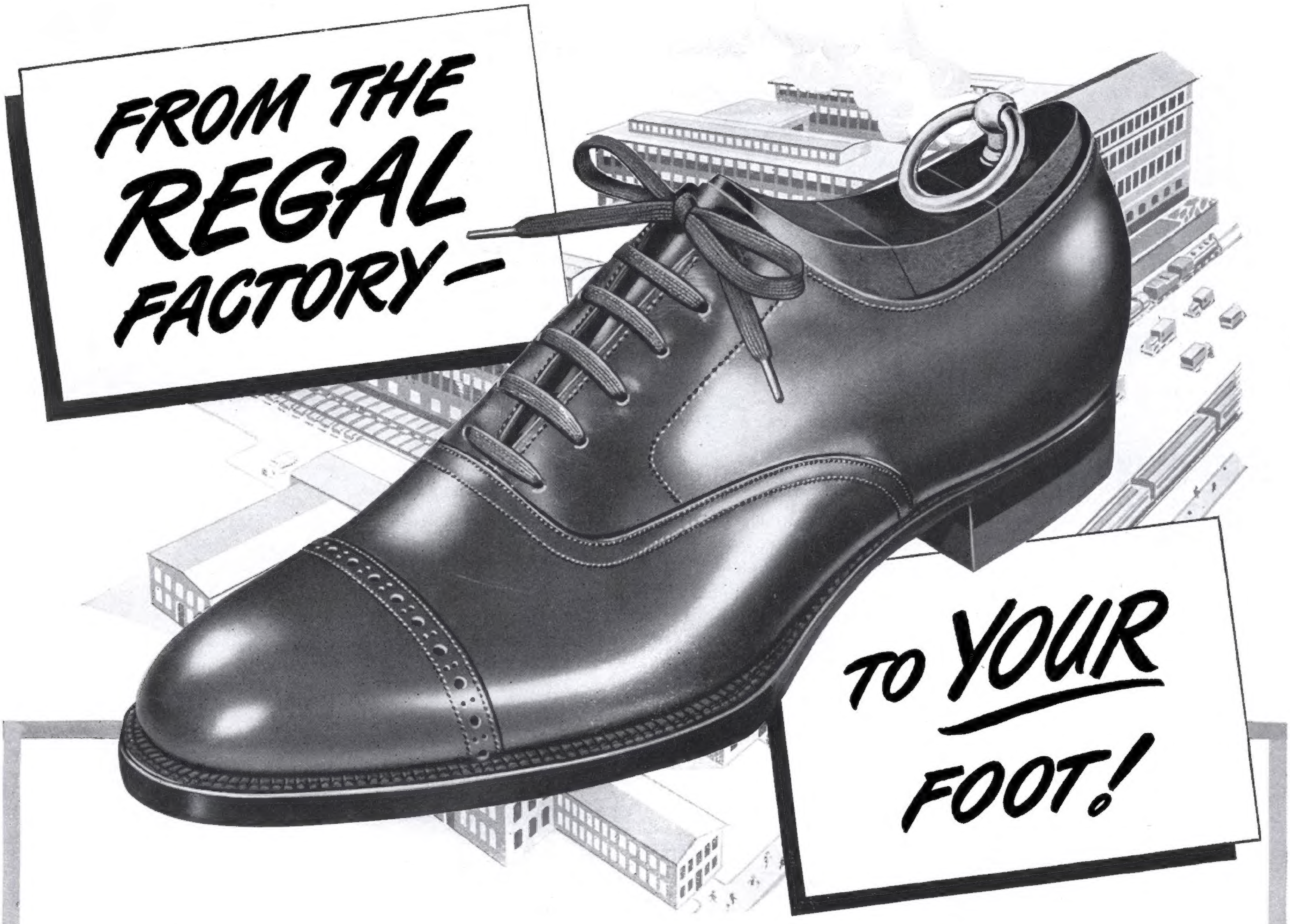
Arthur Szyk

Erwin Blumenfeld

Walter Bohl



James Chapin



NO DEALERS—NO MIDDLEMEN—NO MULTIPLE PROFITS! EVERY REGAL SHOE IS SOLD THROUGH REGAL STORES EXCLUSIVELY, AT ONE LOW PRICE, THE SAME FROM THE FACTORY STORE IN WHITMAN, MASS., TO HOLLYWOOD!

Only by selling direct from the Regal factory to you — through Regal Shoe Stores exclusively — is Regal able to offer hand-lasted shoes made of the finest leathers in the most authentic styles — at no increase in the one low coast-to-coast price.

Regal makes 203 sizes, 4 to 18, AA to EE. Stop in any Regal Shoe Store and have a pair of Regal Shoes "Prescription Fitted" to your feet, by the world's most nearly perfect fitting system, exclusive in Regal Stores!

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE FOLDER

ALL STYLES STILL

$5.95

COAST TO COAST

REGAL SHOES

FACTORIES AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

• **REGAL-OWNED RETAIL STORES ARE CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN** Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; **Boston (4); Brooklyn (7); Buffalo;** Cambridge; **Chicago (3);** Cincinnati; Cleveland; **Detroit (7);** Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; **Jersey City (2);** Kansas City; **Los Angeles (2);** Milwaukee; Newark; New Haven; **New York (30 stores in Greater New York);** Norfolk; Oakland; Paterson, New Jersey; **Philadelphia (4);** Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; **San Francisco (2);** Seattle; Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; Utica; **Washington (2);** Worcester.

WORLD'S FINEST

Northland skis last season set more records, won more contests than any five other brand skis combined! Experts demand the best that money will buy in skis. That's why the big majority choose Northlands, the super hickory skis with the flexible design. Fine enough for the best of skiers, yet economical enough for the novice. To a skier, no Christmas gift is more welcome than a pair of Northland skis. At better ski shops everywhere.

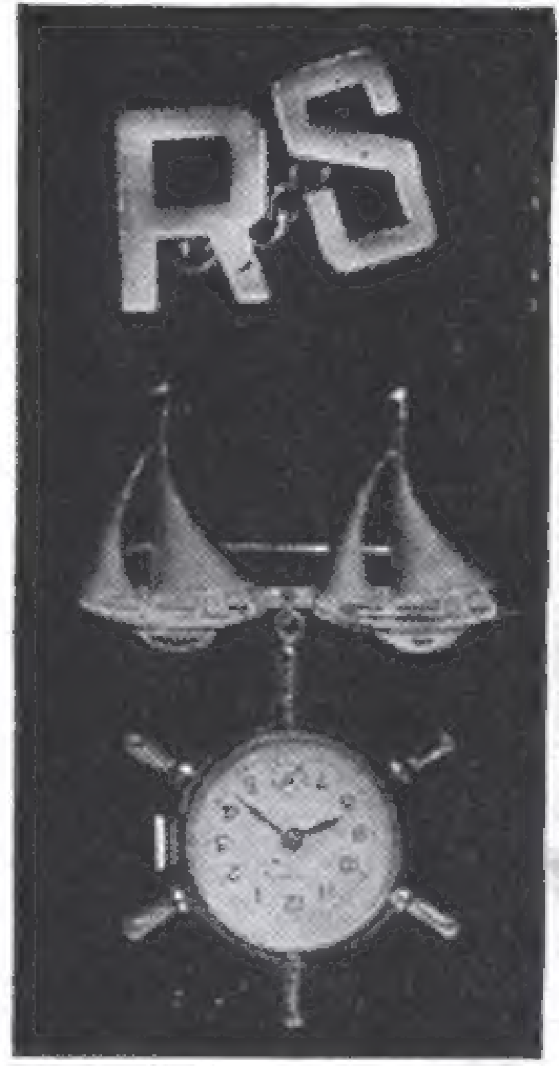
GET THIS 48 PAGE SKI BOOK!

84 illustrations, edited by Schneider, world's foremost ski authority. Send 10 cents or write for FREE folder.

NORTHLAND

World's Largest Ski Manufacturers
11 Merriam Park, St. Paul, Minn.

NORTHLAND SKI MANUAL



Ingenious **GIFTS** by OTTO GRUN

Monogrammed cuff links for him or her. Be the first to wear this new jewelry fashion. Gold filled (*2 sizes, specify his or hers'*) . . . $7.50

For the Captain's Mate—two sailboats from which hang a tiny ship's wheel centered about a 7 jewel watch. In sterling silver . . $18.75 in gold filled—pink or yellow $19.75

Above merchandise sent postpaid upon receipt of check or money order — satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Please include 10 per cent Federal Excise Tax.

FREE CATALOGUE featuring OTTO GRUN'S unusual jewelry creations—daring in design but modest in price. Write for catalog and name of nearest store.

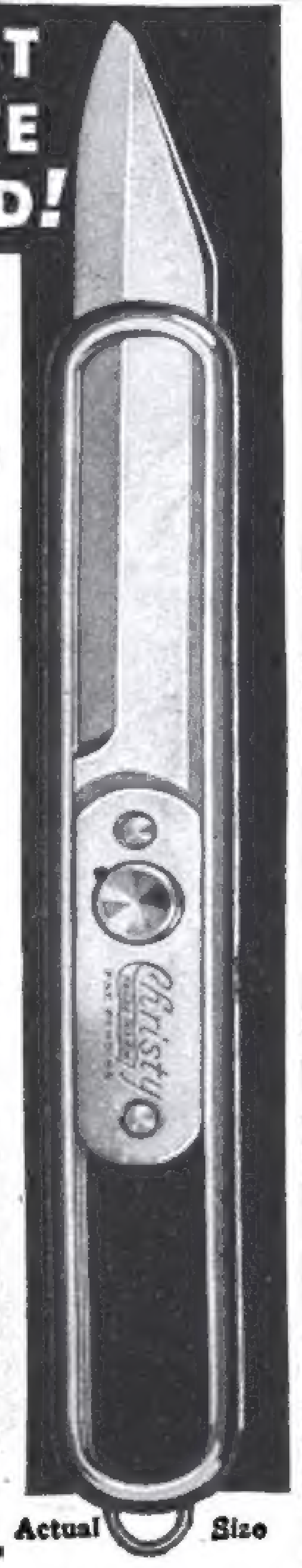
OTTO GRUN
48 W. 48th St., N.Y.C.

GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing hundreds of authentic items. Typical values: *Long flintlock musket* $16.75
Old U.S. 45-70 breech loading musket . $6.00
To get your catalog (winter 1941 edition) send 10c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, 860-P Lexington Avenue, New York City, N.Y.**

Now you can be TALLER than "SHE" is!
ADLER SHOES for MEN

ADLER ELEVATORS
The shoes that make you impressively taller, instantly!
20 stores in New York
FREE BOOKLET Mail Orders filled. Adler. 122 E. 42 St., N.Y.C.



THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

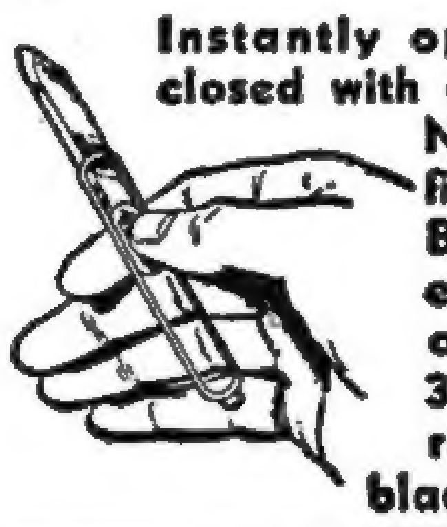
- Neat, handy, useful and durable . . . Stainless steel frame, satin finish . . . Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths . . . really three blades in one.



GIFT SUGGESTION—The Christy Sport Knife fits all gift occasions. Slim and trim . . . a swell gift for the boy in service.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

At your dealer's or sent postpaid for $1.00 . . . Use coupon below.

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio Q31

Enclosed is $1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. This offer good in U.S.A. only.

Talking Shop with Esquire

KIT FOR SKIERS. Since Christmas and skiing arrive hand in hand, here's your opportunity for a timely gift to winter sportsmen. The dark blue canvas zipper bag is hardly more than pocket size, yet it contains two packages of wax, one for speed, one for climbing; solvent to clean skis, graphite-paraffin for further acceleration, a metal scraper, cork buffer, and polishing cloth. Will make sense both to neophytes and experts of Christiania and slalom.

MODERN HEIRLOOMS. Mint julep goblets like these are hard to find, and therefore so much the better as Christmas gifts. They're handwrought in burnished pewter, their lines and a simple decorated band making other furbishment unnecessary—except, of course, sprigs of mint and a frosted exterior . . . A fancy for fine silver could be encouraged and flattered with the heavy, handmade pitcher spoon, thirteen inches long, plain by design.

SMOKE SIGNALS. If he seems to have been smoking clinkers in his pipe, try him out with a luxurious assortment of six fine Scotch tobaccos, each with qualities of its own, all with fine ancestral backgrounds. Whatever his tastes, he should have himself a time with the collection. It's especially done up for Christmas . . . That is no ordinary tobacco pouch, as you would discover if you could touch it. The South American goatskin it's made of has a texture like a kitten's wrist. The pouch is rubber-lined.

BELLE ON HER TOES. For a canny gal, ahead of the fashion crowd—gloves made on a revolutionary new principle, being cut in a single piece and stitched with only one continuous seam. The gloves are therefore streamlined to the hilt, and the threat of split seams is removed . . . She'll be lucky twice over if you give her the sumptuous pink and green gold watch set with genuine rubies. The face is shaped like a horseshoe . . . A knight in armor on her lapel will make talk. This four-inch-high warrior has arms and legs that dangle in lifelike manner. He's dotted with sparkling, colored brilliants.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Giftiest GIFT *of the year!*

MUSICAL POURER
FITS LIQUOR BOTTLES

Plays "How Dry I Am" when bottle is tilted. Makes a great surprise hit at parties. Finished handsomely in Chrome plate. Non-drip spout. Stock is limited. No c. o. d.

IN GIFT BOX $5.95 POST PAID IN U. S. A.

Write for Catalog T-4. *New!*

"THE ONLY STORE OF ITS KIND"
BAR MART
56 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.
"EVERYTHING FOR YOUR ENTERTAINING NEEDS"

WAKE UP YOUR Scalp

THE SECRET OF HEALTHY HAIR Hair getting thin? Bothered by dandruff? Don't waste time moping or doping your hair. Wake up your scalp, see the difference, *feel* the results. Let the new electric driven VITABRUSH answer your worries. 5000 vitalizing strokes per minute. Restful. Pleasant. Satisfying. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Recommended by scalp authorities. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write now for full information and money-back offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 155 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

PRIVATELY MADE SONG RECORDINGS
BY "THAT MAN DREW"

- Smart, wickedly witty, these newest releases will put over any party. The famous Charley Drew, Broadway's favorite, sings these new numbers in his own smart, sophisticated style.

Album #5 (4-10" sides) at $2 includes:
"It's Better Than Taking in Washing"
"Lord Stuffit and Lord Stickit"
"Up in the Second Mezzanine"
"When the Old Village Clock Strikes 9"

Album #6 (4-10" sides) at $2 includes:
"Caviar Comes from Virgin Sturgeon"
"She Went to See a Man About a Dog"
"You Can't Fool the Boys Behind the Desk"
"Mabel's a Glamour Girl Now"

Album #7 (8-10" sides) at $5 includes:
"The Blushing Bride" and "His Fanny"
"They Didn't Give The Bride Away"
"Bell Bottom Trousers. . .The Fleet's in Today"
"She's a Virgin on the Verge"
"Gracie is Socially Secure"
"Lousy Louisa" and "Mary at the Zoo"
"The Man with the Crystal Ball"
"The Girls I've Loved and Lost"

These records come in handsomely contained albums . . . They make perfect gifts! We pay U. S. A. postage on orders of $5 or more.

FREE—Write for Party Record List

RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd St. Dept. 10, New York

The Hussy's Handbook
THE INDISPENSABLE GUIDE TO MEN
By H. B. Norden

Including: Sex in a Nutshell; Why Women Love a Heel; I've Got the South in My Mouth; Baedeker to the Boys; Men: And What to do with Them; Why I Hate Parties, etc.

Devilishly illustrated by Julian Brazelton

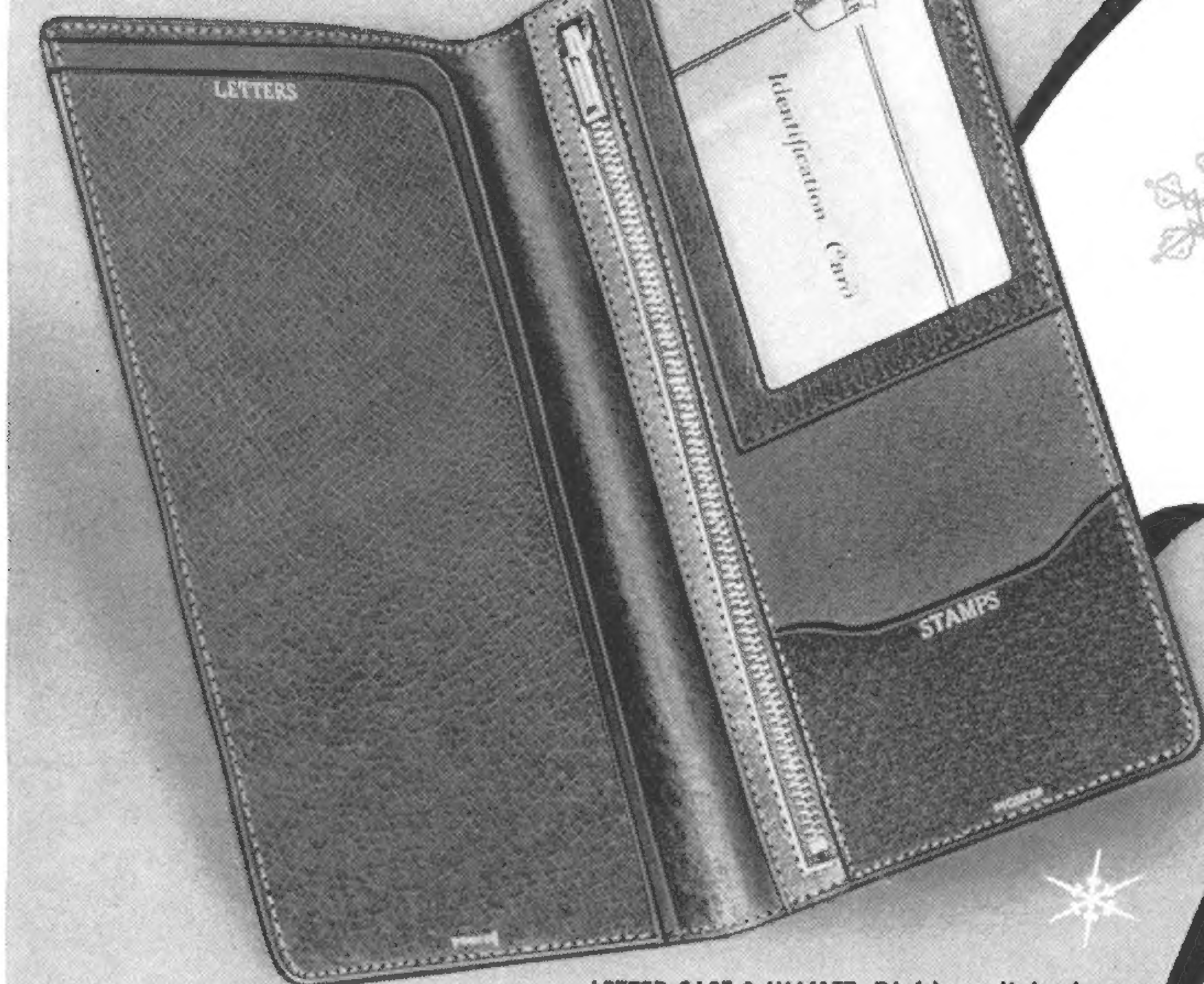
Belongs on every man's personal bookshelf. Guaranteed to delight or money back. Only $1.98 postage free (sent C.O.D. postage extra).
MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.

Send me "The HUSSY'S HANDBOOK"
( ) I enclose $1.98 ( ) Send C.O.D. plus postage
Name________City________
Address________State________
ARDEN BOOK CO., 45 Astor Pl., Dept. 5E, N.Y.

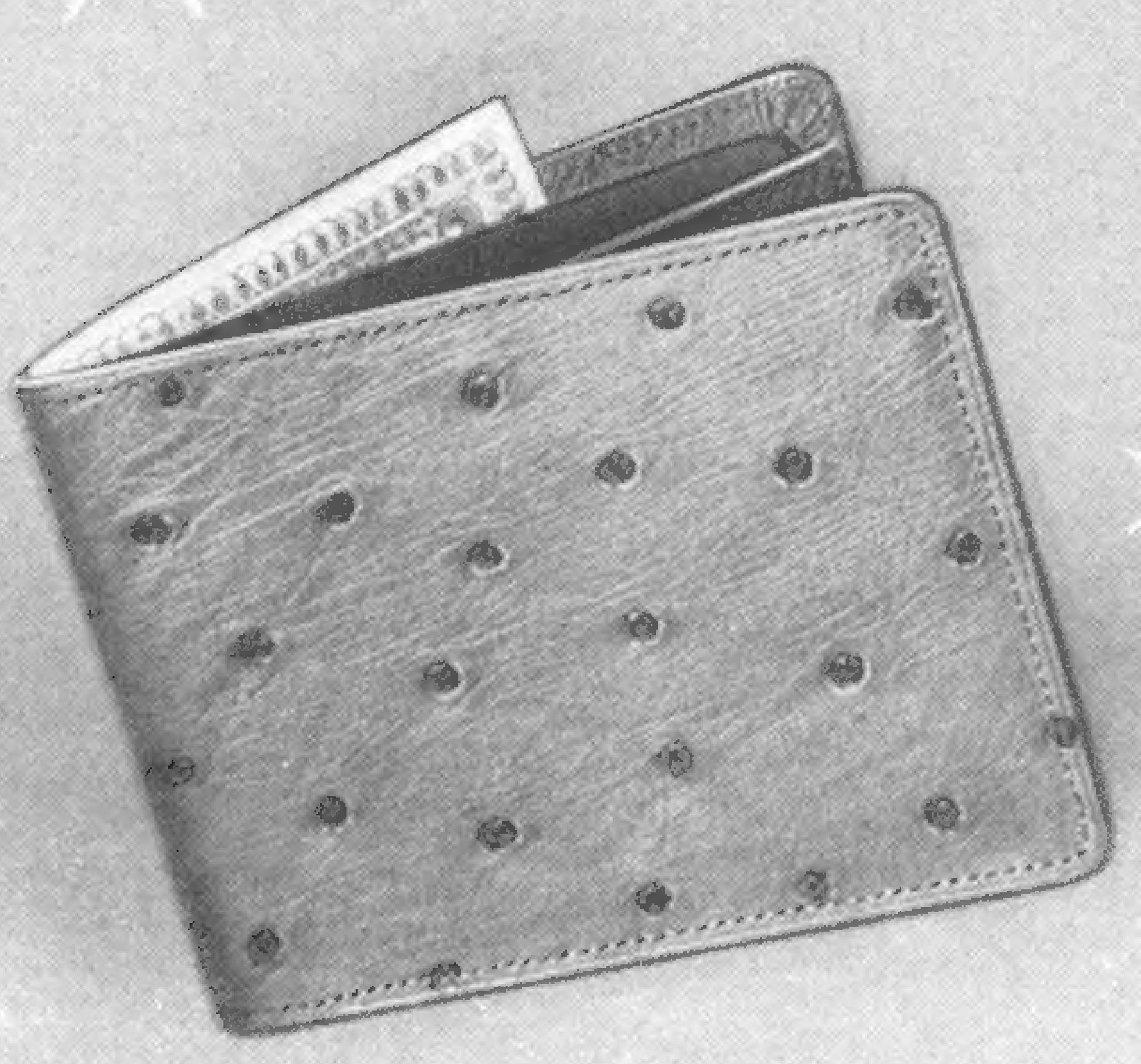
PIONEER

Lady, Be Wise!

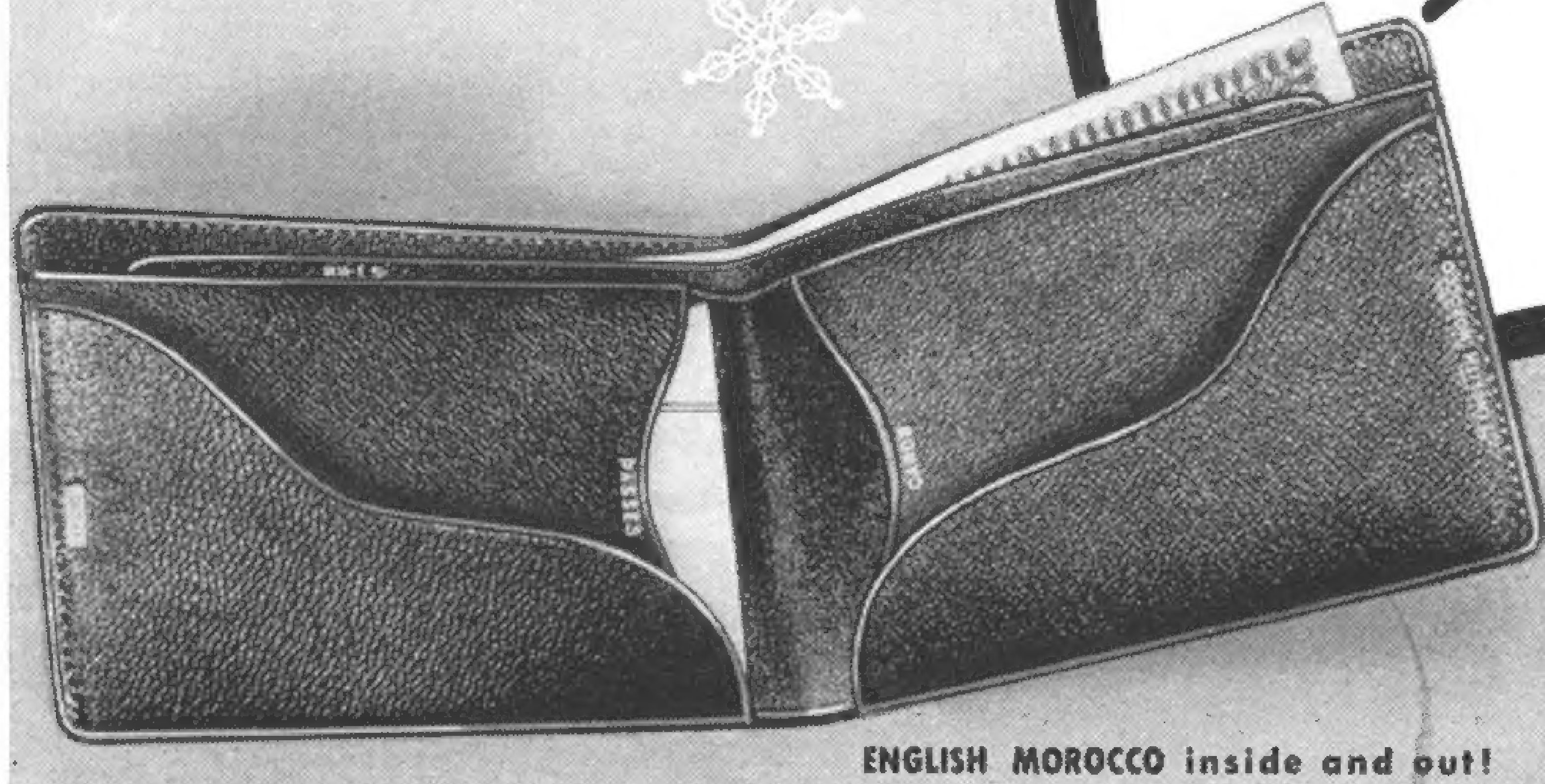
FOR THE MEN ON YOUR LIST CHOOSE THESE *fine* WALLETS *by* PIONEER



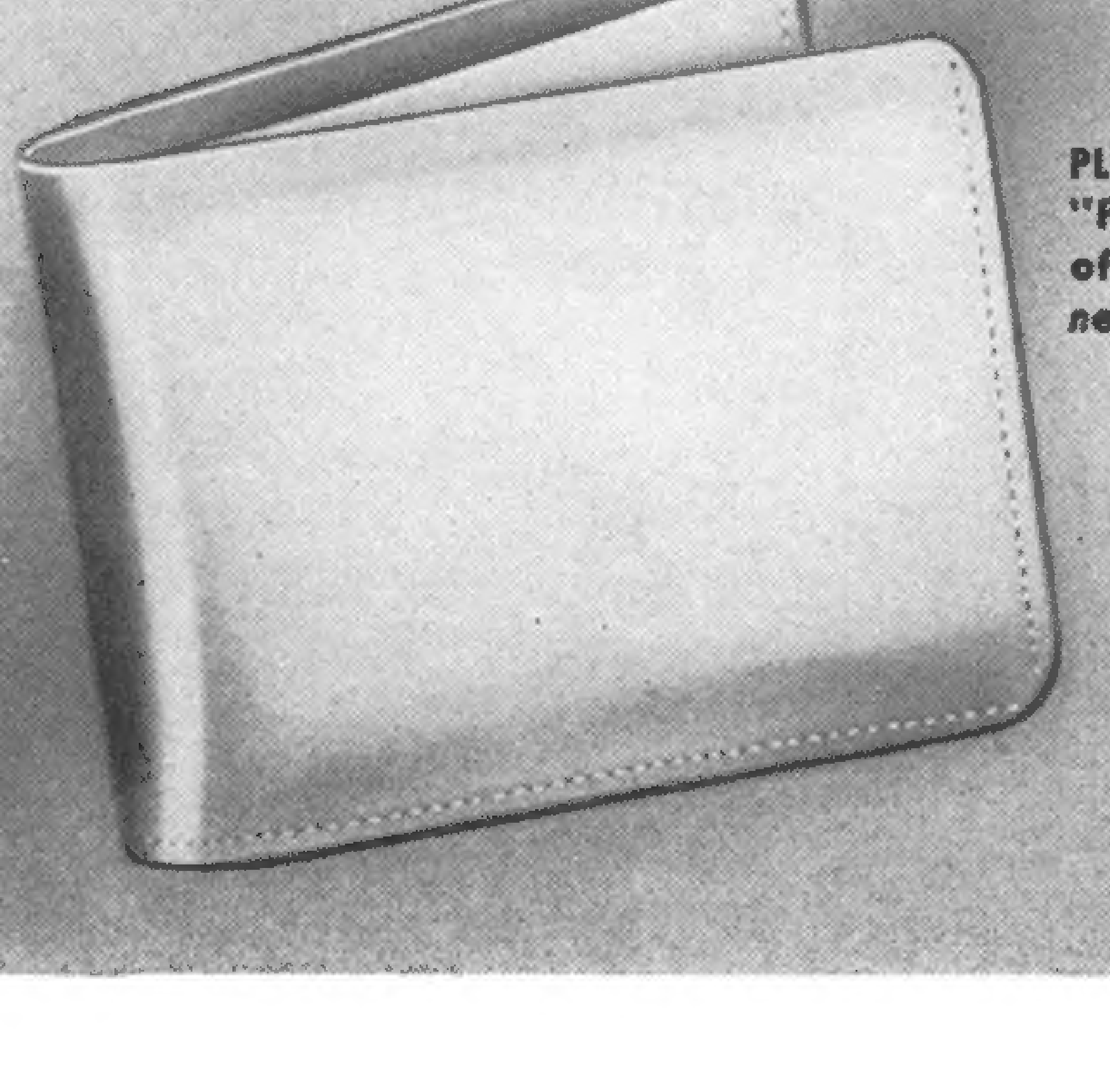
LETTER CASE & WALLET. Richly polished hazel Pigskin. For all its roomy completeness, it's light and smartly slim. A gift to be treasured! $3.50



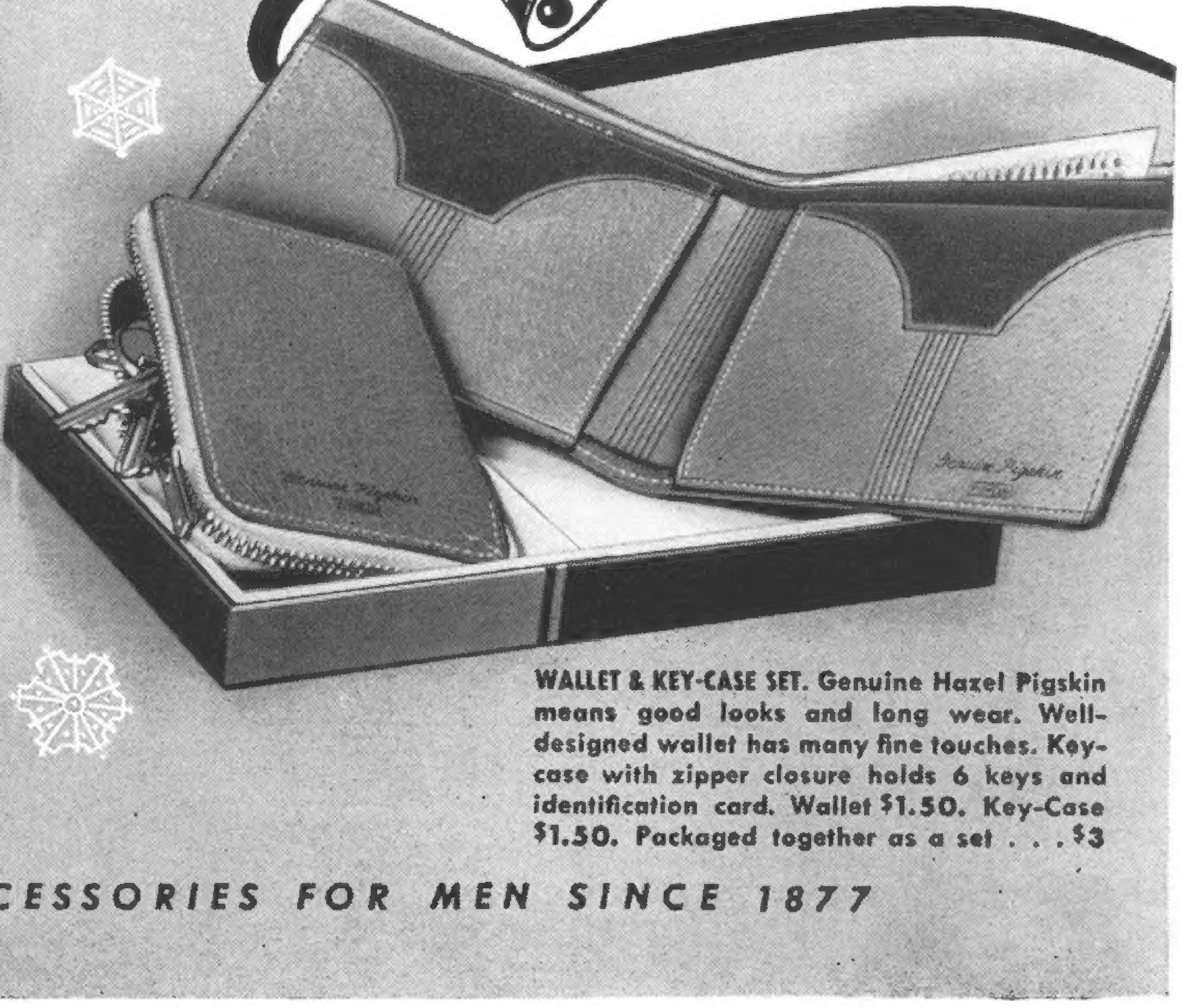
DELUXE WALLET. A pocket companion that any ostrich would be proud to give his hide for! Wafer-thin, but a "bear" for wear $5



ENGLISH MOROCCO inside and out! Every detail reflects quality craftsmanship. In rich, sparkling black—always in good taste $2



PLIAGLASS WALLET in the smart "Fall Mist" finish. Give one of these and you give the *newest* $1



WALLET & KEY-CASE SET. Genuine Hazel Pigskin means good looks and long wear. Well-designed wallet has many fine touches. Key-case with zipper closure holds 6 keys and identification card. Wallet $1.50. Key-Case $1.50. Packaged together as a set . . . $3

PIONEER *ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877*

How you can be TALLER than "SHE" is!

Go to your favorite Shoe Store

..ask for a pair of "ELEVATORS"

The outward appearance of these amazing shoes that make you **TALLER** the instant you put them on, is the same as that of any other fine smart shoes. The "confidential" inner construction: **1.** Increases your height. **2.** Improves your posture. **3.** Makes you stand better, look better, feel better. In a selection of smart styles for sports, business and evening wear. $12.95 Slightly Higher West

...or write for FREE BOOKLET

Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc., Brockton, Mass.
Exclusive Manufacturers of "Elevators"
Gentlemen: Kindly send me Free Booklet "Now You Can Be Taller Than SHE Is" and name of nearest "Elevator" dealer.
Name……
Address……
City…… State……

COLLAR WEARERS:

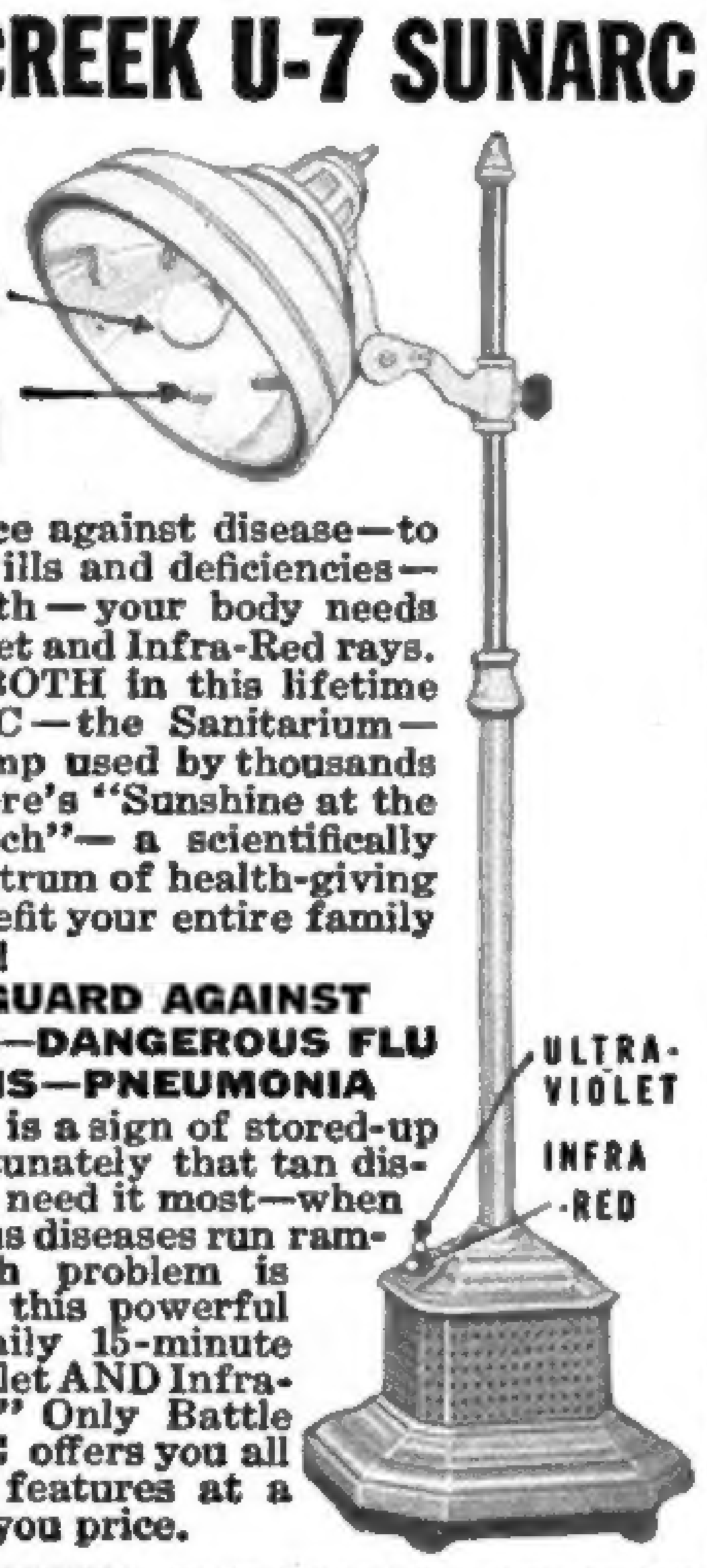
STOP SUFFERING!

A touch of COLLAR-SMOOTH eases stiff, rough edges for an entire day. Saves laundry bills—makes collars, cuffs and shirts wear longer! Wonderful for women's starched collars too!

Glassine tube (6 months' supply) sent postpaid for only 25c.

ORDER TODAY! Money-back guarantee!

COLLAR-SMOOTH
232-4 Madison Ave. NEW YORK


THIS 2-IN-ONE POWERFUL SUNARC

Costs You Less BY MAIL!

BATTLE CREEK U-7 SUNARC

Combining Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red

To build resistance against disease—to overcome winter ills and deficiencies—to maintain health—your body needs BOTH Ultra-Violet and Infra-Red rays. And you GET BOTH in this lifetime 2-in-one SUNARC—the Sanitarium-approved Sun Lamp used by thousands everywhere... Here's "Sunshine at the Snap of a Switch"—a scientifically BALANCED spectrum of health-giving rays that can benefit your entire family for years to come!

POWER TO GUARD AGAINST COSTLY COLDS—DANGEROUS FLU—BRONCHITIS—PNEUMONIA

Your summer tan is a sign of stored-up resistance. Unfortunately that tan disappears when you need it most—when winter's dangerous diseases run rampant. This health problem is solved for you by this powerful SUNARC—in daily 15-minute baths of Ultra-Violet AND Infra-Red "Sunshine." Only Battle Creek's SUNARC offers you all these QUALITY features at a direct factory-to-you price.

ULTRA-VIOLET
INFRA-RED

- ★ BALANCED SPECTRUM—Ultra-Violet—Infra-Red
- ★ SEPARATE SWITCHES FOR EACH CIRCUIT
- ★ S-1 ULTRA-VIOLET-BULB-Time-proved—safe
- ★ 4 INFRA-RED ELEMENTS For more effective heat
- ★ BATHES ENTIRE BODY AT ONCE—Powerful—Effective—Saves Time
- ★ PROTECTION FOR USER—Double air-gap reflector
- ★ ADJUSTABLE HEIGHT AND TILT—For Bedside, Floor or Reading

FACTORY-TO-YOU PRICE Saves you real money!

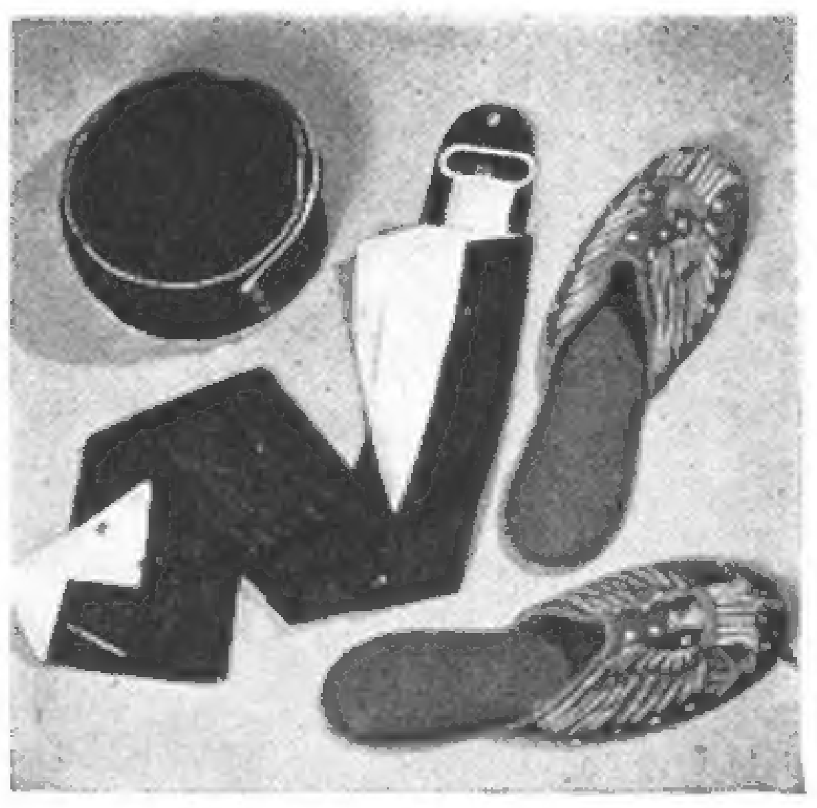
- ★ SPECIAL TRANSFORMER Increased Power
- ★ EASILY MOVED ABOUT—Ball Bearing Casters
- ★ BEAUTY OF DESIGN—Choice of 3 colors with Chromium

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Or your money refunded

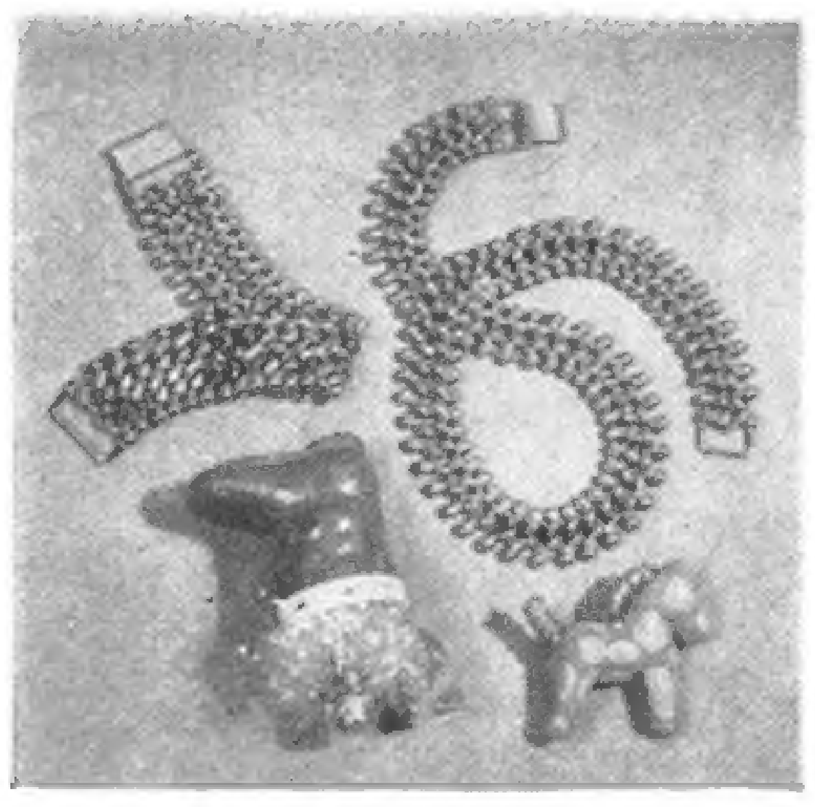
Get full facts about this big, powerful U-7 SUNARC, Users' Opinions and DIRECT-TO-YOU PRICE

Battle Creek EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. E-12
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

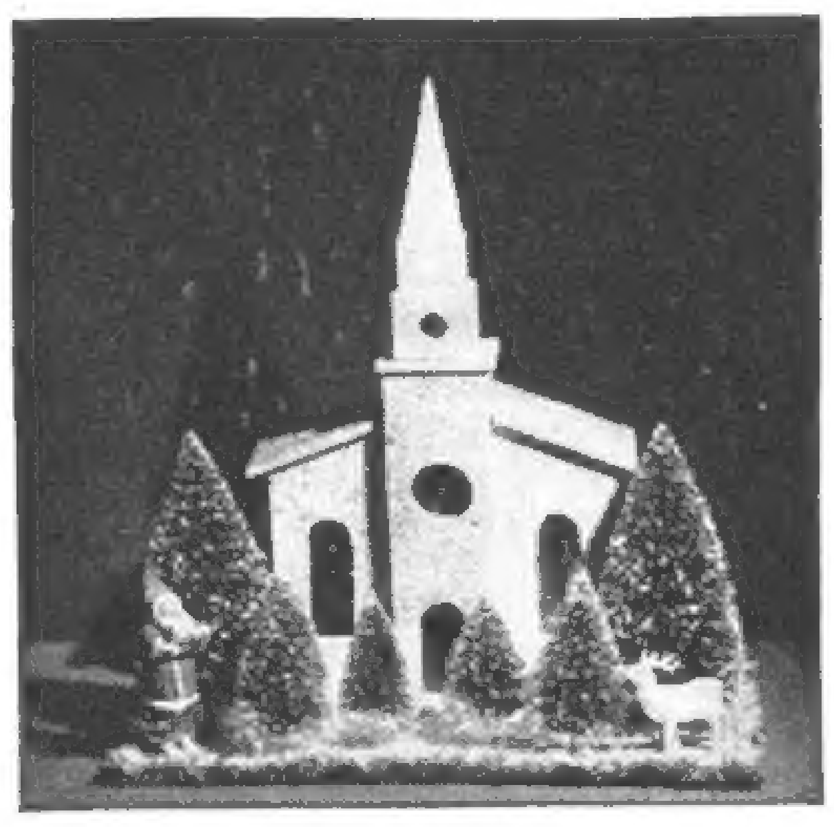
Talking Shop with Esquire



CRAVATS, COLLARS, COMFORT. Suitcase contents needn't be tired-looking after a hard journey. And opportunity knocks thereby for the gift-giver in the shape of (a) a tie case and (b) a collar case, both in moiré, lined with white. The tie case is an ingenious affair that not only keeps ties in order en route, but has a loop at one end for hanging-up purposes. The slippers are hand-embroidered on felt, in this case with patriotic motif. If his hobby is skiing, swimming, or what have you, these too can be commemorated in handstitched wool.



FOIBLES, FEMININE. You have probably discovered that a link-metal chain and bracelet are indispensable adjuncts to her wardrobe, which leaves you faced with the mere but trying problem of whether the color shall be gold or silver. How about both? Can do, simultaneously, with this intricately meshed set that's sterling silver on one side and gold plate on the other. There's entertainment and fashion in the pottery horse pin, tan with turquoise spots, whose mane and tail are twisted wire . . . Any one of five heartwarming perfumes goes Christmas in its red Santa Claus boot.



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU. If you've still got yourself to think of, after all this heaven for your friends, try something new for your living room window, under the Christmas tree, or in place of it. It's a crêche with modern overtones, consisting of a model of a church lit up from within by a glowing electric bulb, and landscaped with snow-covered evergreens. Flanking this pretty scene are Santa Claus himself at the left and one of his reindeer, off the leash, at the other. The church is wired for sound via a music box.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Is he a good sport? Give him TRIGGER FREE A SPORT GLOVE by GATES

The Perfect Shooting Glove!

IDEAL FOR DRIVING-RIDING-GENERAL SPORTS WEAR

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR WRITE FACTORY DIRECT Gates-Mills Inc., Johnstown, N. Y.
Men's Gloves Exclusively

PIPE SMOKERS

Here's a valuable addition to your smoking library! New 1942 catalog—48 fascinating pages about briar, meerschaum, corn cob, clay, odd pipes, collectors pieces, tobaccos, blending, smokers accessories.

Your copy free.

GEORGE YALE, Dept. 92
1083 Sixth Avenue, New York

Sleep Better with NODS
PAT. 2202568

Do you toss and turn all night long, listening to automobile horns, fire engine sirens, the radio blaring in the next apartment, or the spouse who snores? Here's the sleep-helper you've been looking for. "Nods" are scientific ear plugs, designed to muffle disturbing noises, and give you a sound night's sleep seven nights a week.

Send $1.00 for three sets of "Nods" (each set lasts a full month). Money back if not completely satisfied. Order today from:

HEALTH APPLIANCE COMPANY
Department ES
15 West 28th Street
New York City

FUN FOR HOME BARS! TOASTIES

What a kick your crowd will get from TOASTIES! Funniest, cleverest Highball Glasses out—swell for gifts! Eight different designs with *witty, saucy, sophisticated toasts* to girls of various nations. Colorfully decorated with native scenes and salutations "Prosit", "Viva", "Here's How", etc. Sent postpaid anywhere in U. S. A. Set of 8—only $4. Set of 4—$2. Send check or money-order now!

DE LACY DIST. CO., 714 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 250 pages. 500 illustrations. Mail 35 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $2.00 or more.

NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

MEN—and Women, too!
EXEROW
★
for YOUR HEALTH and FIGURE
★

RIDE and ROW THE BATTLE CREEK WAY!

Enjoy most efficient health-building rowing AND riding! Natural HYDRAULIC pull of rowing plus benefits of horseback riding—adjusts for mild exercise or strenuous workout as you wish. Rhythmic movement of handles, seat and pedals "symmetrizes" and beautifies entire figure. EXEROW safely normalizes WEIGHT—improves HEALTH and appearance. Direct factory price. Write for information TODAY.

Battle Creek Equipment Co., 12 E. St.
Battle Creek, Mich.

ROTARY MATCH DISPENSER

Ideal Xmas gift for home or office. No match hunting. Always handy. Plastic. Fireproof. Twist knob—there's your match. Over 500 safety matches in each. Two-faced recessed friction surface for lighting. Red, black, green, maroon and marble. Refills 25c. Add 25c for your name stamped. Size 5¾" x 4¾" x 1½".

$1 POST PAID CHECK OR M. O.

FURMAN-1123 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

Novelty Records

Album of sensational phonograph records, just the kind you've been looking for, by Benny Bell, the "burlesque-song" king. Each one a lulu; better than anything you ever heard. Limited Quantity. Very low popular prices; write today.

Free Catalog On Request
RadioRecord Co., Dept. E, 1658 Broadway, N.Y.C.

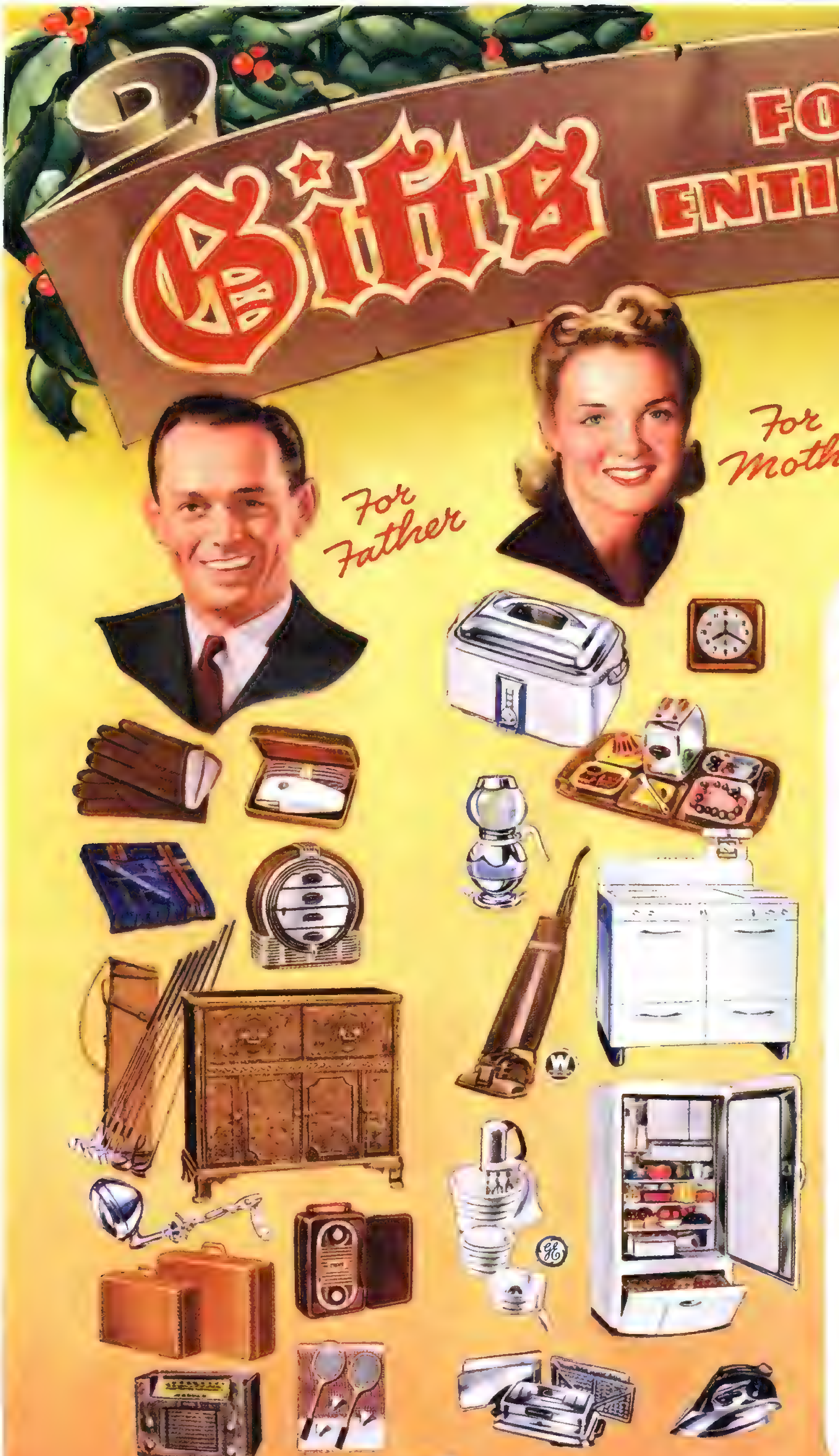
ESQUIRE CUTS LOOSE

With a Varga Calendar in the Holiday Issue. Thank your stars, and Esquire, for this dozen of the most dazzling beauties ever achieved by Varga! Connoisseur of loveliness though you may be, you will gaze on this collection like a wide-eyed babe! Don't miss this year's version of Esquire's best selling smash hit—the full size, full color, twelve page Varga Calendar—all yours in the Holiday Issue.

With the Great Gift-Guide in the Holiday Issue. Does gift-giving put you in a holly-daze? Is your past taboo because of your presents? Are you still stumped by certain "hard to give" names on your gift-list? Then check the Holiday Esquire's ads and gift pages now. This is the nation's smartest gift-guide . . . whether you're out to blow the bankroll or just dibble with an odd dollar.

With a Sellout Gift at $1: The DeLuxe Holiday Issue. Draw a cheer from the man "who has everything" . . . kindle those who rate more than just a card from you . . . gladden the heart of any gob or lonely selectee . . . and still save your real dough for your gal! Give 'em this single package wrap-up for $1. Contents: a suitable and seasonable gift card, the smileage-packed Holiday Issue of Esquire, and a separate plastic-bound copy of the widely sought and treasured Varga Calendar . . . all in one gorgeous gift package. It's on every newsstand—though maybe not for long—at $1, right beside the regular 50c issue.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



HERE'S good news for Christmas shoppers that will save time, money and many a weary step. Firestone dealers and stores now carry in stock a wide variety of merchandise for home and car. There you will find, conveniently displayed, many ideal gifts for every member of the family.

Among hundreds of quality products at popular prices are electrical appliances made by General Electric, Westinghouse, Toastmaster and Silex—

For a Merry Christmas

With *Safti-Sured* Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tires on your car, you will avoid delays and dangers on your Christmas shopping trips.

Longer mileage and greater durability result from the use of *Vitamic Rubber* in the tread and cord body, made possible by adding a new rubber vitamin called *"Vitalin."*

Protection against skidding is increased by the new *Safti-Stop Gear-Grip Tread.* Patented *Safti-Lock Gum-Dipped Cord Body* gives greater protection against blowouts. And how comforting it is to have Firestone Life Protectors in your tires. They outwear three sets of ordinary tubes and make a blowout as harmless as a slow leak.

Ask your nearby Firestone dealer or store for a complimentary copy of this new Christmas catalog or write direct to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Gifts
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Copyright, 1941, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS AT FIRESTONE

Toys

Adding Machine . . . Bears
Blocks . . . Chemistry Sets
Dart Boards . . . Dish Sets
Dolls . . . Electric Irons
Erector Sets . . . .
Holgate Auto Convoys . . .
Holgate Railroads . . . .
Lionel Trains . . . . . .
Lionel Train Accessories
Mechanical Toys—
Airplanes, Battleships, Dump Trucks, G-Men Guns, Moving Vans, Station Wagons, Steam Shovels, Submarines, Tanks, Tractors, Trucks
Movie Projectors . . Paint Sets . . . Pandas . . . Phonographs . . . Pianos . . . Pull Toys . . . Refrigerators . . .
Ring Toss Games . . . . .
Tinker Toys...Tool Chests
Vacuum Cleaners . . . .

Christmas Tree Lights

Radios

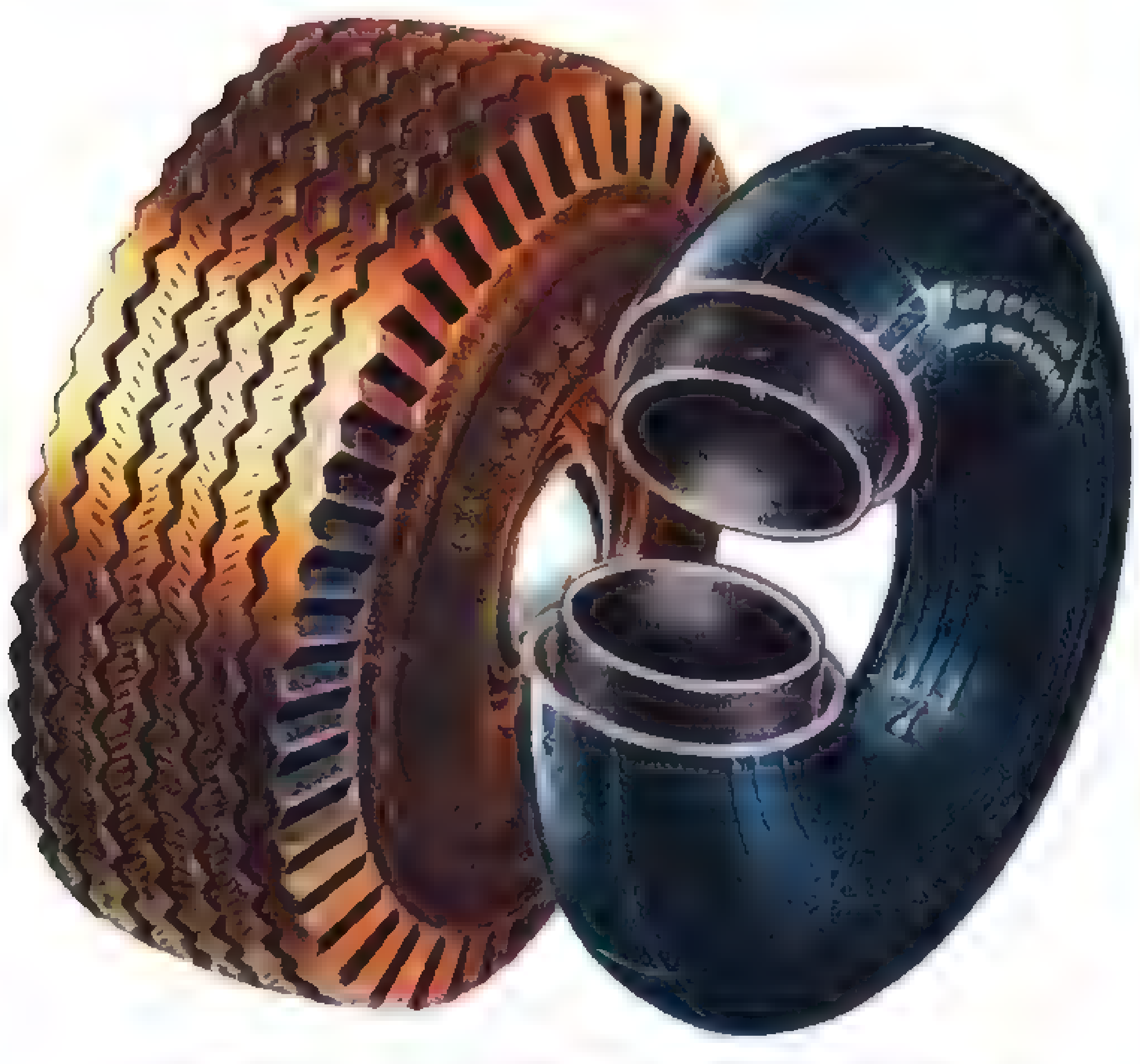
Consoles . . . Phonoradios
Portables . . Table Models
Automobile . Battery Type

AT Firestone
For Sister
For Brother

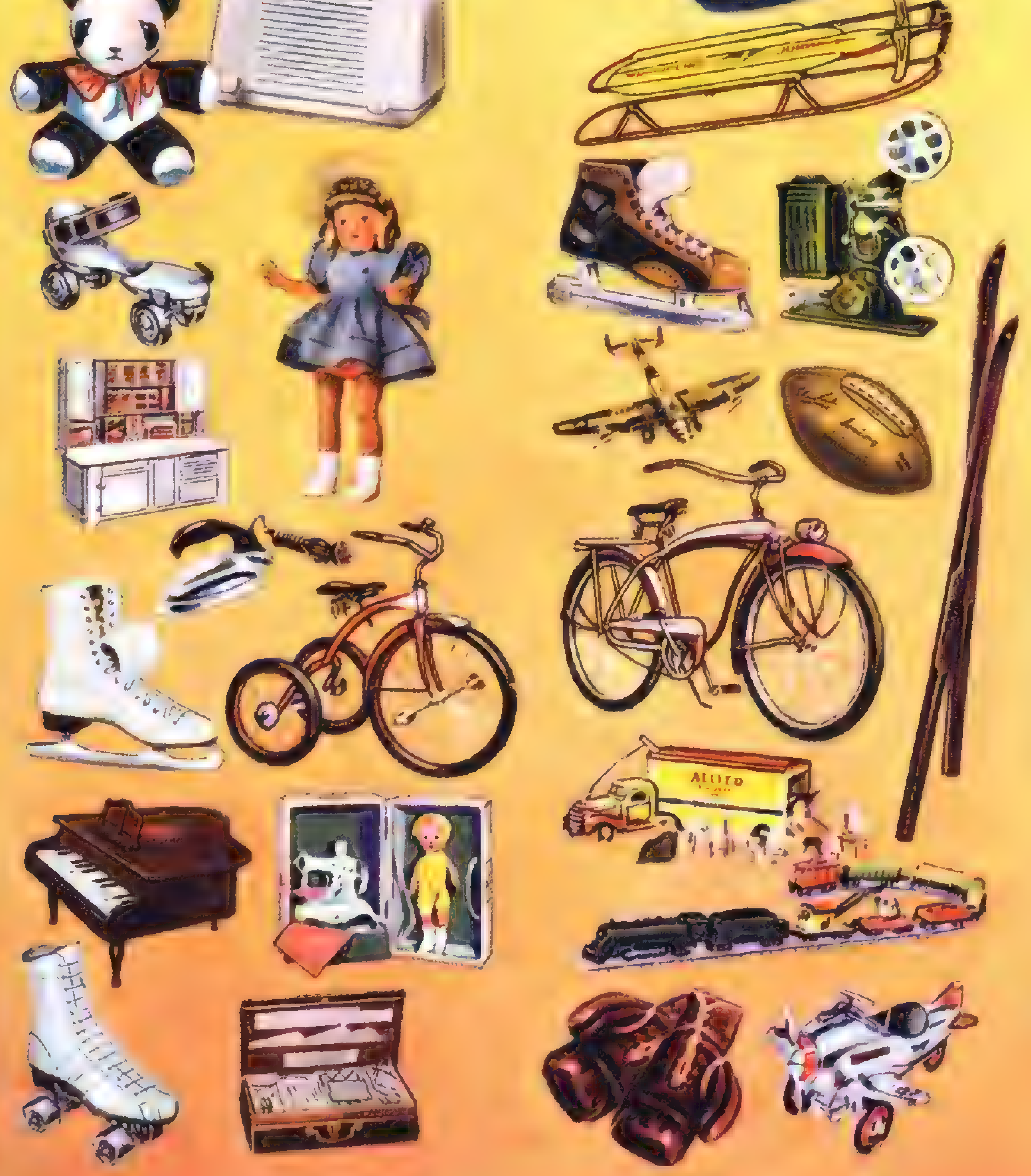
sporting goods that bear such famous names as Spalding, Wilson and Walter Hagen — more than 100 different toys for children, including Lionel trains, Flexible Flyer sleds and Erector sets.

Illustrated here and listed below are helpful suggestions for making your Christmas selections. See these attractive displays today and do your Christmas shopping comfortably and inexpensively. Convenient budget terms can be arranged if you desire.

and a Safe New Year



Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network



—THE DEPARTMENT STORE FOR HOME AND MOTORING NEEDS

Electrical Appliances
Clocks of Various Types
General Electric Irons . . .
General Electric Mixers . .
Schick Electric Shavers . .
Silex Coffeemakers . . . .
Toasters (Toastmaster) . . .
Waffle Bakers . . . .
Westinghouse Cleaners, Irons and Roasters . . .

Electric Refrigerators
Electric & Gas Stoves
Electric Washing Machines
Sporting Goods
Baseball & Boxing Gloves
Champion Outboard Motors . . . Croquet Sets
Fishing Rods and Tackle
Golf Bags, Balls and Clubs
Hillerich & Bradsby Bats
Ice and Roller Skates . . .
Skis and Ski Poles . . . . .
Spalding Basketballs . . .
Spalding Footballs . . . . .
Table Tennis . Toboggans
Walter Hagen Golf Clubs and Golf Balls . . . . .
Wilson Golf Balls, Official Baseballs and Softballs . .

Bicycles & Accessories
for Men, Women, Boys and Girls . . . .

Juvenile Vehicles
Baby Walkers . . . Scooters
Tricycles . . . Velocipedes
Wagons of various kinds

Automotive
Batteries . . . Brake Lining
Defrosters . Driving Gloves
Driving Lights . . Frigitone
Permanent Anti-Freeze . .
Grille and Trunk Guards
Heaters . . Horns . . Robes
Life Protector Tubes . Seat Covers . Spark Plugs . Super Anti-Freeze . Tires & Tubes

CALIFORNIA FRUITS

Packed in Select Liqueurs

Something different to give friends and business acquaintances, or to serve at your formal dinners. Attractively packaged in valuable genuine California Redwood "Treasure Chest", which can be used for other purposes.

Chest of 6 ten oz. jars $4.00

Brandied Dates stuffed with walnuts, Brandied Cherries, baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, Prunes in Rum, Brandied Whole Apricots.

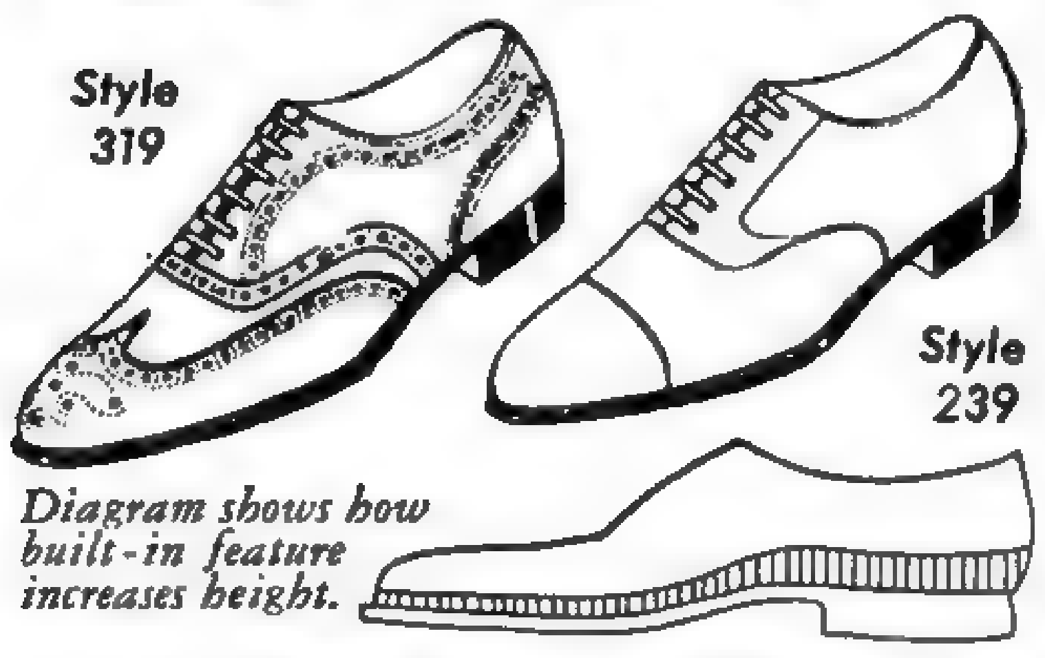
Chest of 3 ten oz. jars $2.50

Baked Oranges in Grenadine, Brandied Dates, and Prunes in Rum.

Express prepaid. Send us your greeting cards to enclose. Mail check or money order. Money refunded if not pleased. Booklet on request.

FOX SHOPPE 436 El Camino, Redwood City, California (in the Famous Santa Clara Valley)

BE TALLER


Style 319
Style 239
Diagram shows how built-in feature increases height.

Increase your height with STATURAID Shoes any desired amount up to 2¼ in. Custom made, from $14.50, more than 50 styles in many leathers. Buy direct from maker. Write for free catalog, sent in plain wrapper.

JOSEPH BURGER Dept. 66, 2067 Third Ave — New York City

A really smart gift
Forstner
INITIAL KEY TAG
Choice of leathers
Any two initials
$1.50

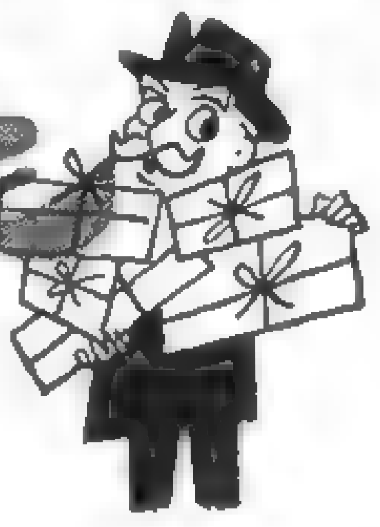
Just the thing for luggage, auto or personal keys

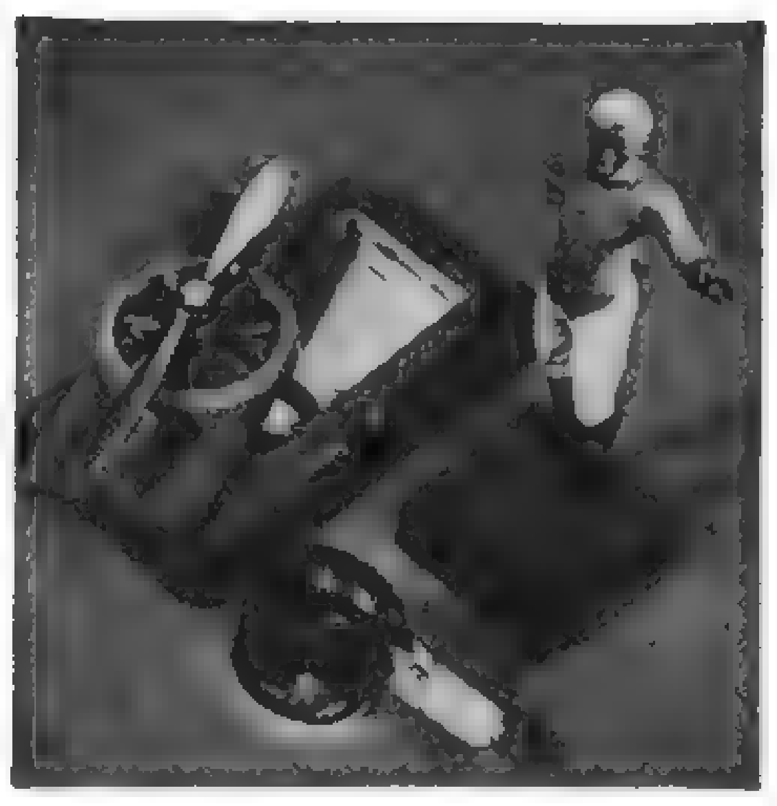
Rhodium finish. Choice of black, brown, red, green or blue genuine leather or natural pigskin. Packaged in attractive gift box. At department stores and better shops. If your favorite store can't supply you, write direct.

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. 125, Irvington, New Jersey

Enclosed is..............for..............Initial Key Tags
Color of leather....................Initials:...............
Name____________________________
Address__________________________

Talking Shop with Esquire





TIE-UP. You associate the idea of a man's interest in aviation with his need for an extra cigarette box, and you get this walnut one with propeller handle. Connect his duck-shooting with his hospitality, and you have a true-to-life mallard head that's really a bottle opener. And if he's not only a horseman, but accustomed to the Finer Things, there's a doorstop for him in the heavy, hand-painted, horse-holding jockey.

THE ROUNDER. A game that can be rolled up for stowing away or carrying certainly has its points; when it consists of two such favorites as backgammon and checkers, so much the better. The sponge rubber playing surface, marked out on both sides, rolls up around the hollow tube which, in turn, contains small playing equipment. Plastic cups fit at either end of the tube; the works goes into the saddle-stitched case. This should be an appropriate contribution to the man in the Army or Navy, as well as your civilian pals.

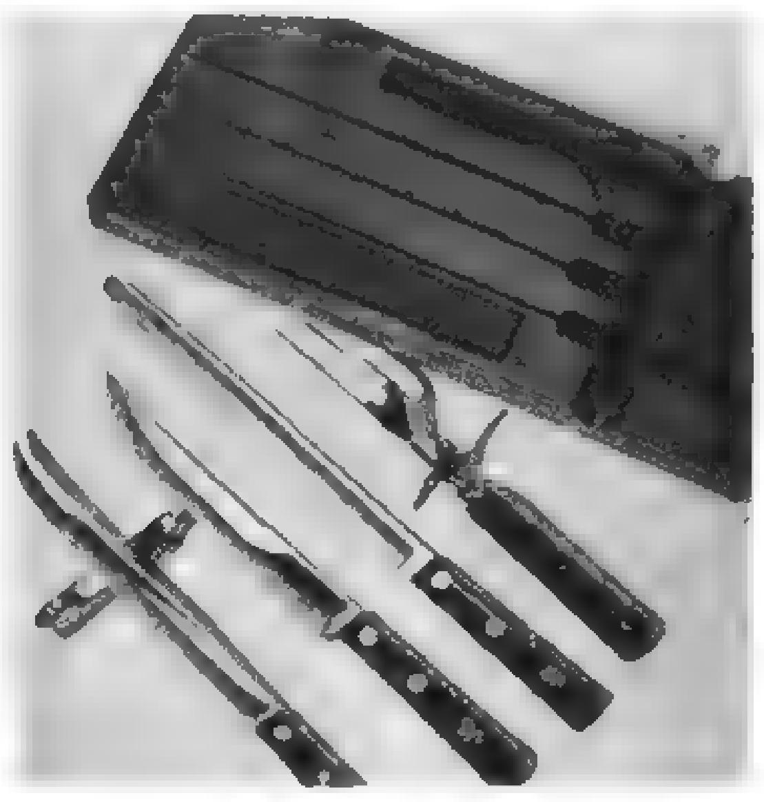
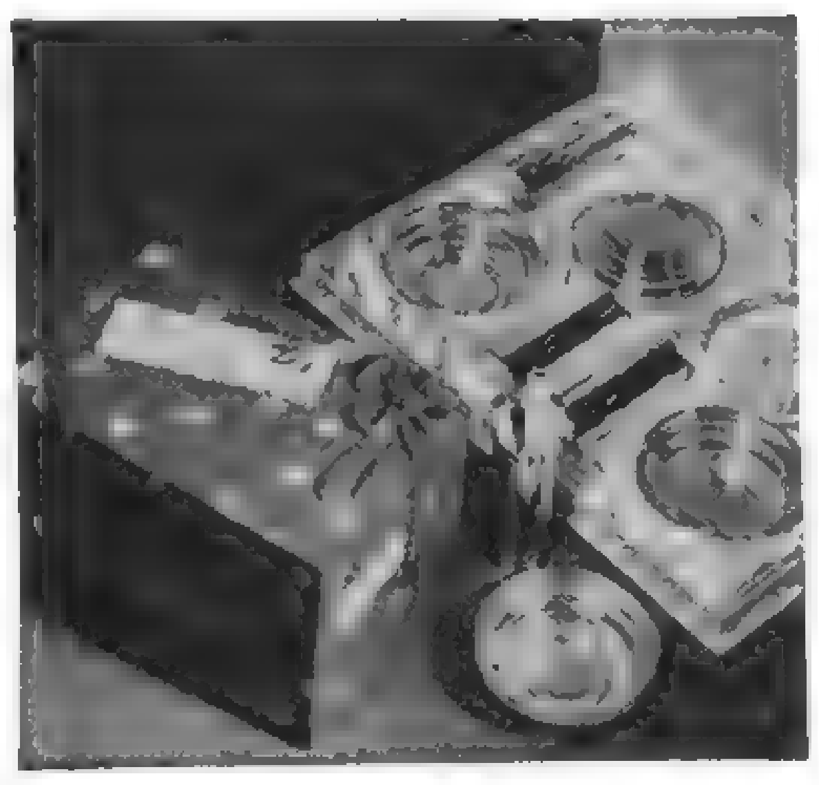


TABLE REARMAMENT. Possessed of this fine set of knives, the head of the table will be able to hew his way through any carving situation, starting with the Christmas bird. There are three hair-splittingly sharp knives, with blades of carbon steel, for roasts, steaks, and poultry; the fourth piece is a carving fork. These fit in a grooved walnut board with sharpening stone attached. The knife rest is a carved pewter bird, very decorative.



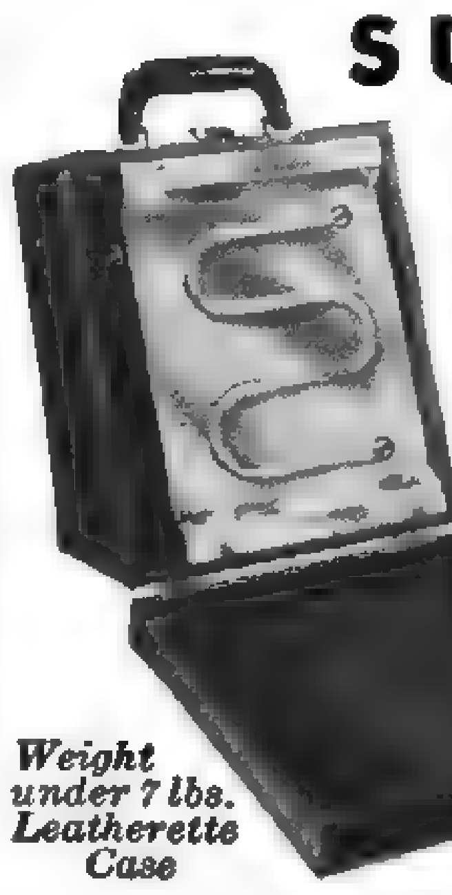
DON'T SHOOT THE WORKS. The sterling silver cigarette-service set is intended only to commemorate, not to give free rein to, clay-pigeon-shooting tendencies. Four ash trays are accurate replicas of clay pigeons; cigarette stands to match could be shotgun shells, except that they aren't... To prevent budget-dents in someone's bankroll come Christmas 1942, you might hand over the plaster Christmas bank, gaily done up in red, white, and green.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

FLORIDA SUNSHINE
At Home-Town Prices
with the new

VITAN
PORTABLE SUN LAMP



Simple, safe, scientific way to get a smart, healthful sun tan in 2 to 3 minutes a day. Mercury-vapor tube; Ultra violet ray. Built to last, yet easy to store or carry. At your favorite store, or order direct.

$20.00

J. KRISER CORP.
Dept. E-5, 30 E. 10th St., New York City

SLIGHTLY SCANDALOUS
NEW PARTY RECORDS
by the inimitably clever
DWIGHT FISKE

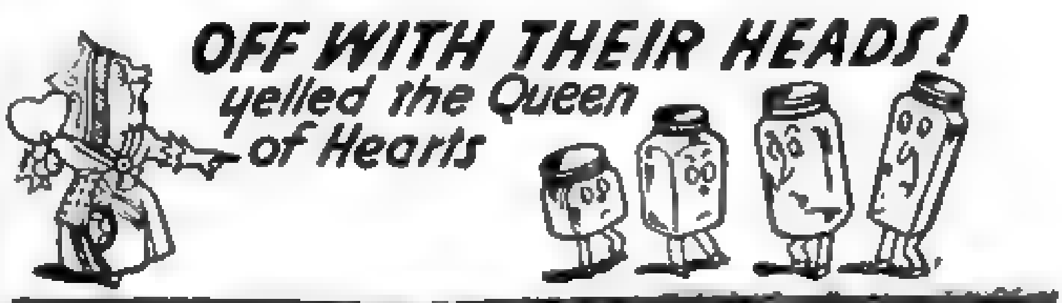
Album No. 2 of sly sagas by the super-sophisticated Dwight Fiske, whose witty ditties have caused many a dowager to drop her lorgnette in the consomme. No self-respecting party-thrower would be caught without these Fiske "etchings": The King and the Queen, Molly O'Toole the Fan Dancer, Columbus and Isabella, Africa Whispers, Mr. Seven, Mr. Webster, The Colonel's Tropical Bird and the Last Cure.

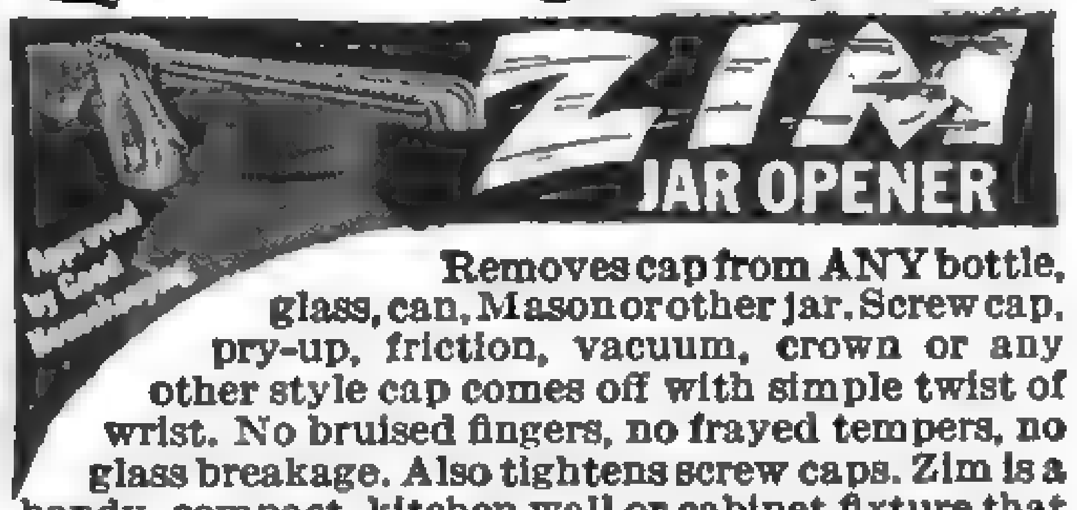
In the special Rabson album $5.00 (4-12" records). While in a party mood order Dwight Fiske's Rabelaisian Album No. 1, with 8 hilarious eye-brow raising episodes. 4-12" discs. $5.00. We pay U. S. postage.

FREE — *Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd ST. DEPT. 9, NEW YORK

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS! yelled the Queen of Hearts





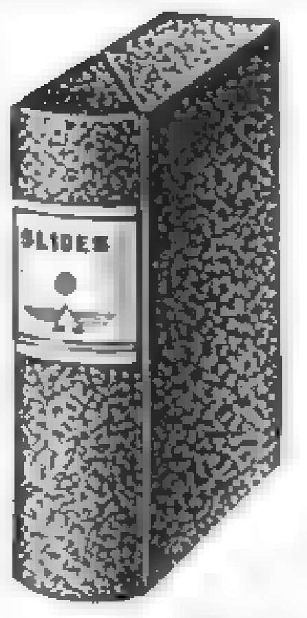
Removes cap from ANY bottle, glass, can, Mason or other jar. Screw cap, pry-up, friction, vacuum, crown or any other style cap comes off with simple twist of wrist. No bruised fingers, no frayed tempers, no glass breakage. Also tightens screw caps. Zim is a handy, compact, kitchen wall or cabinet fixture that swings out of way when not in use. Lasts a lifetime.

See at stores or order on money-back guarantee. In White, Red, Green or Cream finish $1.25. Silver finish $1.00.

ZIM MFG. CO., 3051 Carroll Ave., Chicago, Ill.

amfiles FOR PRINTS, REELS, NEGATIVES, SLIDES

Make just dandy gifts



No more scratched, curled or dirty films or prints—and they're easy to file and find. Look like books. (8½x7"). Blue, green, red or black.

Slide File holds 300 slides 2x2" $1.00

Negative Files, 3 styles 35mm (strips or rolls) to 5x7" $1.00

Print Album, loose leaf. 5x7" acetate covered mounts $1.75. Also larger sizes.

Movie Reel Files 8 and 16 mm $1.50 and $1.95

At stores or sent direct prepaid on 10 days Money-Back Trial.

Write for Folder showing complete line.

AMBERG FILE & INDEX CO. 1600 Duane Blvd. Kankakee, Illinois

GOKEY BOTTE SAUVAGE
REG, U. S. PAT. OFF
"The best all-around boot in the world"
Manufactured Since 1850

Water-Proof, Genuine Pac Moccasin, Hand Sewed, Made to Measure. A pound or two lighter than the average boot; easy to put on and take off; no hooks to catch. Ankle strap holds boot in place, and also acts as ankle support. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS! Get the original Gokey Botte Sauvage only by writing for measure blank and Footwear Catalog.

GOKEY COMPANY
Dept. E St. Paul, Minn.

MONOGRAMMED PLAYING CARDS
SET 2 DECKS $1 POSTPAID

Exceptional Quality
Bridge or Pinochle sets
Contrasting Color Backs
Gilded Edges
12 DECKS $5.50
Orders shipped same day received. Descriptive folders of other Unique Gifts FREE on request

Send CHECK-MONEY ORDERS or STAMPS
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PTG. CO., 1478 B'way, N.Y.

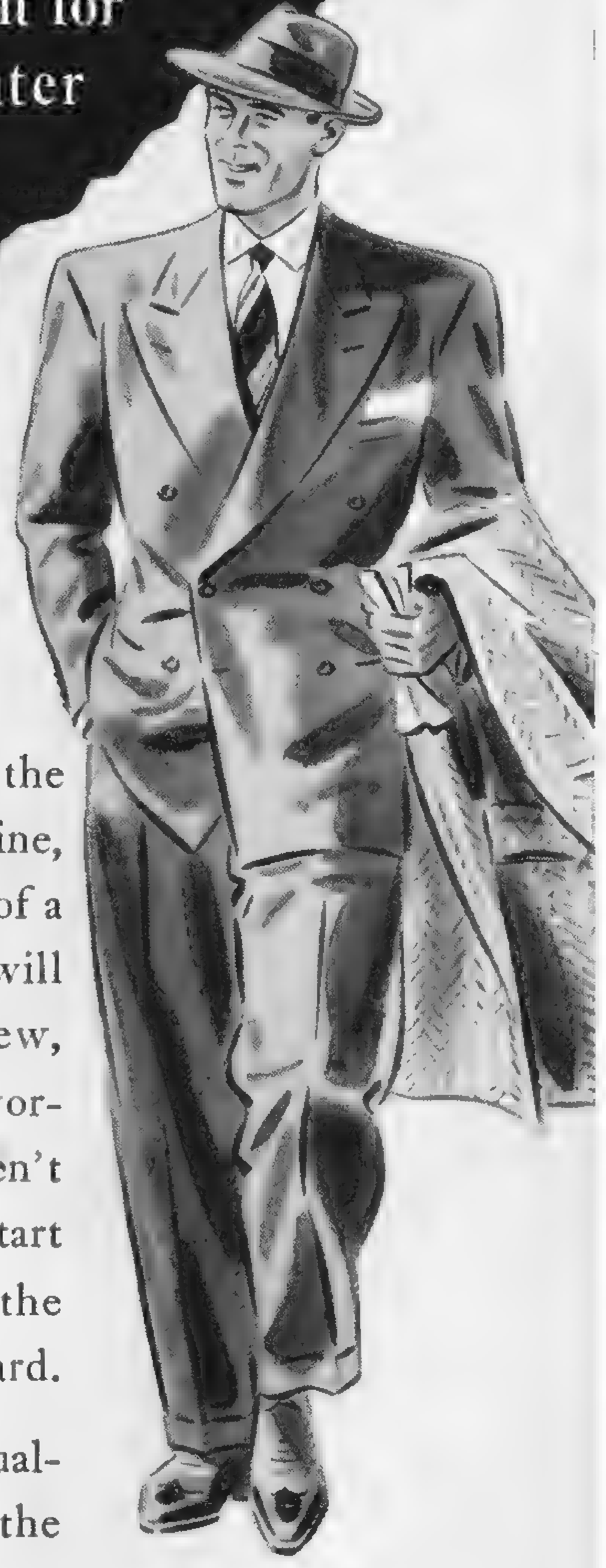
Christmas in Manhattan...

On the pages immediately following is a Manhattan Round-up of good news for the gift-minded, corralling items of especial interest and appeal to those dwelling in the Greater New York Area.

Your WORSTED-TEX *Standard*

Medium Weight for Fall and Winter

is made from 100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED



You men who know the comfort, the genuine, lasting satisfaction of a Tropi-tex suit, will welcome the new, medium weight worsted. If you haven't worn a Tropi-tex, start in this season with the Worsted-tex Standard.

It has the high quality of tailoring, the splendid subtlety of design, the rich colors and interesting patterns which distinguish suits made by the highly skilled "Tex" craftsmen.

Worsted-tex Standard has the same added Tropi-tex value—it is made of fabrics loomed entirely of 100% Wool Naphthalated... fleeces gently cleansed in naphtha baths, preserving the life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers.

For high quality-value, be sure to look for Worsted-tex Standard label and informative Naphthalated Wool tag in the suit pocket.

THIS FABRIC IS MADE OF
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED
Worsted-tex STANDARD
BALANCED QUALITY SERVICE
WORSTED-TEX

ARLINGTON MILLS
LAWRENCE, MASS.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

TOYS ARE NO PROBLEM

If you have have been afraid to buy little Wilbur a set of blocks or a popgun at Christmas because he shows his skill at breaking windows and annoying your guests, you will be happy to meet Melvin (not Sig) Freud. For this young New York advertising executive has put Junior in his place, making both parents and offspring happier people.

Several years ago Mr. Freud had nightmares every night. He was employed as a salesman in a prominent toy shop and was deluged constantly with questions by adults who were out shopping. "My five-year-old boy has a Quiz Kid mentality," they would say with harassed pride. "What can I buy him for a gift?" Or, "My sister just had twins. Do you know what they might like?" These were some of the echoes of the day that haunted Mr. Freud.

He decided to do something about this, and so it was that the Toy Guidance Council was born. Mr. Freud's only thought was to work out some device that would help adults select the proper toy for the right age. So often he had seen parents buy gifts for children and then spend most of their time playing with the toys themselves, or aggravating themselves over the fact that the pride and joy of the family didn't give a hoot about the gift and the fact that it cost a pretty penny.

More than that, Mr. Freud had a feeling for the boys and girls themselves and didn't want them to look upon their parents with disdain when papa and mama would bring home toys that the kids had outgrown two or three years previously.

The Toy Guidance Council was created by him to divide children's toys into age groups. Besides working on the theory that toys must amuse children, Freud managed to incorporate toys into groups that would also be educational for the youngsters. At the Toy Fair held every year, he arranged to have toy experts and child guidance authorities select two hundred of the best toys of the year. These would be recommended for the kiddies and distributed in booklet form to all toy dealers. For instance, they suggested playthings for infants that were bright-colored, washable, and lightweight. For the pre-school age group, playthings that would help to develop growing bodies were suggested. Push-and-pull toys and musical toys were among them.

Most grown-ups think that little girls begin to mimic their mothers around the age of ten or so. The Toy Guidance Council found that they actually begin around the age of three. That is why the children like to play with toy grocery stores, kitchen equipment, and dolls then.

Playthings that foster creative play and encourage exercise of the imagination are most appropriate for the children between the ages of four and six. They go for toys like coloring sets, blackboards, doctor and nurse outfits, and doll houses.

The average child from six to eight is inclined to seek friends and to prefer group play. At this age, boys are finally ready to relieve their parents of the duties of operating their electric trains, for they are capable of running the trains and their accessories themselves. Military toys become fascinating at this age, too. And this year, in spite of production difficulties prevalent everywhere, there are plenty of toys with which to "play soldier." There are submarines that actually skim the water and descend just like the real ships. There are aircraft carriers, even an OPM game, whereby one boy becomes production manager and decides how many planes, guns, and other ammunition he can buy.

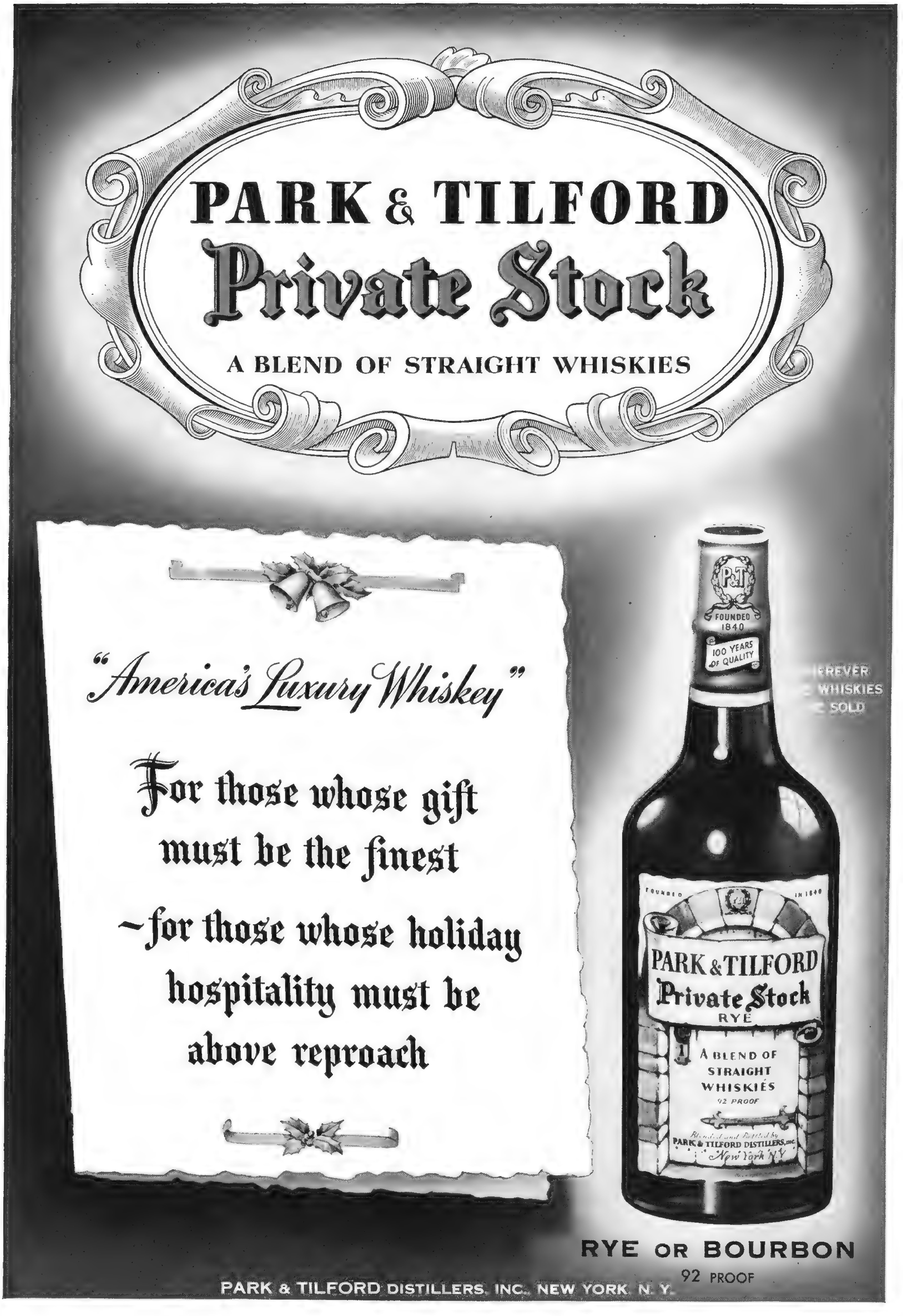
Don't get excited, say the Toy Guidance experts, if Junior wants to play with guns or war toys. He is not harboring criminal tendencies. Psychologists say that aggression is generated in a child's mind when his energy is bottled up. If he sinks a few paper ships or drops a few toy bombs he will get it out of his system. Could it be that little Adolph Schickelgruber, age seven, wasn't allowed to play with toy cannons?

When the offspring reaches the age of eight or ten years, his greatest interest is in hobbies. Girls like to play with things that encourage artistic skill. They design necklaces, brooches, even doll dresses. Boys tend to be interested in construction sets, printing presses, wireless sets, motion picture outfits.

Although Mr. Freud's aim was to direct grown-ups to buy the toys, he wants to stay on the right side of the kids, too. "There is nothing that make a toy seem duller to a child," he says, "than to have him suspect that it has an educational value."

Toys today have more purpose than they did in the horse-and-buggy days. They are designed to do something for the child and give him a feeling of confidence through accomplishment. If you shop wisely for the little darlings this Christmas, you won't feel like upbraiding them when you spend a fortune for some interesting toy and find that the angel of the family prefers to chew on a clothespin instead.

Ranger


P&T
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
EREVER
WHISKIES
SOLD
FOUNDED IN 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
RYE
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
92 PROOF
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
New York N.Y.

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

"*America's Luxury Whiskey*"

For those whose gift
must be the finest

—for those whose holiday
hospitality must be
above reproach

RYE OR BOURBON
92 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

IN AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

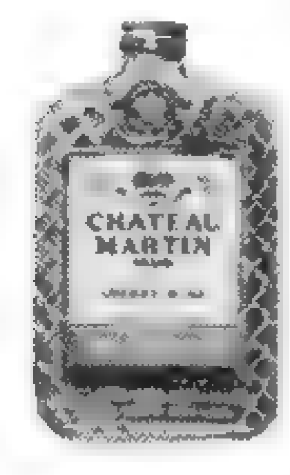
CHATEAU MARTIN

HAS REPLACED "LOST" IMPORTS

Thrill your guests and make your parties really "pop" by serving Chateau Martin Champagne. Connoisseurs all say Chateau Martin tastes as good as imports costing many times as much. Give—serve—enjoy any of the Chateau Martin Wines including Vermouth, Vintage Wine, White Label and Sparkling Wines.

Sweet Types Contain 20% Alcohol By Volume

CHATEAU MARTIN VINTAGE WINES
Port, Vintage of 1933—Sherry, Vintage of 1935. Probably the finest American wines existent.



CHATEAU MARTIN WHITE LABEL
The cream of California's vineyards. Available in all types and sizes at surprisingly low prices.

CHATEAU MARTIN TABLE WINES
Make every meal doubly enjoyable with any of the 15 different types of Chateau Martin table wines including Claret, Haute Sauterne, etc.

18% Alcohol By Volume

CHATEAU MARTIN VERMOUTH
Get some for your holiday parties. Available in both sweet Italian and dry French types.

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For that special person who already "has everything", a beautiful gift box of assorted wines and champagnes will hit the spot. Your dealer will be glad to make up assortments at any price you desire. Just phone him for immediate delivery.

What's it got that has sold more than 25,000,000 bottles of Chateau Martin wines. Taste it and see.

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION • BRONX TERMINAL MARKET • NEW YORK CITY

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

FOUR KINGS, ALL ACES

There's more than a royal flush of kings, queens, and duchesses in London now. That's quite a bit of royalty to have in one place at the same time, and a fact worthy of any historian's pen.

There is royalty here in New York, too. Only these four wield batons of sceptres. They are the four top swing bands in the country, all at one and the same time in New York for the fall and winter season.

Firmly ensconced as king is Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman being for once the contender for the throne instead of its occupant. That's because he's a new Benny Goodman; his new band's been in operation just over a year, and his present policy allows for as many concert engagements as possible. The policy is working, without a doubt, and swing fans may have to get a double throne for Miller and Goodman to share.

Goodman's new band started off with a tour of most of the big colleges of America, plus one-night stands in leading ballrooms. Benny did a Rochester Civic symphony date in November, and followed this with a Carnegie Hall appearance with the Philharmonic in December. Then he did a commercial on WJZ and more road work. A short session at Madison Square Garden, more stands around the country, a new five-year contract with Columbia Records, a record run at the Panther Room in Chicago's Hotel Sherman, NBC's *Housewarming* series during the summer, and three weeks at the Meadowbrook with all records broken, led up to his present sensational winter run at the Hotel New Yorker.

And in the meantime, where was Miller? Well, for the third time winner of the most-popular-bandleader title (never before attempted); with record sales going into triple those of his nearest competitor, he's been doing all right, too. Early in the year, he and his combination began work on their first motion picture, Twentieth-Century-Fox's *Sun Valley Serenade*, with Sonja Henie. (Incidentally, he liked California so much that he bought a fifty-acre orange ranch while he was there.) One-nighting their way back East after completion of the picture, the band hung up top figures in theatres, ballrooms, and prom dates, and in many cases set new all-time attendance records. They're at the Pennsylvania now, enjoying, after three years of consistent popularity, the peak of their success.

If there's a king of swing, there ought to be a crown prince, and there is. The name is Sammy Kaye, and he, too, has been in the big town since October. The Essex House is his stand. With a nice knack for introducing catchy tunes, Kaye's been riding uphill for a couple of years now, accelerated by *Daddy*. His discovery of *Daddy* came about like this:

Some months ago, the swing and swayers were playing an engagement in Philadelphia. On a busman's holiday, Sammy dropped into the Embassy Club, a small niterie in the Quaker City. He heard *Daddy* then for the first time and started asking questions. The tune was written by Bob Troup, a University of Pennsylvania student, to fill a spot in the Freshman Mask & Wig show two years previously, and had been knocking around ever since. The Embassy Club's bandleader, to oblige the customer-students, had picked it up and given it a whirl every now and then. He'd been giving it the first whirl in some time when Sammy's ears perked up, he made inquiries, and in no time flat the young composer was sharing a soft drink at his table. The rest is history.

These three crowned heads of the swing business could have the winter season sewed up all by themselves, but that fellow who's just been standing there all this time looking at his nails and whistling through his teeth is none other than Vaughn Monroe. A threat, he is, and pretender to the throne. Possibly his band has had the most sensational rise of the year. In a comparatively short time—he completely reorganized his band in April, 1940—he has built up quite a following for himself, a noticeable following. The fact that his own contribution to his band is not instrumental, but vocal, may make him the bellwether of a trend back to the days of Rudy Vallee, when singing maestros were the rule, not the exception. And Vaughn Monroe's a baritone, not a tenor. He's been at the Commodore since October 2nd.

Now's your opportunity, folks, to pay yer money and take yer cherce.

Ranger

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BIRTH OF A BLUES SINGER

Some months back, that no doubt world-renowned program, *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street,* devoted a complete program to the works of W. C. Handy, daddy of the blues. And what could be more appropriate than to have Dinah Shore, prima donna of the Society, deliver herself of Handy's wonderful *Memphis Blues,* which she did. At the completion of the number, the old gentleman dropped his script, turned around and addressed himself squarely to Dinah. "My dear," he said simply, "that song was never really sung before."

Dinah is the handsome brunette who starts fires by rubbing two notes together. Born below the Mason-Dixon line, she intended to be a social service worker, and would be working at it now if a singing instructor hadn't opened a "dead" mike in the studio, thus making an audition out of a practice session. After a few months at WSM in Nashville, Dinah headed north and hit New York in the latter part of 1938, shortly after she received her B.A. from Vanderbilt University.

For six months she sang over a local New York station for practically peanuts. About that time, Lennie Hayton was looking for a vocalist for a proposed radio program, and although more than fifty were auditioned, Dinah was chosen. The proposed show failed to materialize, but subsequent guest spots on a network gave her the boost she needed. NBC signed Dinah as a sustaining star, and the gal started going places almost immediately.

An exponent of blues singing, she was selected as singing star of the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, that excellent program devoted to the Three B's: Blues, Barrelhouse, and Boogie Woogie. Here she gained the grandiose title of Diva of the Blues, and although Dinah's been off that show for some time now, so closely is she identified with it that when they recently cut an album for Victor, she rejoined them by popular request. And, again by popular request, a second album was recently released.

But more than any other single item, it was *Yes, My Darling Daughter* that put Dinah on the road to glory. It happened one hot summer day when, as do most singers, Dinah was "schmoozing" at a music publishing company, rehearsing old tunes and looking for new ones. A couple of earnest pluggers were exhorting the virtues of some songs, but Dinah regarded the preferred numbers with the same suspicion most women shoppers accord items on display counters—the ones they can't see, they're sure are exactly what they want. At any rate, a manuscript lying on a piano caught her eye, and she picked it up casually. It was, of course, *Yes, My Darling Daughter,* and was earmarked for Judy Garland. And if you've ever watched a woman shop, you know what happened.

Dinah introduced the song on the following Eddie Cantor broadcast and it caught on immediately. She repeated it shortly afterward, and then BMI set in and ASCAP (and, perforce, *My Darling Daughter*) walked out. The selling power of the record, then, is all the more remarkable when you consider the two brief appearances of the song on a network station.

When screen commitments took Eddie Cantor out to the Coast, Dinah went along and was screen-tested by M.G.M. She'll probably be called out there any day now. Back in New York for the nonce (and for the broadcasts), Dinah contends it was in the cinema city that she got the second biggest surprise of her life. (The first, she says, was passing freshman math.)

Jittery as a high school sophomore, she walked down Hollywood Boulevard for the first time—she was in *Hollywood!* All the famous actors and actresses whose names were a byword in the entire country—she was actually going to see them and maybe talk with them. It was with an ecstatic prayer that she finally locked the door in her rooms at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel and prepared to unpack her new clothes. Cantor was taking her to dinner at Ciro's, and they would be joined by a few of Holloywood's great—at the same table, yet!

As they made their entrance that night, Dinah looked casually about her. It was tremendous will power that prevented her from staring, but she wasn't going to look like a hick, by gad. Table conversation was just finishing with the virtues of their dining - companion - producer's current film and was entering on the merits of his previous one when there was an interruption. Dinah turned to be introduced to the newcomer and almost fell over backward. Her first real celebrity—Cesar Romero—in the flesh!

The Cisco Kid turned delighted eyes on Dinah. "Isn't this an amazing coincidence," he chirped. "I've just been talking about you. We've been playing your records over and over and they're really wonderful. Why, you're a celebrity here!"

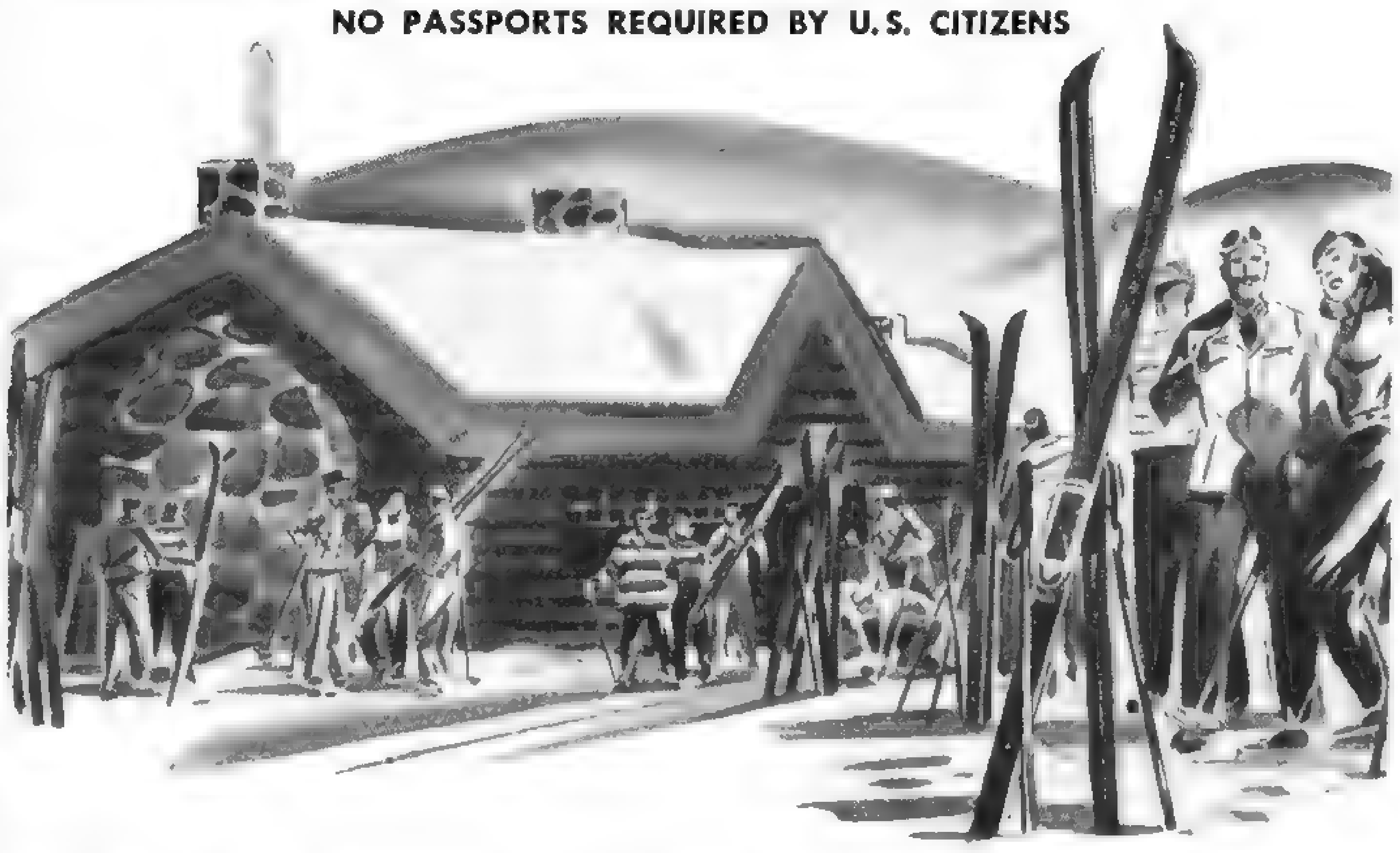
Ranger

COME TO LA PROVINCE DE QUÉBEC CANADA

HERE'S YOUR Winter Wonderland

There's sport and pleasure for young and old in La Province de Québec . . . the perfect place for a novel winter holiday! There's grand skating, tobogganing, bobsleigh racing, and even exciting ice-boating. Skiing, of course, is the best you can find! It's only an overnight trip from most Eastern centres . . . and rates of exchange make vacation dollars go farther in Canada. Come to this old French province *for a grand winter vacation!*

NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED BY U.S. CITIZENS



For further information, or free booklet on skiing, ask your local tourist agency or write to La Province de Québec Tourist Bureau, 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, or direct to:

LA PROVINCE DE Québec
TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC CANADA

Olga TRITT

GIFTS IN GOLD

Sapphire ring set in gold with Rubies, $200.

Gold "V" heart charm, $5.

Ruby and Diamond Leaf Brooch, $95
2/3 actual size

589 MADISON AVENUE
at 57th St., New York City

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED
WRITE FOR BOOKLET

HAYNES-GRIFFIN
presents
ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
one of the Greatest names in Radio
ON
COLUMBIA RECORDS
IN A NEW COLLECTION OF
STRAUSS WALTZES
M 481 $3.67
BLUE DANUBE • TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS • ARTIST'S LIFE • VOICES OF SPRING • VIENNA LIFE • EMPEROR WALTZ

There are Kostelanetz Records for every Mood!

ALBUMS

STEPHEN FOSTER MUSIC
M 442 $3.67
Old Black Joe: Oh! Susanna: My Old Kentucky Home: Beautiful Dreamer: Massa's In De Cold, Cold Ground: Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming: I Dream of Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair: Old Folks At Home: Camptown Races.

MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITES
M 430 $3.67
Begin the Beguine: Smoke Gets In Your Eyes: Falling In Love With Love: Tea For Two: A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody: I See Your Face Before Me: All The Things You Are: I Got Rhythm.

(Single Records at $.79 each)
4237 M
Vienna, City of My Dreams —Merry Widow Waltz
4236 M
Estrellita—Perfect Day
4379 M
To a Wild Rose—To a Water Lily

VICTOR HERBERT MUSIC
M 415 $4.72
Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life: Sweethearts Waltz: March of the Toys: Toyland: Streets of New York: Thine Alone: Indian Summer: When You Are Away: Kiss Me Again: A Kiss in the Dark: Habanera: Sunset: For I'm Falling in Love with Someone: 'Neath the Southern Moon: Italian Street Song: Moonbeams: Gypsy Love Song: Czardas: Dream Girl.

GRAND CANYON SUITE
M 643 $4.72
Ferde Grofe

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—(Gershwin)
X 196 $2.62
Alec Templeton at the Piano

(Single Records at $1.05 each)
7361 M
Clair de Lune—"Pavane"—(Ravel)
7362 M
Highlights from—"Porgy and Bess" —Gershwin

Hear them today at HAYNES-GRIFFIN
Enjoy The Best in Recorded Music on Columbia Records 55.3% Less Surface Noise

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE—*Check the Records you Desire, and Mail.*
☐ Charge My Account ☐ Parcel Post C.O.D.
Name..............................
Address...............................

Haynes-Griffin
Roosevelt Hotel
373 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK
at 46th Street

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

. . . SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER

Two of the busiest young men on Broadway—or anywhere, for that matter—are John Latouche and Vernon Duke. The correlation of the two names is a fairly recent happening. Up until a few months ago, both gentlemen went their separate ways in the world of the theatre, music, and the arts. Vernon Duke was, and still is, a dual artistic personality. For popular music, including immortal items like *April in Paris* and *Taking a Chance on Love,* he is Vernon Duke. For items like a recently-completed violin concerto for Jascha Heifetz and ballet music for troupes here and abroad, plus various symphonic compositions with wide artistic appeal, he is Vladimir Dukelsky. John Latouche has considerable writings to his credit, best known of which is the immortal *Ballad for Americans.*

Then along came an energetic individual, Jack Robbins. Robbins, one of the most important of the popular music publishers in America, decided upon a new musical affinity, a team of composers known as John Latouche and Vernon Duke.

Forming a team of composers is one thing. Putting them to work is another. How to secure work for Latouche and Duke wasn't the problem, however. The task was—how to avoid work. It seems that the minute the partnership was formed, a dozen producers, by actual count, clamored for their services. Being only human and not mechanized to the slightest degree, Latouche and Duke took on only a pair of assignments. One was for the Eddie Cantor show, *Banjo Eyes,* scheduled to open on Broadway the first week in December, and the other was to write the music and lyrics for the Georgie Hale opus with Jessie Matthews that's due to hit these parts along about Christmas.

And then what did Latouche and Duke do but take on still another assignment. One week after they began working on the two musicals, along came producer George Abbott with another idea. For a long time, Abbott, one of the most successful of modern musical comedy producers, had been mulling over the idea of a musical comedy based on Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.* Furthermore, Mr. Abbott was personally going to write the book. He planned to give the entire business a Scottish background. Would the Messrs. Latouche and Duke be interested in collaborating with the Immortal Bard and with George Abbott on *Much Ado?* The Messrs. Latouche and Duke promptly replied that they would be delighted. Giving them a score of three musical stints at one time—no way, to our mind, of avoiding work.

In addition, the pair of them were looking ahead. Latouche's knowledge of words and their placement in artful sequence wasn't at all confined to lyrics. Young John is more than somewhat of a writer. Hence, he and Duke read a novel titled *Fanny By Gaslight,* written by Michael Sadleir. It was the story of a bad girl of the Mauve Decade. Right then and there, Latouche and Duke decided that *Fanny By Gaslight* would furnish the nucleus for their first complete musical, for which they would write, in addition to the music and lyrics, the all-important book and dialogue. They did, however, make one important concession to Eddie Cantor, Georgie Hale, and George Abbott, producers for whom they were working individually at the time. They would do nothing about *Fanny* until their work for the three musicals had been completed.

Latouche and Duke are a study in contrasts. Jack Robbins, the Tin Pan Alley "marriage broker" who arranged for the wedding of their talents, calls them "Overdressed and Underdressed." Duke, suave cosmopolite who speaks French, Spanish, Russian, and German as well—and sometimes better—than he speaks English, is always immaculately dressed, complete to malacca walking stick. The best that can be said about Latouche in this respect is that he wears clothes "casually". The two are constantly at loggerheads in this respect.

John Latouche is a young American with barely twenty-three years to his credit. If he felt like it—and he doesn't feel like it, really—he could trace his American family tree back to the Pilgrim Fathers on these shores, and even further back abroad. John is happy over the fact that he virtually lived his *Ballad for Americans* long before it saw the light of public print.

While a youngster, he won a short story contest and his writing talent was so apparent that James Branch Cabell secured for him a scholarship for the Riverdale School. From there, he went on to Columbia University. He was the first person to win the Stephen Vincent Benet poetry and prose prizes two times. He wrote the Varsity show, *Flair Flair from Paris,* while in his sophomore year. The faculty thought some of the scenes and language were a trifle "advanced."

Continued on page NY-9

J
Here's
Holiday Cheer
without a peer
For Entertaining... for Gift Giving...
for your Personal Enjoyment
"ROUND THE WORLD"
King's Ransom
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
GALLAGHER & BURTON'S
Black Label
Blended Whiskey
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE YEARS
OLD LEWIS HUNTER
BRAND
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
WILLIAM JAMESON
WILLIAM JAMESON
ORIGINAL IRISH AMERICAN BRAND
WHISKEY
A BLEND OF WHISKIES SUPERBLY MELLOW AND SMOOTH
T. M. MOORE
SINCE 1879
THIS WHISKEY IS FIVE YEARS OLD
TOM MOORE
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
HOUSE OF LORDS
H · L
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Whiteley's
KING'S RANSOM
"Round the World" **SCOTCH**

If you can afford the finest—why buy—or give—any other Scotch whisky?

"Ask Grandpa—he knows"
GALLAGHER & BURTON'S
BLACK LABEL

Known and cherished today, as in the past, by connoisseurs of the finest in blended whiskey.

OLD LEWIS
HUNTER BRAND

A great quality Kentucky bourbon whiskey, distilled at limestone water site famous since 1861.

WILLIAM JAMESON
Original Irish American Brand
WHISKEY

"America's Mellowest Blend of Whiskies." Makes superb cocktails and highballs.

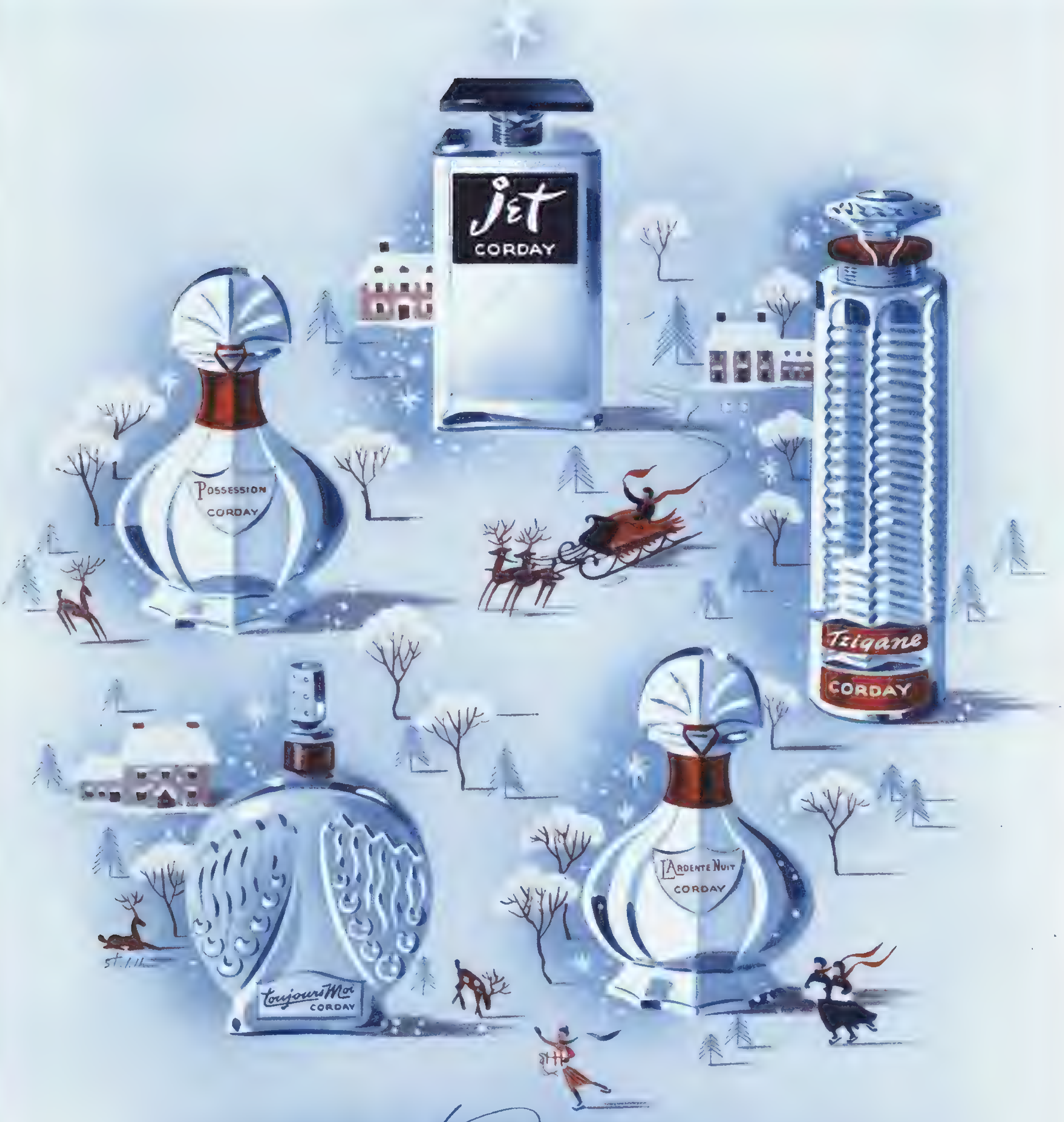
TOM MOORE
Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

A grand "5-year-old" . . . mellow flavor and fine quality. Bottled-in-Bond. 100 Proof.

Whiteley's
HOUSE OF LORDS
SCOTCH

A Scotch whisky worthy of its distinguished name, House of Lords makes a lordly Scotch highball.

KING'S RANSOM Blended Scotch Whisky; 94 proof • BLACK LABEL Blended Whiskey; 72½% grain neutral spirits; 90 proof • OLD LEWIS HUNTER Brand Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey; 90 proof • WILLIAM JAMESON Original Irish American Brand WHISKEY; contains 25% 20-year-old imported pot still whiskey, 75% 4-year-old American Straight Whiskey; 86 proof TOM MOORE Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled-in-Bond; 100 proof • HOUSE OF LORDS Blended Scotch Whisky; 86 proof • William Jameson & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.


Jet
CORDAY
Tzigane
CORDAY
Possession
CORDAY
Toujours Moi
CORDAY
L'Ardente Nuit
CORDAY
st.l.l.

Parfums

CORDAY

JET $38.50 to 3 • TZIGANE 50 to 8 • POSSESSION 45 to 7.50 • L'ARDENTE NUIT 45 to 7.50 • TOUJOURS MOI 20 to 3

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page NY-6

Latouche says, "I didn't leave school under a cloud, exactly— but it could have rained any minute."

Then he went into press agentry. He worked for the Ballet Rüsse, but was fired after ten days on tour. Latouche insisted upon a railroad compartment while they were traveling. The Ballet Russe impresario himself had to be content with an upper berth.

Then came *Ballad for Americans,* laying the cornerstone of a career in music.

Vernon Duke was born Vladimir Dukelsky in Pskov, Russia, and escaped from that war-torn country during the first revolution. As he tells it, "I posed as a dead person—to keep from getting killed."

He spent considerable time in Paris before coming to America in 1922. Thus, he can talk fluently about Diaghileff, Matisse, Prokofieff, Stravinsky, Dali, and others of the Parisian artistic *haute monde.* Duke's apparel today pales into insignificance compared to the radiant clothing worn by the Vladimir Dukelsky of the Paris era. If it's proof you want, lend an eye to this: he wore a rose-tinted monocle, a suit of shiny gunmetal cloth, a spray of baby orchids, and he carried a shepherd's crook. The Duke's return to normalcy—of a comparative sort—occurred when he tripped over the shepherd's crook, sprained his ankle, and decided forthwith to throw the whole blinking outfit into the Seine.

If the only benefits of a collaborating musical team are such diversification of background and points of view, Latouche and Duke should be 1942's Gilbert and Sullivan. We shall see. Better still, we shall hear.

ZAGREB GIRL MAKES GOOD

Desha Milcinouic takes kittens to opening nights, paints gamboling lambs, shows up at fashionable gatherings in old slacks, and has flame-colored hair. She blames everything but the hair on the influence of her name, Desha.

"It is pagan," she says. "Mestrovic, the sculptor, gave it to me. He was my godfather. When the priest at Zagreb (in Yugoslavia), where I was born, objected to christening me Desha because it was pagan, Mestrovic stamped out of the church. But he was a friend of the family, so the priest called him back and compromised by naming me Desha, but prefacing it with that of Anselma, my birthday saint. I've never used Anselma."

Today Desha's paintings and drawings, even those she does commercially, are delicate pagan whimsies, as gay and elusive as wind-tossed thistledown. Oddly enough, there is none of Mestrovic's powerful, writhing, earthy groping in them, although she studied under the famous sculptor until she came to America twelve years ago.

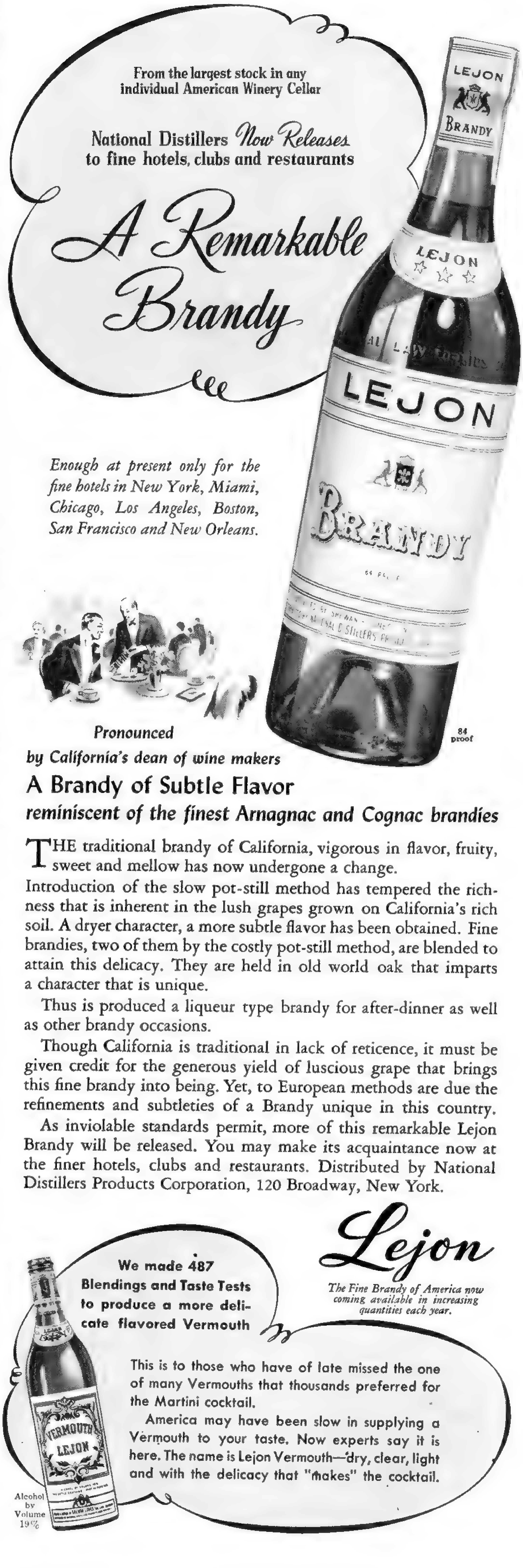
"The various interpretations of art depend on the individual," she says, "but basically true art is the same. Even a musician could have learned from Mestrovic. Everything he did was his own, seen through the individual insight of a true creator, whether it was a fluffy bit of lace or a steel-reinforced building. That is the principle of all true art."

That—and Love, too, according to Desha. "The artist is always in love when he is creating," she says with Slavic conviction. The artist might be between amorous engagements at a time when he was called upon to produce a work of art, but "It does not matter. He is in love just the same. It might take the form of sublimation in the work he is doing. His capacity for Love—and the kind of person he is—shows in his work."

Today Desha is the feminine Salvador Dali. She and her art bubble over with *joie de vivre* and originality. In addition to being one of the leading fashion ad artists, with the rare privilege of signing her name to her work, Desha also does ballet *pirouettes* and *entrechats,* designs costumes, murals, Christmas cards, scenery, interior decorating, and has extensive exhibitions of her surrealistic portraits, landscapes, and paintings of inquiring kittens, laughing peasants, and melancholy-eyed dachshunds. Her lambs and gamins have been seen in the swank ads of leading department stores. Cubism and surrealism have been introduced to many of these emporia by Desha.

As individual as she is versatile, she's a good example of what progressive school alumni can turn out to be. She was "progressed" at a small school abroad, where students didn't have to do a blasted thing if such was their juvenile mood. But once they made a move towards any form of endeavor, be it mathematics or art, watchful instructors were immediately at their sides to hand out slide rules, adding machines, finger paint, clay, and/or information. Desha therefore had her early impulses towards art encouraged to the nth degree, and today she lacks nothing in confidence and objectivity about her many-sided career.

Ranger



From the largest stock in any individual American Winery Cellar

National Distillers *Now Releases* to fine hotels, clubs and restaurants

A Remarkable Brandy

Enough at present only for the fine hotels in New York, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston, San Francisco and New Orleans.

Pronounced by California's dean of wine makers

A Brandy of Subtle Flavor

reminiscent of the finest Arnagnac and Cognac brandies

THE traditional brandy of California, vigorous in flavor, fruity, sweet and mellow has now undergone a change. Introduction of the slow pot-still method has tempered the richness that is inherent in the lush grapes grown on California's rich soil. A dryer character, a more subtle flavor has been obtained. Fine brandies, two of them by the costly pot-still method, are blended to attain this delicacy. They are held in old world oak that imparts a character that is unique.

Thus is produced a liqueur type brandy for after-dinner as well as other brandy occasions.

Though California is traditional in lack of reticence, it must be given credit for the generous yield of luscious grape that brings this fine brandy into being. Yet, to European methods are due the refinements and subtleties of a Brandy unique in this country.

As inviolable standards permit, more of this remarkable Lejon Brandy will be released. You may make its acquaintance now at the finer hotels, clubs and restaurants. Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, 120 Broadway, New York.

Lejon

The Fine Brandy of America now coming available in increasing quantities each year.

We made 487 Blendings and Taste Tests to produce a more delicate flavored Vermouth

This is to those who have of late missed the one of many Vermouths that thousands preferred for the Martini cocktail.

America may have been slow in supplying a Vermouth to your taste. Now experts say it is here. The name is Lejon Vermouth—dry, clear, light and with the delicacy that "makes" the cocktail.

Alcohol by Volume 19%

I'D ASK HER TO DANCE WITH ME IF I WERE ONLY TALLER
Stop Wishing.. Now you can be taller than "SHE" is!

In romance, in business, every moment of every day, height is a tremendous advantage. Adler Elevators make you impressively taller . . ."confidentially". . . the instant you put them on! The height-increasing inner construction is built right into the shoe itself. The heels are no higher. Adler Elevators look and feel like any fine shoe . . . they make you look and feel like a new man. Be **TALLER!** Make "her" proud of you. Change to Adler Elevators today!

Plain, perforated, wing tips; Black or Tan Calf, Brown Suede, Patent Leather.

ADLER SHOES for MEN

ADLER "ELEVATORS"
Sizes 4 to 11 $12.95

15 styles in stock at the following stores:
IN NEW YORK CITY
128 W. 42nd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way)
249 W. 42nd St. (Bet. 7th & 8th Aves.)
130 E. 14th St. (Academy Bldg.)
2547 Broadway (Bet. 95th & 96th)
338 E. Fordham Rd. (Nr. Elm Pl.)
IN JAMAICA • 165-02 Jamaica Ave.
IN NEWARK • 192 Market St.

FREE BOOKLET—Mail Orders filled. Send shoe size. Adler, 122 E. 42 St., N.Y.C.

For HIM-
Scotty Kote
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED
100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED Arlingcrest

- *Snappy Style*
- *Handsome Heathers*
- *Rich Plain Colors*
- *Talon-fastened*
- *Sturdy Wear*
- *Snug Fit*

Scotty gives months of comfort and protection without weight or bulk. Knitted from resilient yarns of

ARLINGCREST 100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

Virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve life, strength, resiliency of wool fibers. Buy his suit size to insure correct snug fit.

Lord & Taylor, New York City
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
and other leading stores everywhere

ARLINGTON MILLS, Lawrence, Mass.

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE RISE OF RISE

Hollywood is well known for its inconsistencies. That fabulous town, more often than not, will expend prodigious time, money, and effort to obtain the services of an actor, director, or writer, and then, when they have him under contract, they will either forget about him or place him in a job where he is entirely inexperienced or miscast—or at most, doesn't bring out his full potentialities. Many Hollywood writers have been drawing fat salaries for months without having even one assignment. The case of the director Fritz Lang, who was famous abroad for his profound depth and understanding of human psychology, is a case in point. When he finally arrived in Hollywood with a contract under his arm, he was assigned to do Westerns. Rita Hayworth was hired because she was a good dancer. But it was only after being cast in numerous dramatic parts, parts that required no dancing at all, that she is now appearing in her first dancing picture. Ginger Rogers was cast as a dancer long before Hollywood realized that she was an actress. Myrna Loy's life as a screen siren is a long, sad chapter in the story of her career. Clark Gable was a villain long before he was a hero.

So it isn't surprising that Rise Stevens, the young Metropolitan Opera star, should have been offered a contract to portray glamorous roles as a result of an opera appearance in San Francisco wherein she portrayed a boy, costume and all. Sharp-eyed talent scouts did the rest. The keen eye of Hollywood has been fixed sharply on this likely young singer for a number of years. M.G.M. first offered her a contract when, at the age of seventeen, she was singing the leading role in *The Chocolate Soldier* at the Heckscher Theatre in New York. She had refused at the time, because she wanted to be a singer. "I want the Met, not Metro," declared Miss Stevens. As Rise Stevens made a name for herself, which incidentally she pronounces Reesuh, Hollywood went through an era of watchful waiting.

As fate would have it, Rise achieved most of her successes in roles that required male garb. Her Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier* and her Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro* won high praise from the critics. It was the sight of her in their slim, sheathed costumes (the Met's substitute for the bathing suit) that decided the question for M.G.M. officials. Directly after her performance with the San Francisco Opera Company last year as the boy Octavian, Hollywood acted. Within a few hours of that performance, Rise Stevens was under starring contract to M.G.M., where she did up *The Chocolate Soldier* with Nelson Eddy. The boy Octavian certainly had oomph.

When M.G.M. finally got her into their studios, what did they do with her? Since they signed her up not only because of her singing but also because of the way she wore boys' clothing, one would naturally assume that they would cast her in a role that would bear out the original contention. Did they cast her in Marlene Dietrich roles, where she is—excuse us, used to be—given the opportunity to wear men's clothing as often as possible? They did not. Her part in *The Chocolate Soldier* is the last word in femininity. As a matter of fact, in one scene Miss Stevens wears a dinner gown that weighs fifteen pounds. The wardrobe which has been designed for her is the last word in what the well-dressed woman will wear.

This tractability may be based on her resilient youth (she is still in her twenties), or perhaps it is the basis of her character (this is the young lady who had the strength to refuse a contract with the Metropolitan because she felt she was not yet ready for it). Whatever it is, Rise Stevens is apparently unperturbed by the inconsistencies and surprises of Hollywood. These are nothing more than minor flurries. If Hollywood wants to make a feminine ingenue out of her because she wore boy's clothing effectively, it's O.K. by her.

Rise Stevens returns to the opera stage just as she left it and will continue her career as planned. She will again appear as Octavian, and as Cherubino. In fact, there is promise of her doing the eleven-year-old boy in *Hansel and Gretel* for the Met this year. She will also do her seductive best as Delilah in *Samson and Delilah.* On the screen, she will be the strictly feminine Marie in *The Chocolate Soldier;* at the Met, it's back to the roles which gave her her start.

When all is said and done, it will take more than Hollywood to disturb a young lady of Rise Stevens' caliber. Anyone who can pass up her first offer of a contract with the Metropolitan, preferring to go to Europe, to gain the experience and training which she thought necessary to qualify her for this rare opportunity, is a gal who can take anything.

Ranger

"Baby— I got a $25,000,000 a month raise!"

When Uncle Sam handed Los Angeles a big-time National Defense job, he raised the paycheck plenty!

Between June 1, 1940 and September 30, 1941, that raise averaged $25,000,000 a month!

But Mr. and Mrs. Los Angeles were already living high:

Buying new cars at a rate 26.4% above the U. S. average; filing income tax returns above the national ratio by 60.4%; showing a per capita buying income 40.5% above the U. S. average, and a buying power index 42% higher, and down in the books for retail sales purchases, 22% per capita above the nation as a whole!

A superb market to begin with; a superlative market, now!

If you're looking for a sales raise, better look at Los Angeles, first among the nation's Metropolitan Markets in increased income!

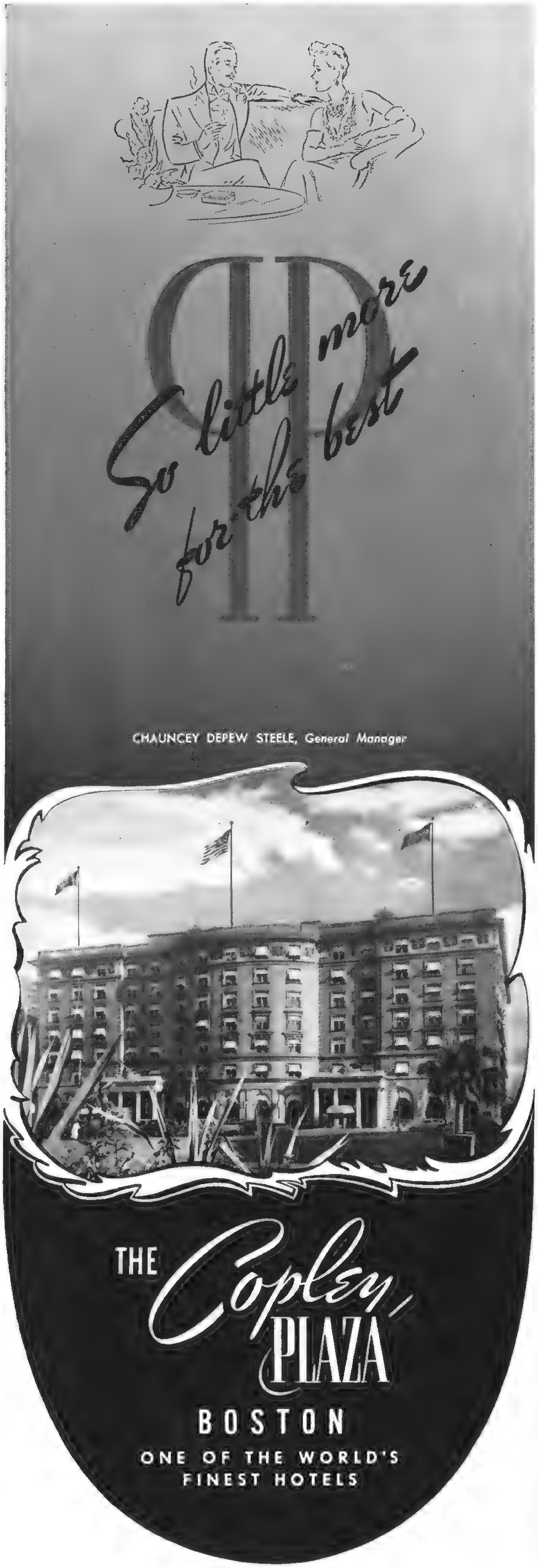
Ask a Boone man to give you the whole dramatic story about this great market, and about the largest morning and Sunday newspaper in Western America that penetrates it so thoroughly from end to end—the

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

SALES MASTER OF THE WEST!

Represented Nationally by the Rodney E. Boone Organization

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH BALTIMORE
DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES SEATTLE


So little more for the best

CHAUNCEY DEPEW STEELE, *General Manager*

THE *Copley* PLAZA

BOSTON

ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST HOTELS

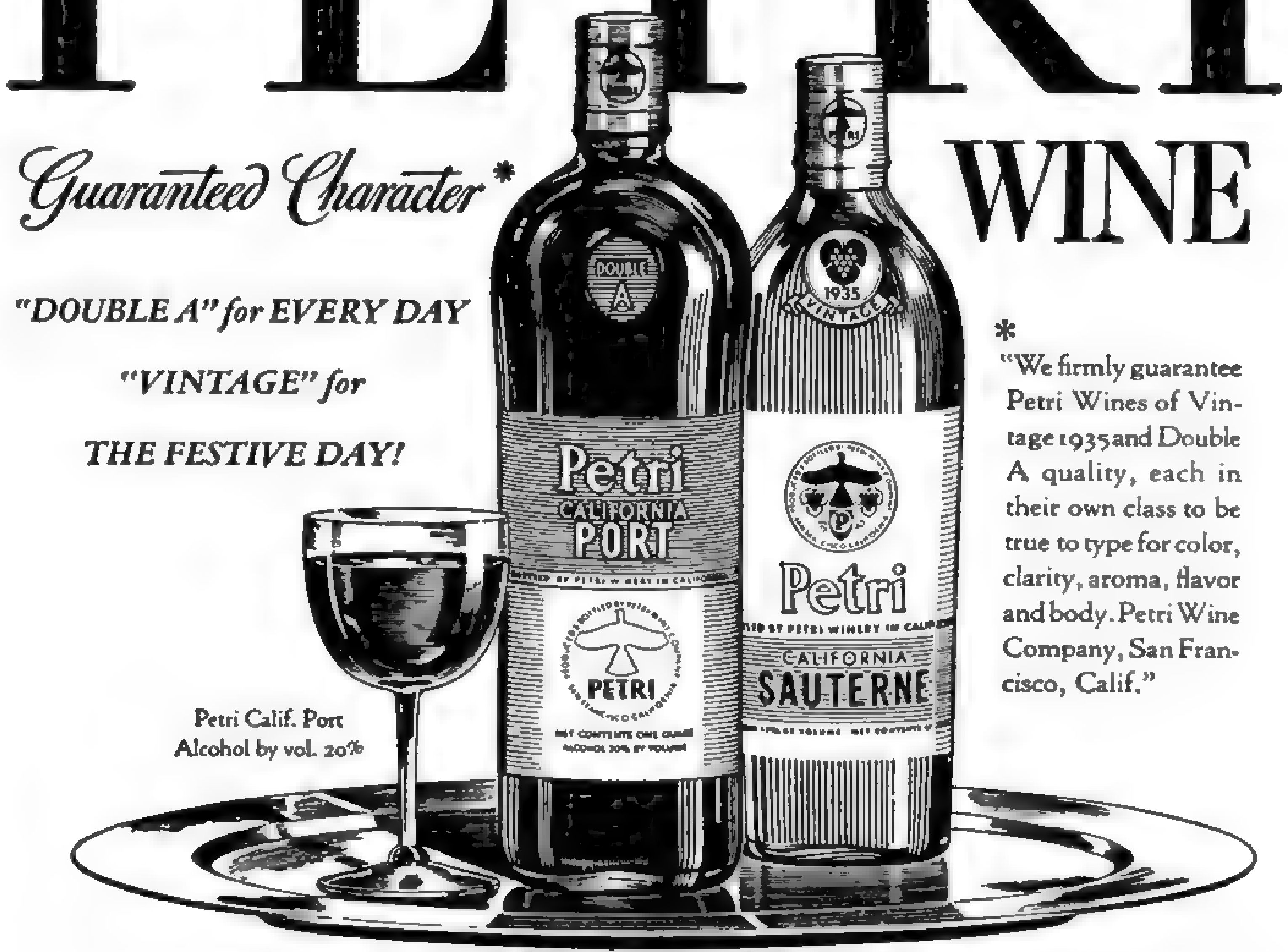
Bottled in California for Full Flavor Protection

Taste the Difference!

PETRI

*Guaranteed Character** WINE

"DOUBLE A" for EVERY DAY
"VINTAGE" for
THE FESTIVE DAY!



Petri Calif. Port
Alcohol by vol. 20%

* "We firmly guarantee Petri Wines of Vintage 1935 and Double A quality, each in their own class to be true to type for color, clarity, aroma, flavor and body. Petri Wine Company, San Francisco, Calif."

MEMO: *Try a Petri California Vermouth for Cocktails Tonight* **Alc. by Vol. Sweet 18% Italian Type Dry 20% French Type**

New York Distributors . . . **MAJOR WINE DISTRIBUTORS, INC.**
111 8th Ave., New York City, License No. WW55, Chelsea 2-5445

You've saved *two million lives*... so far!

SINCE 1907, when the fight began, the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced 75%!—by people like you buying Christmas Seals. More than two million lives have been saved.

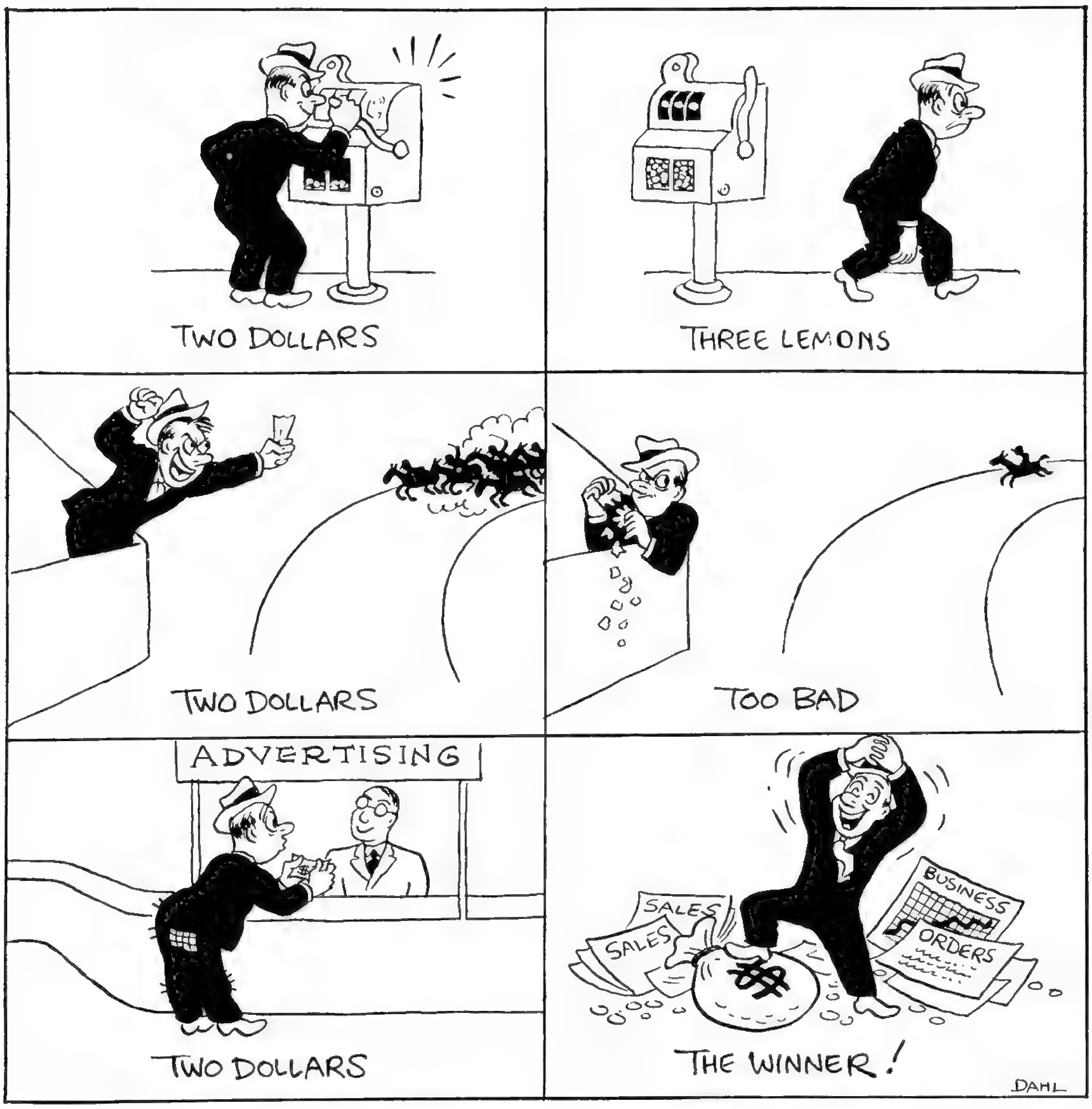
But the battle against this scourge must go on. *Tuberculosis still kills more people between the ages of 15 and 45 than any other disease.*

Yet it is possible to eliminate completely this enemy of mankind. Our weapons are Research, Education, Prevention, Control—made possible by your use of Christmas Seals. Get them today.

1941
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Buy
CHRISTMAS
SEALS

"LAST HORSE" CHARLIE PICKS A "WINNER"*

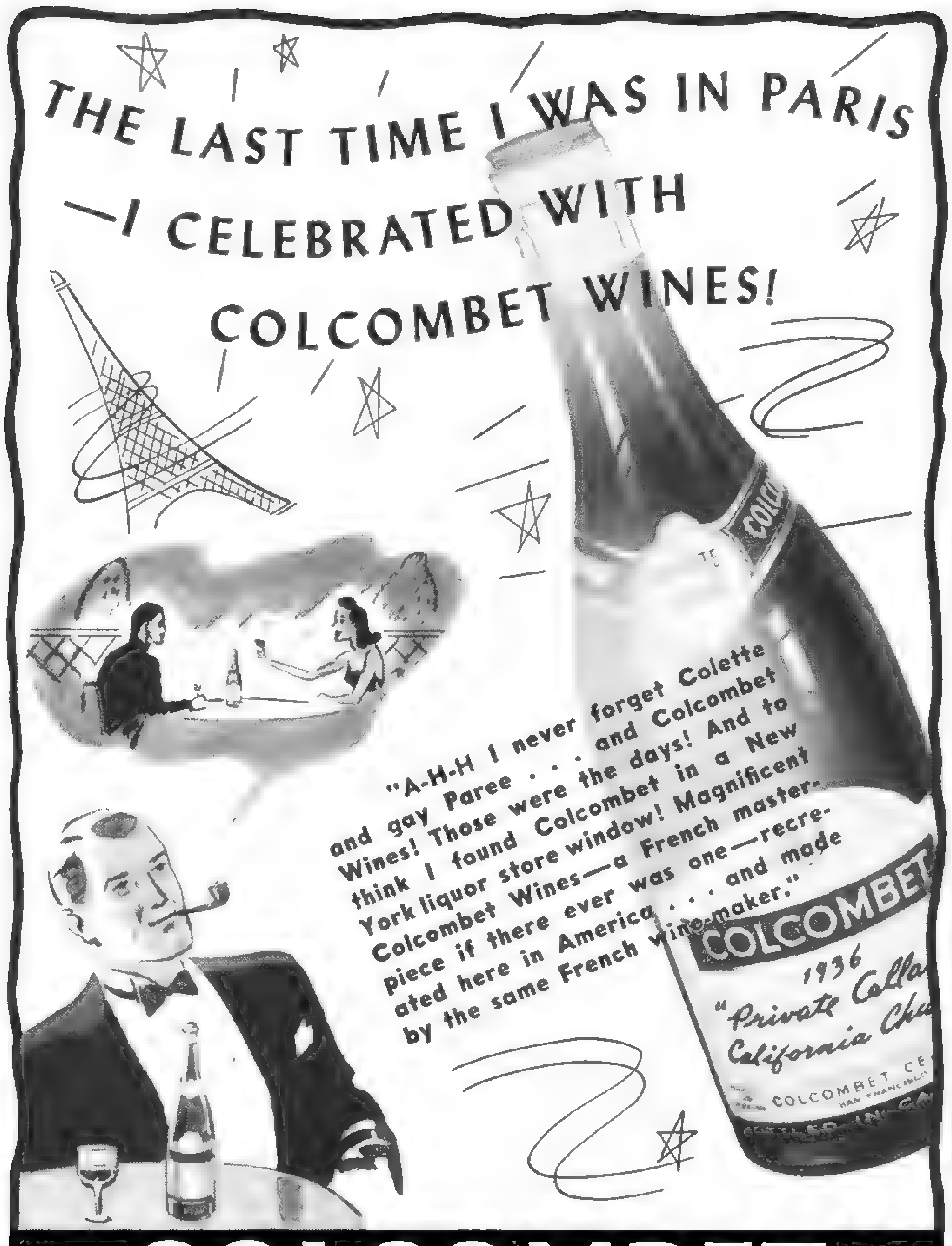

TWO DOLLARS
THREE LEMONS
TWO DOLLARS
TOO BAD
ADVERTISING
TWO DOLLARS
SALES
SALES
BUSINESS
ORDERS
THE WINNER!
DAHL

***Advertisers know that their advertising in the Boston Herald - Traveler is NO GAMBLE!**

They have proven this through their preference for this newspaper against all other New England publications for 15 consecutive years. The Boston Herald-Traveler is FIRST in every major advertising classification . . . proving the superior buying power of its 350,000 readers.

THE BOSTON HERALD-TRAVELER

REPRESENTED BY; GEORGE A. McDEVITT CO., NEW YORK CITY, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, DETROIT



"A-H-H I never forget Colette and gay Paree . . . and Colcombet Wines! Those were the days! And to think I found Colcombet in a New York liquor store window! Magnificent Colcombet Wines—a French masterpiece if there ever was one—recreated here in America . . . and made by the same French wine-maker."

COLCOMBET

WINE SHIPPERS IMPORT CORP., 40 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK CITY

Sharlko
GABARDINE
WEATHER PROOFED
THIS FABRIC IS MADE OF
78% WOOL
NAPHTHALATED

Your Topcoat
made of
ARLINGTON-LOOMED
GABARDINE

Sharlko Topcoat is tailored by one of America's foremost, fine gabardine coat makers using Arlington-loomed Gabardine of a special construction for quality rainwear. Only Arlington-loomed fabrics are made from

Naphthalated Wool

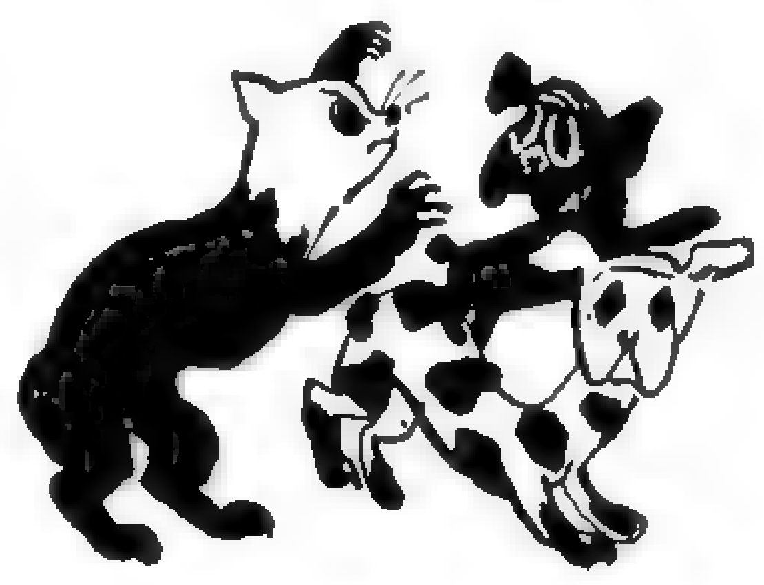
Virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve the life, strength and resiliency of wool fibers. Cravenette processed. Look for the Sharlko label and Naphthalated Wool tag. For sale by leading stores everywhere including, Kennedy's, Boston; Kleinhans', Buffalo; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia; Broadstreet's, New York and Chicago.

ARLINGTON MILLS, *Lawrence, Mass.*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE TALE OF A CAT

Suppose you were walking home one evening and ran into a dog fight on a street corner. You'd stop, look, and probably try to break it up with a bucket of cold water. But if the victory had already been won, and won over two bulldogs by a black and white Manx cat, you'd be, to put it mildly, surprised. Lew Jenkins was.



This happened in Sweetwater, Texas, some months ago, Sweetwater being Jenkins' home and training camp. The cat's name was, and is, Biff—a perfect stranger to Jenkins at the time, but now mascot and friend to almost every boxer in New York.

Jenkins, being in the business himself, knew a good thing when he saw it, and after the beaten bulldogs had limped off, he picked up Biff and not only took him home with him but brought him to New York on his next trip East.

Biff, his reputation paving the way for a cordial reception, was handed over to the custodianship of Ray Potter, manager of the Forrest Hotel on West 49th Street. Being as adaptable as he is tough, Biff made himself at home. Not only did he make himself at home, but he became first a pet, then an institution, then an object of reverent superstition among the Jacob's Beach boys. Jacob's Beach's nearest waters are the Hudson, and a bathing suit would probably be the cause of summary arrest. It is merely a small stretch of 49th Street sidewalk across from the Forrest, and is the schmoozing ground of boxers, from preliminary boys upward.

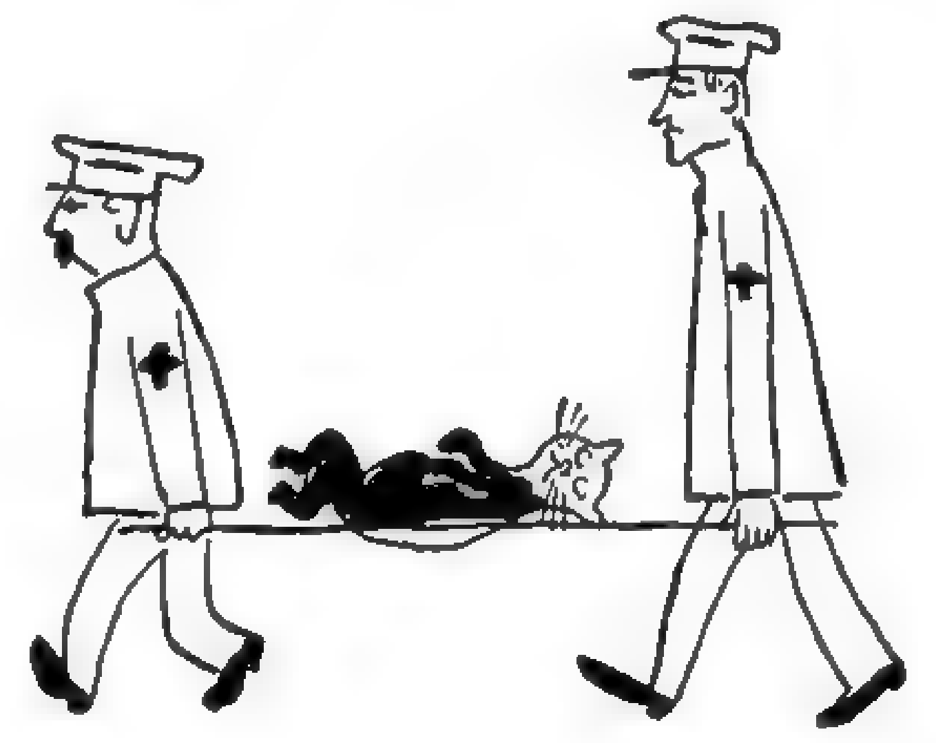
It became Biff's habit to sit in the window in contemplation of the pugilistic talent before him. And it became the habit of the boys to drop in before a fight and lay calloused hands on Biff for luck. Biff probably didn't realize that he was becoming almost as much of a fetish as Harlem's Wishing Tree, but he was a fighter himself. With cat-like intuition, he sensed the approach of battle, and in his inarticulate way, out of his hardened heart, wished the gladiator well.

The law of averages helped along superstition enough to maintain Biff's reputation. Even if he had hexed more fights than he had helped win, that bulldog story of Jenkins' was enough to assure him of permanent social security with his battling confrères, and a soft berth at the Forrest.

Perhaps it was the soft berth that did it. Biff, to be sure, kept his hand—or his paw—in at the fight game with two or three fellows his own size in his nocturnal ramblings along 49th Street. The Sweetwater Kit summarily whaled the tar out of the city feline roisterers, who were plenty tough themselves.

But these small victories were not enough. Biff, dreaming his arrogant dreams in the Forrest windowsill, bethought himself of those Sweetwater bulldogs and longed for game as big—if not bigger.

There are no statistics to prove that New York bulldogs are larger, tougher, or meaner than their blood kin in Texas. It may have been that Biff was out of condition by training on lightweights. He might have been over-enthusiastic. Anyway, by chance or design, two New York bulldogs happened to be standing on a corner along Biff's usual route of march one evening. Softly we draw the curtain on the events that followed. Besides, no one can be sure. All that *is* certain is that one of Biff's boxing friends happened to find him later propped up against an alley wall—not down, but quite out. He was a very messy cat.



A hurry call was put through to Ray Potter, and Biff was rushed to an animal hospital on West 51st Street. It took some time to get him back in condition. In cinema tradition, Biff might well have lost the Will to Live, and expired. But he was made of tougher fibre. He had his pride. He had temporarily lost face, but he knew he could come back.

Once more ensconced in the Forrest Hotel window, Biff kept his chin up and had the courage to look across the street to Jacob's Beach. And he pretended not to notice when a couple of prelim fighters, noticing his battered but insouciant face, came in to see how he was, and to rub his sore back—the *right* way.

Ranger

Baltimore

Is In Better Shape

Yes, siree! . . . The executive boys are all agog over the Baltimore figure.

For 32.1% more people punched the time clock in Baltimore during September 1941 than during September 1940. And pockets jingled with 58.6% more good hard cash than they did during September a year ago.

Translated, this means that there are more than SIX AND A HALF MILLION PLUS DOLLARS in folding money to be spent every month in Baltimore.

And ARE those Baltimoreans spending it! For example, department store sales alone have increased 22% for 1941 over 1940 according to the latest statistics. Furniture sales are up 28%. And leading financial experts predict that before the year is out, buying will be greater than the fabulous figures of 1929.

No wonder the whole nation's talking about the wonderful shape that Baltimore is in since she was awarded MORE THAN ONE BILLION DOLLARS in defense contracts and since there are around 100,000 additional workers in the city's giant industrial plants.

But do YOU know how to reach her? Through the News-Post-American, the paper that's read every day in the week by more Baltimoreans than any other advertising medium.

Largest Evening Circulation In The South

Baltimore's News-Post and Sunday American

Represented Nationally By RODNEY E. BOONE ORGANIZATION

When good fellows get together

SERVE READY-MIXED SHEFFIELD

EGGNOG

IT'S FUN having the gang in for Christmas cheer. But why slave over the mixings?

Sheffield's recipe for Eggnog is an old-time delight—and just right! A smooth toothsome blend of eggs, Sheffield Heavy Cream, Sugar, nutmeg, and rum flavoring.

Add liquor to taste from your private stock. That's all there is to it . . . except the murmurs of pleasure! Please order 48 hours in advance; Sheffield Eggnog is prepared to order. 57c a quart.

SHEFFIELD FARMS QUALITY DAIRY PRODUCTS SINCE 1841

Leave a note in milk bottle or phone CO 5-8400
Deliveries on December 24, 25, 31 and January 1 only.

"For The Man Who Knows" . . . and demands the best wherever he goes!

John Begg
Blended Scotch Whisky
A Century-Old Favorite!
Take a Peg of John Begg
Well Named - World Famed
86.8 PROOF

McCUNN'S INVINCIBLE
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
90 PROOF
Your Money Has Bought No More
SINCE 1894

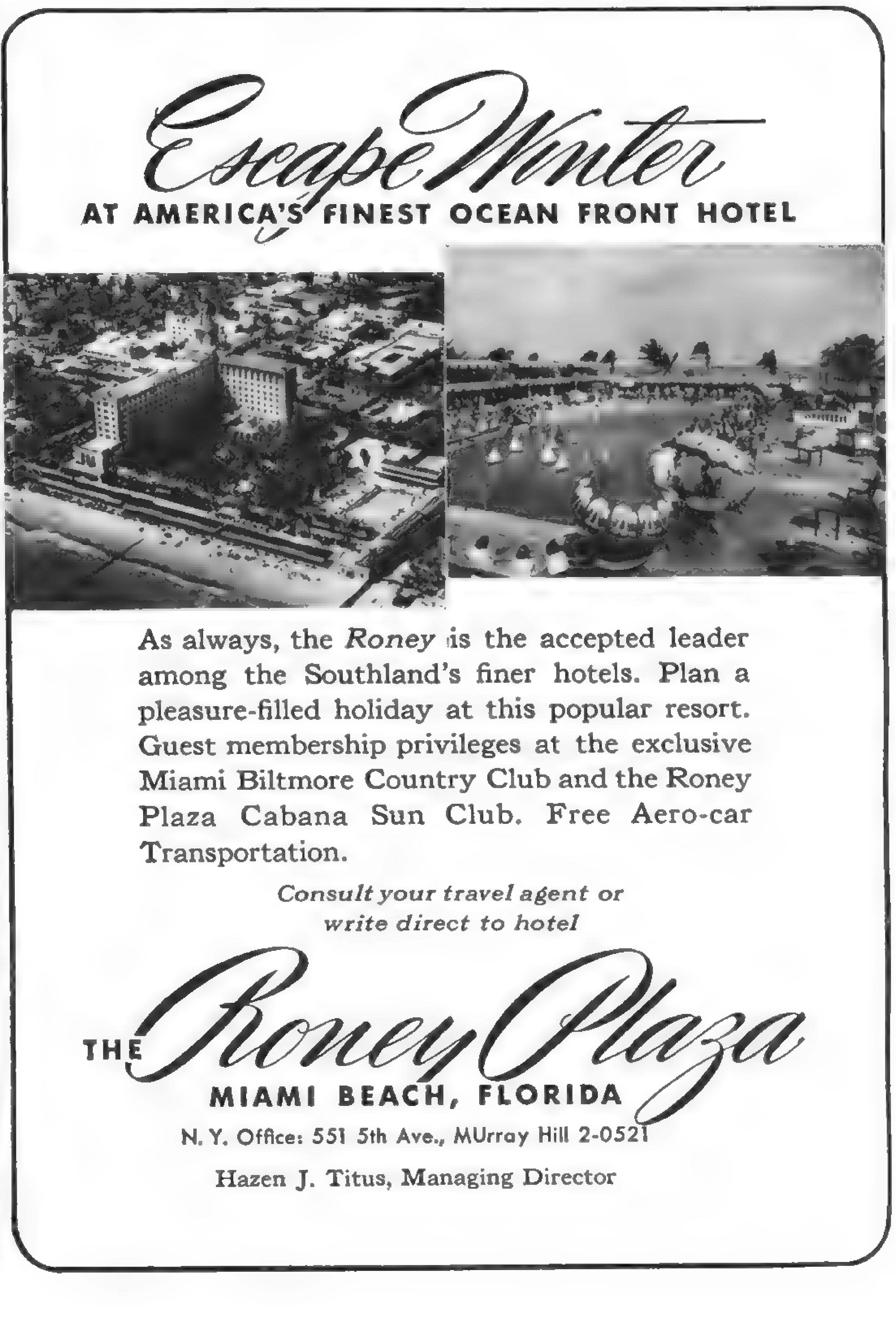
SOLE U. S. AGENTS
JAMES M. McCUNN & CO., INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

For a man's man . . Atkinsons
GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE

A tang-y, "wake-up" freshener as clean and vital as the wind on a ski jump. British as tweeds, famous bearer of England's Royal Warrant. For a man who has everything—and likes to look it!

ATKINSONS *of Old Bond Street*

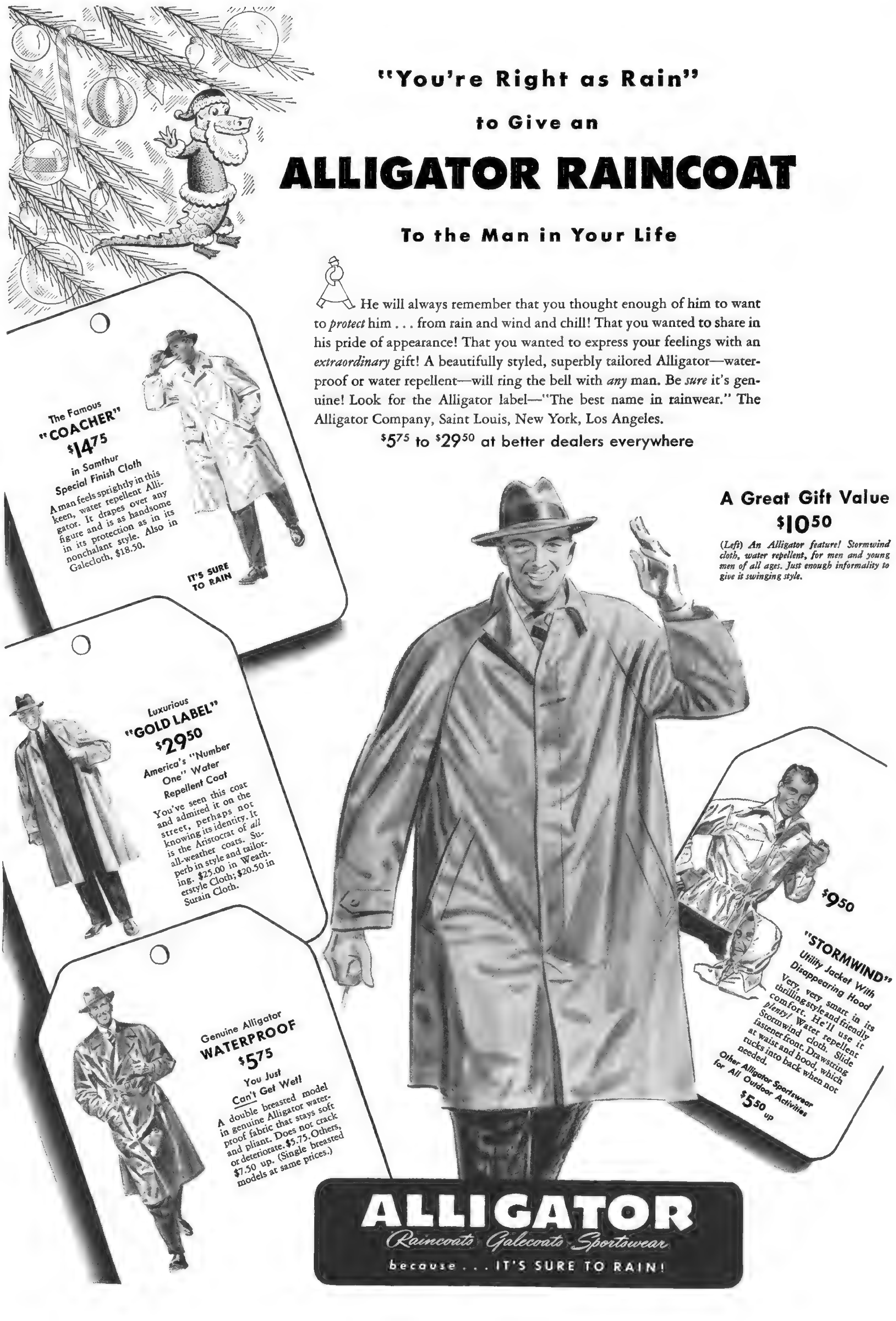
Importers and Distributors:
Sale & Co., (USA) Inc., New York


Escape Winter
AT AMERICA'S FINEST OCEAN FRONT HOTEL

As always, the *Roney* is the accepted leader among the Southland's finer hotels. Plan a pleasure-filled holiday at this popular resort. Guest membership privileges at the exclusive Miami Biltmore Country Club and the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club. Free Aero-car Transportation.

Consult your travel agent or write direct to hotel

THE Roney Plaza
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
N. Y. Office: 551 5th Ave., MUrray Hill 2-0521
Hazen J. Titus, Managing Director



"You're Right as Rain"

to Give an

ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

To the Man in Your Life

He will always remember that you thought enough of him to want to *protect* him . . . from rain and wind and chill! That you wanted to share in his pride of appearance! That you wanted to express your feelings with an *extraordinary* gift! A beautifully styled, superbly tailored Alligator—waterproof or water repellent—will ring the bell with *any* man. Be *sure* it's genuine! Look for the Alligator label—"The best name in rainwear." The Alligator Company, Saint Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

\$5.75 to \$29.50 at better dealers everywhere

The Famous
"COACHER"
\$14.75
in Samthur
Special Finish Cloth

A man feels sprightly in this keen, water repellent Alligator. It drapes over any figure and is as handsome in its protection as in its nonchalant style. Also in Galecloth, \$18.50.

IT'S SURE TO RAIN

Luxurious
"GOLD LABEL"
\$29.50
America's "Number One" Water Repellent Coat

You've seen this coat and admired it on the street, perhaps not knowing its identity. It is the Aristocrat of *all* all-weather coats. Superb in style and tailoring. \$25.00 in Weatherstyle Cloth; \$20.50 in Surain Cloth.

Genuine Alligator
WATERPROOF
\$5.75
You Just Can't Get Wet!

A double breasted model in genuine Alligator waterproof fabric that stays soft and pliant. Does not crack or deteriorate. \$5.75. Others, \$7.50 up. (Single breasted models at same prices.)

A Great Gift Value
\$10.50

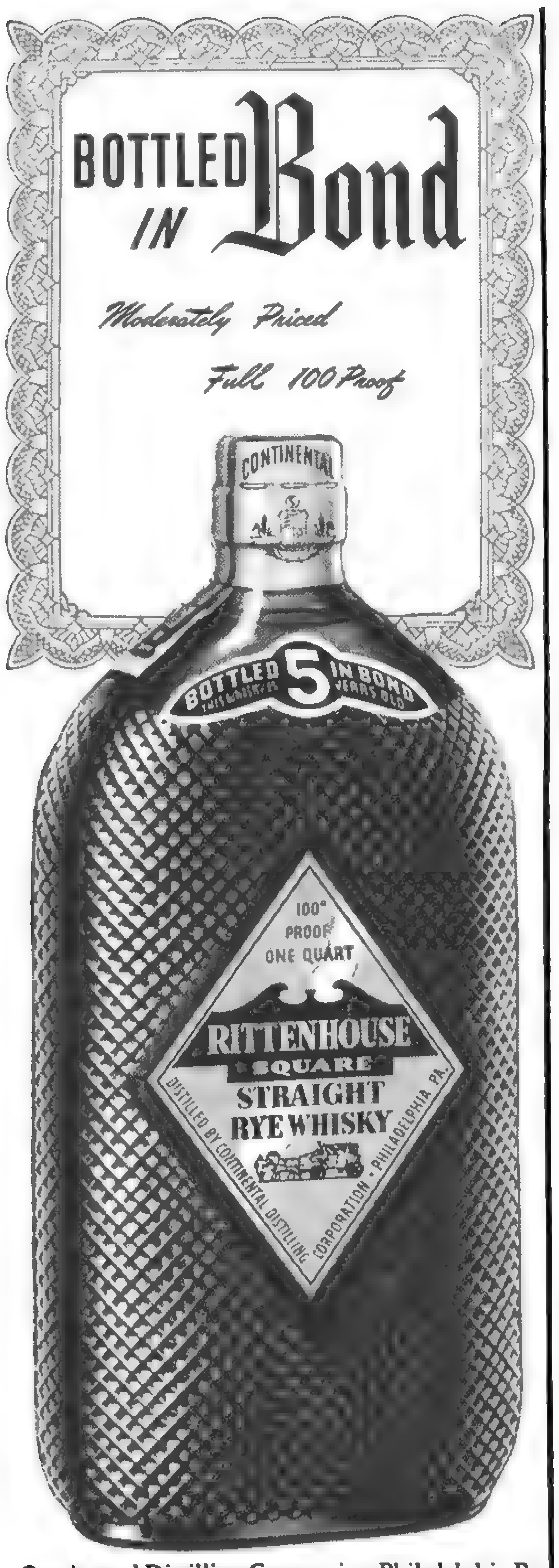
(Left) An Alligator feature! Stormwind cloth, water repellent, for men and young men of all ages. Just enough informality to give it swinging style.

\$9.50
"STORMWIND"
Utility Jacket With Disappearing Hood

Very, very smart in its thrilling style and friendly comfort. He'll use it *plenty!* Water repellent Stormwind cloth. Slide fastener front. Drawstring at waist and hood, which tucks into back when not needed.

Other Alligator Sportswear for All Outdoor Activities
\$5.50 up

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats Galecoats Sportswear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!


BOTTLED IN Bond
Moderately Priced
Full 100 Proof
CONTINENTAL
BOTTLED 5 IN BOND YEARS OLD
100° PROOF ONE QUART
RITTENHOUSE SQUARE STRAIGHT RYE WHISKY
DISTILLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION • PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Continental Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

American Heirs to Old Europe's Priceless Tradition
B.V.
Beaulieu Vineyard
WINES
Transplanted from celebrated European vineyards...not only the art of fine wine-making...but the vines themselves . . . to produce pedigreed wines comparable to Europe's choicest. The many high awards won by B. V. Wines since 1900 reflect their acclaim by connoisseurs. Available at better places everywhere.
BEAULIEU VINEYARD
Rutherford, Napa County
California

Painting the Town with Esquire

The social and alimentary hoopla engendered by the late lamented World's Fair's French Pavilion Restaurant—grandstand des gastronomes—has been handed an expert shot in the arm by the bursting forth of Le Pavillon at 5 East 55th, conducted by Henri Soulé who was major domo of that fountain-viewing set of tiered tables. Here there's hardly a drop of water in sight, but wines are many and choice, including some of America's swellest.

The simple yet sophisticated decor in softly luminous green is by Maurice Chalom, dreamster of the Paris's Café de Paris. Cookery is conducted by chefs Delorme, Christophe, and Douat—all three of whom came from the Gallic attic the place is named for, as did most of the maîtres d'hotels, captains, and garçons who parade your Petite Marmite Pavillon, your lobster with Port wine and cream, your Chateaubriand with truffles and artichoke rumps, and your ready-to-fly-away soufflé à l'orange. Any yen your palate may be harboring is salaamed to irrespective of listed offerings on the menu. Prices are appropriately perpendicular. No use tearing your starched bosom at not being able to get a table: Monsieur Soulé would perish sooner than hurry the delectation of the fortunates epicureanizing in his fold.

East 50th Streeters Nick and Arnold seem frankly a bit bewildered with the packing-in problem they've got on their hands at their Versailles due to the costliest, most elaborate revue (staged by Margery Fielding) ever seen in a Manhattan dining, supping, and owling spot. You're supposed to get up and go after the ten o'clock stanza and give the howling insurgers a chance, but you (if you're anything like us) don't. For auburn-maned Milli Monti and Jean Cavall have that linger-with-us quality of personality; The Barrys spin gracile limbs; and the multi-costumed damsels of the ensemble are notably beholdy, and the two trusty dance bands help to make a departer loath.

No such Old World courtesy awaits you at Club 18, where you pick up the battered pieces of your ego from the floor to which wackose Jack White and his fevered associates have whammed it with their ad lib japery. Should a bomb burst in the little boys' room, it would be accounted just another quiet evening. As a concession, however, the management presents sundry singing janes whose looks have a soothing effect, at least momentarily.

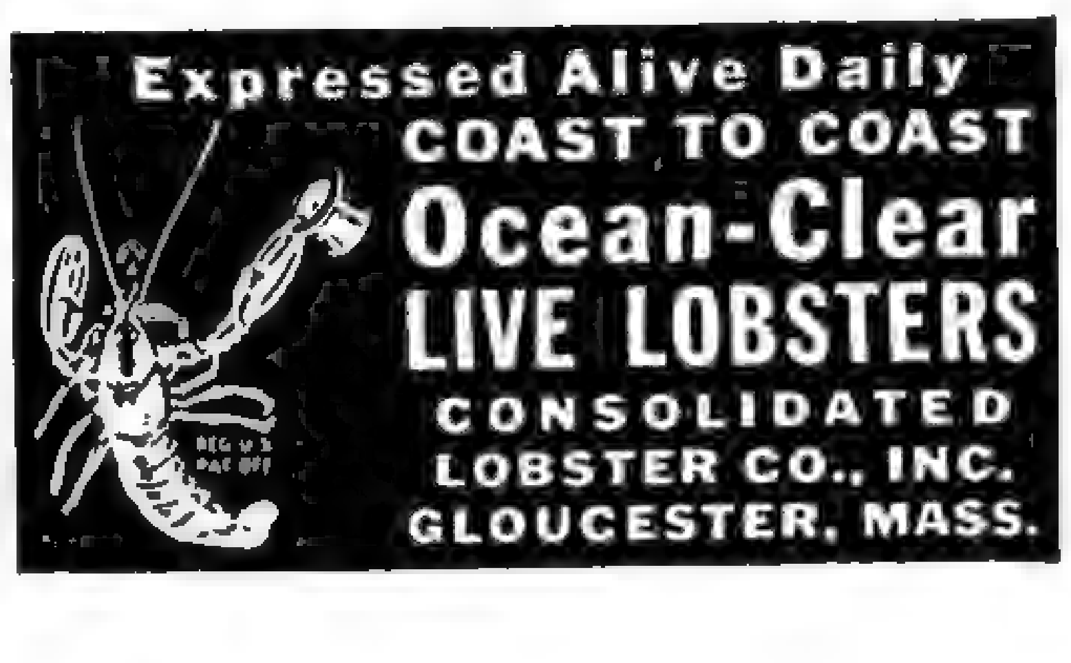
Smokeless sturgeon—out of the lake into the pan—is demolished with heartfelt huzzahs at Vorst's Century Sea Grill, up at 127 Columbus Ave., around the corner from West 67th's illustraterland. Red crustaceans from Maine, pompano from the Gulf, scallops and oysters from the breaker-fed fringes of Long Island—all these are given skilled treatment in the broiling, frying and stewing department, with Boston Fish Chowder a specialty. And there are sirloins, chops and sauerbratens of the tooth-beguilingest. For 14 years now the famille Vorst have been lavishing their doting care on such dispensations, with Pa and Son patrolling.

The classique Hotel Ambassador's tidy Trianon Room is battening on the lustrous music of piano charmolero Emil Coleman and his esteemed orchestra. As for solo danseuse Renee de Marco if she isn't the Goddess of Grace and Magnetism, we're blind.

Reflected in the Mirror of Personal Experience
The luxury and comfort of the SAVOY-PLAZA where fine living is inexpensive.
SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK
Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE, 58th to 59th STREETS

A TOAST TO
International friendship!
Imported
CARTA BLANCA
OLD MEXICO BEER
Ask for it at first class Hotels, Restaurants, Taverns everywhere. Distributors: SIMON LEVI CO., Los Angeles; GOLD SEAL LIQUORS, Inc., Chicago; BRIONES & Co., New York.

J. Bavet
FINE BRANDY
84 PROOF
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.


Expressed Alive Daily
COAST TO COAST
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Shop the smartest Christmas windows and you'll give him

Fougère Royale

by HOUBIGANT

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl, After-Shaving Talcum—all with brisk aroma of Royal Fern . . . $2.85

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Soap in big wooden bowl—both with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $2.00

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion, giant tube of Shaving Cream, After-Shaving Talcum—all with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern . . $2.25

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and After-Shaving Talcum—both with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $1.50

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains Eau de Cologne, After-Shaving Talcum, After-Shaving Lotion—all with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $2.95

FOUGERE ROYALE GIFT SET contains the famous After-Shaving Lotion and giant tube of Shaving Cream—both with the brisk aroma of Royal Fern $1.50

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

℞ ESQ FOR ESCAPISTS

If it weren't for Esquire, I'd probably be married to affable Larry. On rushing to the dictionary to make a double-check on "affable," I find that "courteous of manner" is also given. Well, that's not Larry, so I'll take it back, if you don't mind, and start over. But speaking of affability—Larry's lack of it is the real reason for my continuing the march with the thousands of white collar girls who gulp a roll each morning and make a dash for the 6:33.

If I weren't such an enthusiastic devotee of Esquire, I'd probably be struggling on a budget and washing out things for starry-eyed youngsters in a machine that would be ours after seventy-eight payments. I'd walk the children in the park on the unbearably hot days, bake fish for Larry on Fridays and be as exultant over a new dollar ninety-eight Polly Prim apron as most girls are over an aquamarine set in diamonds.

That is—*IF* I hadn't read too many Esquires and developed a quirk for the dashingly attractive men-about-town pictured therein. And although I never have, and most likely never will, come within elbow nudgings of the upper crust, it's heart warming to know that after reading Esquire, I'd recognize a gentleman on sight by the things he eats and does and says and thinks, where he has been and is likely to go.

There was a time when Larry's tossing gum wrappers in mom's geranium didn't bother me, and I remember being breathlessly gay after hopping up exactly twenty-nine steps, taken two at a time, in order to find Larry sprawled on the divan with the evening papers scattered over and around him. I dashed in, twirled about in my new skirt, pirouetted around the fish bowl and assumed a Varga Girl pose at the finish. I never noticed that Larry didn't jump to his feet or help me with the parcels; I was only conscious of his scrutiny which, by the way, is a dead double for Clark Gable's tongue-in-cheek glance of approval. "Baby, you'll do for Lana Turner any day," coming from Larry, would get me as tingley as Debs reportedly get over orchids and Dukes in the moonlight.

Then things changed. Two years ago, on a drizzly night perfect for walking, I splurged myself to a copy of Esquire—the first I had ever chanced to read—and I haven't been the same since! I go about the house with a book on my head, for who knows, someday I may meet a real gentleman, and I'll want to walk like a lady. Larry looks sullenly on and says that if I had a curvature of the spine or a lordosis condition like the Petty Girl, there might be some sense to it, and Dad quips something about reincarnation and that maybe I'm Marie Antoinette.

Everyone thinks I'm as crazy as a loon, and Larry says you have to have a double chin and a face like Seabiscuit plus something called background to swim in the tide of society; but he's still standing by, believing that this is only a transition and that soon the thaw will come. He can't seem to realize that things just aren't any more, for I dream of pent houses and crepe suzettes, of horse races and sables, of champagne and breakfast in bed, of wintering at Cuernavaca and of greeting Spring and sparrows at Capistrano!

There was a time when I planned no further than Saturday night with Larry. Usually there was a movie or a ride down to the wharf in his cab, (with the "not in service" sign flipped up on the meter). Some nights we'd just sit around with the folks. I'd work on my pink angora and Larry would take the radio apart, leaving the pieces he couldn't fit back hidden in mom's fern stand. Some nights we'd make chili and take our bowls out on the roof and lean against the chimney—eating, looking at the stars, listening to the Kernohans fight across in the other flat. Then our talk would drift to serious things like Larry's job and how two could live as cheaply as one on $37 that wasn't enough for one! And there we were stymied.

But Larry's stock has definitely hit the rock botton, and I go about in a daze, pretending that some debonair gentleman is cooling his heels in the drawing room, counting seconds until I burst forth, glorified in cream velvet, rubies and chocolate ermine. Insipid, isn't it, when the linoleum is worn clean through on the stairway and our davenport springs are bumped and knotted together like varicose veins? Silly, isn't it, to have Stork Club aspirations when my very best is a black suit made over from the one dad bought for Dan McGilligan's funeral?

Oh well, thanks to Esquire, I live in a bubbly cloud of pretense and fancy. Dad says I'd better use the money to a better advantage like paying on the gas bill or bringing something home for the stew, but as far as I'm concerned, that's another good argument in Esquire's favor, for there's one night in every month when stew ceases to be stew; being able to overlook that is something.

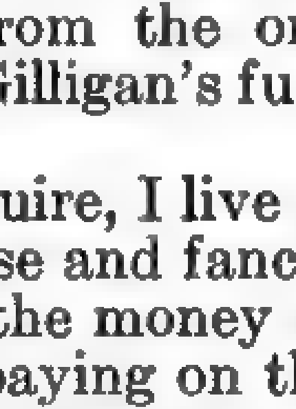
There I sit with the last copy of Esquire in my lap, and instead of dribbling in my stew, I eat it! Wholeheartedly as if it were caviar or other goodies of the gourmets that I'd surely gag on, having been brought up on food in its most simple state, like eggs and hamburger and stew and eggs and hamburger.

I hardly even noticed that someone asked Larry to stay and have pot luck with us. I forget to scold him for coming to the table with the cat on his shoulder or for pulling his soup rather than pushing it!

It just goes to show that it matters very little what you eat; it's what you think about that counts.

Lynn Perry
Rocky Neck, Gloucester, Mass.

ON A DRY SUNDAY IN OLD VINCENNES



After reading your November Issue extolling the virtues of the native wines and seeing all the beautiful advertisements of bottles of Schenleys, Four Roses, Hiram Walker, and Calverts, I couldn't help writing an ode to Esquire on the old, old theme

How Dry I Am.

You've made me thirst for muscatel,
You've made me dry for sherry
You've made me wish I had a swell
Martini with a cherry.
You've sold me on delightful wines
Like port and lush tokay
That come from off the verdant vines
Out California way.
I never have been one to cheer
For drinks from "lowing herds"
By now I'd settle for a beer
I'm much too dry for words.

Of course, in some states, Sunday is just another day, but not in Indiana. I think your November Esquires should all have had the printed warning on the cover

IMPORTANT

Take home a bottle with your Esquire—otherwise the Editors will not be responsible—or didn't you care?

Yours truly,
Vincennes, Ind. Ross Mullin

BRICK LAYS MR. MASON

You certainly do furnish plenty of conversational material. Allow me to compliment you on being the cause of more damn arguments between myself and sundry and that being the case, perhaps you would like to read my comment on Mr. Gregory Mason's November article concerning that controversial topic *"Sentimental Men: Romantic Women,"* as a portion of the opinion of (well, could be, anyhow) the masses of misses.

No matter how one approaches the subject so ably aired by Mr. Mason, there are bound to be the usual blanket generalizations that are, of course, unfair to both sides. Acknowledging said fact, let us get on with the argument. To be sure, the published satire has many points in its favor and more than the proverbial grain of truth. True enough, "To be sentimental is to kid yourself about the present because you overvalue the past" and likewise, "To be romantic is to kid yourself about the present because you overvalue the future." BUT, as far as applying the former to man and the latter to woman, I protest, because if such is the case (and what is one man's opinion?), it was brought about by man made circumstances.

To begin with the slipper was on the other tootsie. What girl doesn't start out with the vine-covered cottage and pink and blue tulip apron complex only to discover by despairing experience that man is looking for "Hedy Lamarr" in black lace unmentionables. So, rallying her natural perspicuity, she finds that she can't be herself, she can't be just a combination Chum and Mum, she must become the inscrutable phantom that is man's romantic conception of her. Man, it is evident, doesn't know quite what he wants. He pursues the clamour, glamour wench, catches her, and then decides she should become sentimental, sweet and gentle. The obvious result of this little merry-go-round is boredom, no romance.

Going back to the original argument, what young girl couldn't be convinced that "Great Love" was all that mattered if it weren't for older and wiser advice, or perhaps her own elegaic observations. Her intelligence, if she has any, points out that the primrose path doesn't get the best results and since neither male nor female likes to be thought an ass, she begins to worry about results. You see how it is? Someone has to be practical and she's elected. However, I agree that some women get the habit of being practical and over-do it. But, I ask you, who started it? Men. Women accepted it in self-defense.

As for men being sentimental about marriage and wanting to preserve the institution, rotgut! If they hadn't had a yen for some woman so badly that they would agree to any terms, I'll wager my best lipstick that few of them would bother about "Ye Old Institution."

So Joe Zilch gets married and brings home the sausage, assuming that is his share of the bargain. Then sits back on his you know and waits for friend wife to develop into his idea of a mate, whether it be based on his mother or an old sweetheart, neither of whom he knew as a person. And, of course, Mrs. Zilch only sticks to Zilchie after he loses his hair, because he's a good catch. It would be unmitigated presumption to venture the opinion that she bases her regard on more than *face* value, unlike her Zilchie, who can't see past the bakelite bosom of that honey-colored blonde across the hall.

If I'm being stuffy, stop me, on second thought, don't, I'm having fun.

As for Mr. Mason handing the future of marriage to women because its always been their business. How very typical of a man. Why has it been women's business? Because men, the poor bunnyducks, haven't bothered to make it their business. They are far too busy dissecting women as a sex to think of treating them as individuals. The mysterious, unpredictable female, horsefeathers! Outside of a few periodical upsets, (and I wonder whose idea *that* was, certainly not a woman's) she is really not so *very* different from themselves. After all, the only instinct she is borne with that differs greatly from their own is the maternal. She certainly does not come equipped with set and practical ideas about wedded bliss. She develops those of necessity. Furthermore, any dope knows that a woman becomes what she thinks a man wants her to become. Can she help it if he can't make up his own mind?

The real trouble with matrimony is no *man* understands what it should be like. Like Topsy he thinks it just grows and when it stops growing the other guy neglected the watering, that wasn't *his* job. So ingenious woman (pardon the bouquet throwing) thinks up all kinds of substitute solutions, parties, babies, bridge, and lord knows what not.

In conclusion, as for that platitudinous quotation, "Woman accepts man for the sake of matrimony and man accepts matrimony for the sake of woman," based on Mr. Mason's published satire, should it not read "Woman accepts man for the sake of humanity and man accepts matrimony for the sake of sentimentality"? The whole thing is full of holes, and pfft! to Mr. Mason.

Sincerely,
Helen Clare Welshofer
Rutherford, N. J.

CONSTANT READER'S QUINQUENNIAL REPORT

Do you remember the month of April, 1936? Do you recall the critical letter I worked out and mailed to you at that time? My remarks concerned a story in the June, 1935 issue of Esquire, and the momentous occasion may recur to you without benefit of musty records.

I stir up ancient history, I know, but I have a weighty reason for my action. Your answer in 1936, perplexingly enough, accused me of being one of your slow readers. I was enormously relieved to learn that I was not the only derelict on your intellectual sea, but the criticism rankled, nevertheless.

Then and there, I made a solemn New Year resolution. Effective January 1, 1937, I resolved to hereafter conduct myself in the dignified manner befitting an accredited member of Esquire's world-renowned literati. I have grittily kept that vow despite the frequent, overpowering temptation to hide a number in the furnace or chuck an issue through the nearest pane of glass.

Here is indisputable proof that I keep my word. I heroically finished the June, 1941 magazine on August 14, 1941, and patiently, doggedly, tackled the July, 1941 masterpiece on August 16, 1941—after a breathing space of only two days. In 1935, I lagged miserably—a full six months behind schedule. Today, caught up, I manfully concentrate on the July Esquire before mid-August. Progress, isn't it?

Well, cheerio. By the way, I'm glad your mind is subject to change once in a while.

Most cordially,
Philadelphia, Pa. J. Kantor

ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

Merry Christmas!

IF YOU'VE never known the warm glow that comes when friends stop in for a Four Roses Egg-Nog at Christmas time...well, you couldn't possibly have picked a better time than right now to start this gracious custom!

1. Here's what you need

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses.

2. Here's what you do

Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

3. Here's what you get

Five pints of the most delicious Egg-Nog that ever fluffed up in a bowl! And no wonder! For the Four Roses that you buy today is the most luxuriously smooth and richly flavorful whiskey we have ever made or known, in all our 76 years!

FOUR
ROSES
FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated. Louisville and Baltimore

The Gifts of the Year

Old Mr. Boston
Bronze Label
Bourbon
5 This whiskey Years Old
Mr. Boston's
"Spot Bottle"
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
4 Years Old
Mr. Boston
Pinch Bottle
Blended Whiskey
Rocking Chair
Bottled in Bond
Old Mr. Boston
Bottled in Bond
Old Mr. Boston
Imported Rum

BRONZE LABEL
A truly rich and regal Bourbon, with the flavor and bouquet that only 5 long years' aging in charred oak casks can produce. 86 Proof.

SPOT BOTTLE
Every drop of this delightfully light and pleasingly mellow whiskey is choice straight Bourbon, aged in the wood 4 years. 85 Proof.

PINCH BOTTLE
Give Pinch with pride, for here is a superbly smooth and flavorful whiskey which is truly a masterpiece of fine whiskey blending. 86 Proof.*

ROCKING CHAIR
Mellow as time-honored whiskeys of old that were "rocked" smooth aboard ships at sea . . . under rocking chairs ashore. 85 Proof.†

BOTTLED-IN-BOND
"My name is my bond," says Old Mr. Boston, "and your assurance that this whiskey is unsurpassed in quality and craftsmanship." 100 Proof.

IMPORTED DARK RUM
Taste-perfect for a Planter's Punch, or a Cuba Libre—and price-perfect because it's imported *duty-free* from the Virgin Islands. 86 Proof.

Old Mr. Boston
Apricot Nectar
A Beverage Liqueur
Old Mr. Boston
Blackberry Nectar
A Beverage Liqueur
Old Mr. Boston
Peach Nectar
A Beverage Liqueur
Old Mr. Boston
Wild Cherry Nectar
A Beverage Liqueur
Old Mr. Boston
Distilled Dry Gin
Old Mr. Boston
Sloe Gin
Old Mr. Boston
Orange Flavored Gin

APRICOT NECTAR
America's largest-selling liqueur because it has the luscious richness of the sun-ripe fruit itself. 70 Proof.

BLACKBERRY NECTAR
The flavor of ripe juicy blackberries makes each and every sip of this liquor a memorable occasion. 70 Proof.

PEACH NECTAR
The delicate flavor of golden sun-ripe peaches gives this rich and hearty liquor its mellow goodness. 70 Proof.

WILD CHERRY NECTAR
To think of wild cherries bursting with flavor is to know how really delicious this fine liquor tastes. 70 Proof.

DRY GIN
Here is the only dry gin made with 17 rare flavors . . . gathered from the very ends of the earth. 90 Proof.§

SLOE GIN
America's largest-selling Sloe Gin, thanks to the wine-like flavor and richness it gives a Sloe Gin Fizz. 70 Proof.

ORANGE GIN
The ripe orange tang of this distinctive liquor has rightfully earned it the title "Bottled Sunshine." 70 Proof.

OLD Mr. BOSTON

---

*Pinch Bottle Blended Whiskey, 66⅔% grain neutral spirits. †Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey, 75% grain neutral spirits. §Dry Gin, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits.

26 Old Mr. Boston Liquors!

Old Mr. Boston Imported Rum
Old Mr. Boston Creme de Cacao
Old Mr. Boston Crême de Menthe
Old Mr. Boston Crême de Menthe
Old Mr. Boston Kümmel
Old Mr. Boston Anisette
Old Mr. Boston Rock & Rye

IMPORTED LIGHT RUM
Tops for a Daiquiri but priced low, because it, too, is imported *duty-free* from Uncle Sam's Virgin Islands. 86 Proof.

CREME DE CACAO
A liqueur that any connoisseur will welcome and approve—because it has a rich, cocoa flavor all its own. 60 Proof.

WHITE CREME DE MENTHE
Delicious liqueur with a fragrant minty bouquet—to be sipped leisurely for after-dinner enjoyment. 60 Proof.

GREEN CREME DE MENTHE
The pleasant, cooling taste of this cordial has made it a great favorite among lovers of really good living. 60 Proof.

KÜMMEL
Very dry, with the intriguing aroma and flavor of caraway seeds, it's immensely popular with men. 80 Proof.

ANISETTE
One taste of its captivating anise flavor will reveal why Anisette is so very popular as a cordial. 60 Proof.

ROCK & RYE
The fruit in this hearty liquor always looks fresh—thanks to Mr. Boston's patented Clear-fruit Process. 70 Proof.

Old Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin
Old Mr. Boston California Brandy
Old Mr. Boston Apricot flavored Brandy
Old Mr. Boston Blackberry flavored Brandy
Old Mr. Boston Peach flavored Brandy
Old Mr. Boston Wild Cherry flavored Brandy

MINT GIN
Cooling as an April Shower—fragrant as a dew-drenched mint bed—here's a new adventure in refreshing taste enjoyment. 70 Proof.

CALIFORNIA BRANDY
Its amber color, rare bouquet and delicate dryness will appeal to all who prefer a fine brandy. Great straight or with soda. 86 Proof.

APRICOT BRANDY
The flavorful goodness of apricots and the satisfying smoothness of fine brandy are combined in this superb distinctive liquor. 70 Proof.

BLACKBERRY BRANDY
Has all the fresh-fruit taste of ripe juicy blackberries—honey smooth yet just as rich and satisfying as a noble cognac. 70 Proof.

PEACH BRANDY
The matchless flavor of juicy peaches is artfully captured in this brandy—truly a liquor to be sipped with pleasure, served with pride. 70 Proof.

WILD CHERRY BRANDY
Here you will find the tart racy tang of wild cherries is masterfully blended in a smooth liquor of genuine brandy richness. 70 Proof.

Importer and Distiller of

FINE WHISKEYS and GINS
BRANDIES, RUMS and LIQUEURS

CLIP AND MAIL RIGHT NOW!

OLD MR. BOSTON
1010 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I've decided to make it an Old Mr. Boston Christmas all up and down the line. Please send me the name of the store nearest me that carries the complete selection of Old Mr. Boston Liquors just as they are shown here.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City________________ State__________

Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

GoLan
BOTTLED AT THE WINERY
ST. HELENA · CALIF.
GoLan
CALIFORNIA
SHERRY
PRODUCED BY MEMBERS OF CENTRAL CALIFORNIA WINERIES
BOTTLED AT THE CENTRAL WINERY BY
GoLan Wines
ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA
GoLan

"I Confess—

THAT WITH THIS GREAT NATIVE SHERRY THE WORLD'S WINE LEADERSHIP HAS CROSSED THE OCEAN!"

says **Henri Lanson**
of the famous wine-making family of Reims, France

Taste delicious GoLan Sherry yourself! Its brilliance, body, and delicate nut-like flavor rank it immediately with the world's finest—a wine of Grand Reserve Quality, like all the other choice GoLan Wines. Relished by experts abroad as well as here—no wonder GoLan is called "*America's First International Wine*"

Sincerely convinced that world leadership in fine wines has moved to America, Mr. Lanson consented to serve as Chairman of the jury of distinguished wine experts whose unanimous approval is the strict qualification for every wine bottled under the GoLan name.

Serving with Mr. Lanson on the GoLan Quality Control Board are . . . Mr. John Malcolm, eminent world authority on cocktail and dessert wines . . . Mr. Alan Dunning, credited with having made more wine than any other man in America.

Consult your wine merchant today and *taste* these internationally famous GoLan Wines, in the types you prefer. No costly import duties, of course.

BE SURE THIS SEAL IS ON THE LABEL BEFORE YOU PURCHASE ANY WINE

TESTED AND APPROVED BY
Quality Control Board
GOLAN'S OWN WINE EXPERTS

GoLan

GRAND RESERVE QUALITY

California Wines

AMERICA'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL WINE

COCKTAIL AND DESSERT WINES* Sherry • Muscatel • Port • Pale Dry Sherry **Alcoholic Content 20% by Volume*
DINNER WINES Claret • Burgundy • Zinfandel • Hock • Rhine • Sauterne • Chablis

Produced by Members of Central California Wineries • Bottled at the Central Winery, St. Helena, California, by GOLAN WINES • © GoLan Wines, Inc., Los Angeles

WHAT IS THE BEST READ NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES ?

NOBODY KNOWS, YET . . . but of all standard-size metropolitan dailies in L. M. Clark's national readership survey and reported on his regular syndicated service†, The New York Sun is outstanding in the reading of features and in page traffic for both men and women.

"Page traffic" controls the opportunity your advertisement has of being seen and read. It means the per cent of a newspaper's readers who stop on each page, right through the issue.

A high "page traffic" produces more readers for your ad.

And in The Sun these readers are blessed with a singular distinction—they have not only the desire to buy, but also the ability to pay!

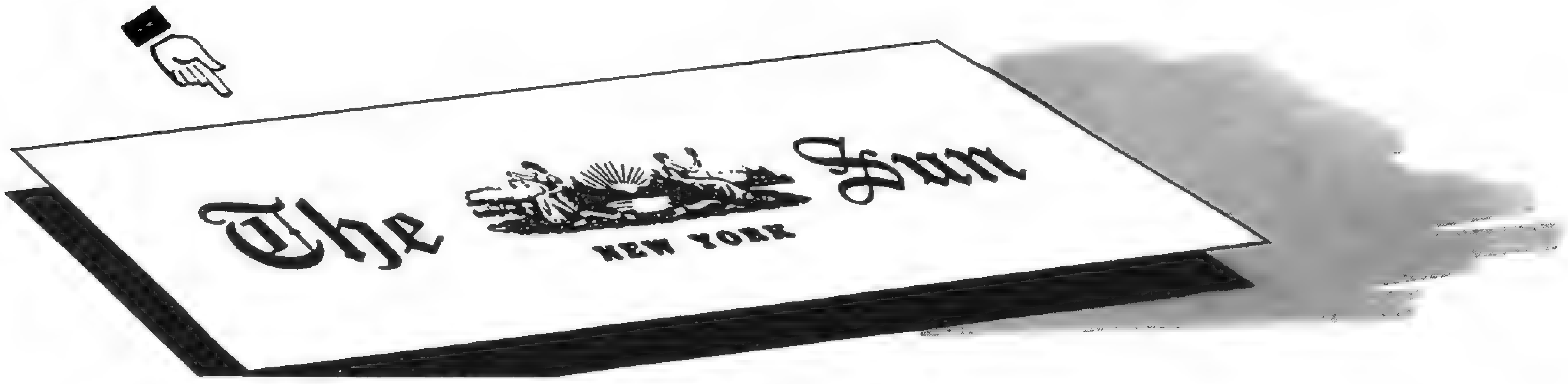
Glance, for example, at the recent door-to-door check made by Sun investigators covering 23,000 homes in 20 substantial New York residential areas, ranging from Scarsdale to Montclair to Garden City. In all of these better-income communities The Sun had more copies going into the home and staying there than any other New York weekday newspaper!

This is concentration of coverage.

It helps explain why The Sun has continued during 1941‡ its 16-year-old habit of leading all other standard-size New York weekday newspapers in Total Display linage.

"Your ad is better read in The Sun!"

†Figures compiled by the Reader Research Division, McCann Erickson, Inc.
‡Source: Media Records, Inc.



Painting the Town with Esquire

There's no computing the total influence toward civilization that New York's Ritz-Carlton (across the street from Esky) has exerted since it first ajarred its portals in 1910. So when, recently, the supreme Chef de Cuisine of that institution, Louis Diat, disclosed 1,100 of his recipes in a tome entitled *Cooking à la Ritz* (Monsieur Diat having been a lieutenant of the great Cesar Ritz himself), the event, signalized by a luncheon of fervent tribute at which yours truly wielded a fork, resounded and reverberated through all potdom, myriads of white caps being doffed from coast to coast in honor of the Old Master who, tall, erect, ever-youthful (his black hair barely tinged with gray), keeps fit on a diet of his own food. Vichyssoise Soup, for instance, is his personal invention.

From Boston come echoes of much breathless buzz-buzz anent Back Bay's new *arbiter elegantiarum,* Chauncey Depew Steele, whose recent taking over of the management of the tradition-steeped Copley-Plaza had a truly prime ministerial aura about it—Mr. S. being a gentleman noted for evolving and putting over large and luxurious ideas with a Chesterfieldian twist of the wrist. His early tutelage in the art and science of hotel operation was at the knee of celeb domesticator Frank Case of New York's Algonquin. Fidgeting for achievement on his own, he took over Westchester's ultra-baronial Briarcliff Lodge where the tariff for cot and caviar ranged from $16.00 a day up, with the world's largest swimming pool to splash about in, and famous sports figures to guide your exercise. 1929 was harsh on all that. Bruised but unlicked, Steele bided his time till the hour of glory came 'round again. Now that it's here, neither he nor the Copley-Plaza is going to dawdle on laurels to date.

Sophisticated novelty specialist Herbert Jacoby of ze Ruban Bleu (aloft at 4 East 56th) is offering what you certainly won't find elsewhere when he stages authentic lute-tinkling lad Richard Dyer-Bennet, singer of quaint and curious Elizabethan ballads and early American folk ditties. In addition, there are clever gals and keyboarders . . . With Danbury's outskirted White Turkey Inn shuttered on account of icicles, devotees of its hospitality can find same not only at the White Turkey Town House, Washington Square end of University Place, but now also at the fresh-hatched White Turkey—Murray Hill nestling in a splendorous new apartment house at 220 Madison Avenue (at 37th) which tête-à-têtes the J. P. Morgan Library. Knotty pine panelling in ye Colonial manner and lollish Windsor chairs lend expansiveness to one's state of mind, and the Gobbler Bar functions propitiously, counterbalancing its liquid amenities with such snackwork as hot turkey sandwiches and one-man chicken pies . . . The Hotel Warwick's Raleigh Room (Dean Cornwell muralled jewel box) is having its dinner and supper dance rhythms done by bellows-boy Art Barker with able piano and bull violin assistance. Their music fits the setting as happily as a V-note fits into a headwaiter's palm.

Note for New Year's Eve-ers: Although this department never set out to be an information bureau, we're always happy to oblige. So if you're quandaried as to where to sip and toot the night of December 31st, just wire or write us and we'll assist you in making reservations. And that goes for any spot on this continent.

J. Bavet
THE
BRANDY
OF CHARACTER
84 PROOF
J. Bavet
FINE BRANDY
"THE BRANDY OF CHARACTER"
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FOR BODY • FOR FLAVOUR
Ask for this Original
DARK JAMAICA RUM
Myers's Jamaica Rum with its rich, nut-brown colour not only makes a handsomer Cocktail, but one that's *doubly delicious* to taste. For that extra wealth of flavour—
The Rum Must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof
Write for new free Recipe Booklet
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.
Dept. F1, 57 Laight Street
New York City

Americas Favorite Liqueurs
DuBOUCHETT Creme de Menthe 72 proof
DuBOUCHETT Benai 86 proof
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
MANY, BLANC & CO., Inc. • CHICAGO, ILL.

GIFT SUPREME
for a
PIPE SMOKER
America's Finest
Aromatic Tobacco
London Dock
Aromatic Mixture
FULL POUND $3
London Dock
SMOKING MIXTURE
in this Streamlined
ART GLASS HUMIDOR
This superb aromatic blend is enjoyed by men and appreciated by women. As a gift, it's a subtle compliment to the pipe smoker who receives it.
At your tobacconist—or postpaid from
CHRISTIAN PEPER TOBACCO CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

Going Places with Esquire

Bent on distracting you while you eat (which is really heinous injustice to the food), the Frank L. Andrews-presidented Hotel New Yorker is serving up its colorful, sensational ice show not only at dinner and supper but also at luncheon as though it were so much parsley or lamb chop lingerie. In consequence the casual dropper-in with mere schnitzel or minute-steak intent is an astonished spectator at a carnival of whirlwind cavortings—glider gals pelted like leopards in a jungle hunt scene with stellar Adele Inge as a black panther; Billy and Betty Wade slithering the samba they brought back as a souvenir of Rio; Ronny Roberts performing fast-paced pyrotechnics. Monday to Friday noons the music is supplied by Peter Kent; evenings and thrice on Saturdays it's the sole stirring, spine shivering Benny Goodman.

Local boulevardiers overtaken by dusk and a dryness of the throat wend their way numerously to the Hotel St. Moritz whose Café de la Paix keeps up the usages of the Paris that was. Only, in thrifty France one couldn't expect such largesse of hot canapés proffered about the room. Nor in Paris could you count on getting your favorite brand of whiskey, rum, or gin. Here all you have to do is name it . . . Curious tragedy on 52nd Street. In his zeal for spotlessness, Leon of Leon & Eddie's (where even the stage pants up and down with excitement) sent one of partner Eddie's songs to the cleaner and it came back so shrunken that Eddie couldn't use it any more . . . Aladdin's lamp produced no pleasanter wonders than those that sizzle on the alcohol lamps at the Divan Parisien, 17 East 45th . . . Happy-go-luckily mansioned at 33 West 47th, Del Pezzo's, which harks back to old Mamma del Pezzo whose cookery Enrico Caruso fell for on Mulberry Street some thirty years ago, is a reliable spot for a skein of spaghetti with subtle sauce, or almost any other specialty of the Neapolitan sort, dispensed with loving kindness amid camaraderie à la grand opera green room . . . "Give me my fans and bubble," said Lady Godiva haughtily as she drew up at the door of milord Jimmy Kelly, down in Sullivan Street, just in time for the floor show.

Forecast for the early part of Jan. 1: Countless jiggers of Fernet Branca will be S.O.S.'d into human systems as trouble shooters—this tried and true bitters having the knack of quelling "those little men who aren't there" and restoring the patient to his normal interior optimism. Practical precautionists drop a demi-teaspoon of Fernet-Branca into their demi-tasse. (We're still thanking the chum who put us on to this trick.)

brewed by The National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

• Just about every dining and drinking place of quality from coast to coast is glad to serve you

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

NATIONAL Premium
A pale dry BEER

WHITELEY'S
King's Ransom
"ROUND THE WORLD" SCOTCH
If you can afford the finest why buy any other Scotch?

King's Ransom Blended Scotch Whisky
94 Proof, William Jameson & Co., Inc., N.Y.

● IT'S JUNE
● IN JANUARY AT
LEON & EDDIE'S
WITH N.Y.'s No 1 CAFE STAR
EDDIE DAVIS
● 33 W 52 NEW YORK CITY

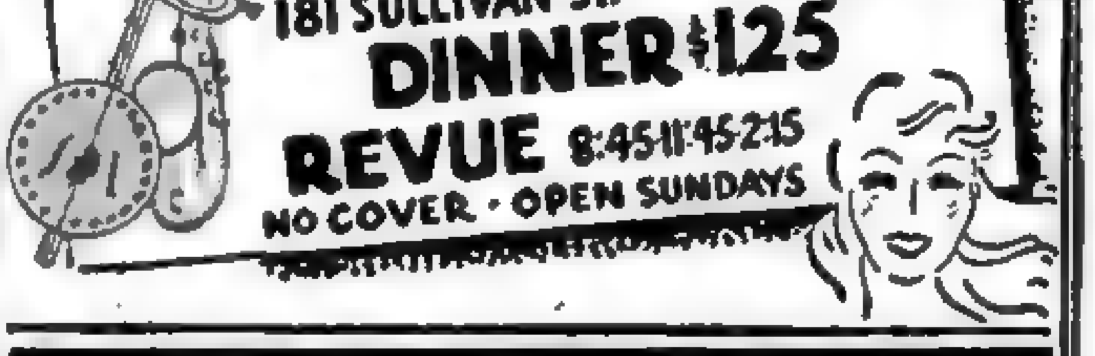
DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN
& SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

U.S. ARMY CHOOSES THE BEST

The Hull Streamline Compass has been selected for use on Tanks for the same practical qualities that nave made it a favorite with America's motorists

• • •

HULL MFG. CO., P.O.Box 246-61, WARREN, OHIO



Champs-Elysees's
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
Famous for the Special
CHAMPS-ELYSEES DINNER
Finest Vintage Wines and Liquors
25 E. 40th ST. MU 4-8833 N.Y.

The
NETHERLAND BAR
★
It's smart, it's gay,
it's intimate...it's a favorite with
knowing New Yorkers.
THE Sherry Netherland
59TH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

YIPPEE!
IT'S GUEST RANCH
TIME IN TEXAS

Clean blueskies, warm sunshine, winding trails, rippling streams invite you to Texas' beautiful hill country. Come; stay a week, month, or more.

Vacation on a real Texas ranch, equipped to offer every convenience. Live in individual ranch cabins with open fireplaces and private baths.

Cowboy guides to take you over the range. Own Jersey herd—plenty of milk. Own chicken ranch, plenty of eggs.

Write FOR RATES & FOLDER

SELECT Your
BRAND OF FUN
RANCH LIFE
RIDING
HUNTING
FISHING
SWIMMING
POLO
BADMINTON
GOLF RANGE
TALLY-HO PARTIES
SUNRISE BARBECUES
ETC.

CIRCLE "R" Guest RANCH
MEDINA, TEXAS.

Café Bagatelle
beautifully decorated by Vernon McFarlane

Of course you remember Jimmy of 53 East 54th—in the penthouse and Joe Fernandez—of Mon Paris. Now we're both at the new **Cafe Bagatelle, 106 East 52nd St.,** with Dick Wilson and his orchestra, the Royal Lukewela Hawaiians, and Aurelio Colomo, songs.

Open daily for
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Supper
ELdorado 5-9246

It can be Cleaned
Under the Faucet

Lenox
MADE IN DU PONT Lucite
An Ideal Xmas Gift
$2.50

IF your dealer cannot supply, send remittance direct. Indicate color wanted. Transparent Crystal, Amber or Black. Address Dept. E

General Briar Pipe Co., 306 5th Ave., N. Y. C.
Roberta Ruben, Vice Pres.

After eating TOO MUCH
or drinking TOO MANY

THE WORLD'S PICK...ME...UP

FERNET **BRANCA** SINCE 1845

At good restaurants, hotels, bars, drug and grocery stores
•
In the United States
Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc., N. Y.
Copr. 1941, Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc.

EXPRESS PAID—WRITE FOR PRICES
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA • SARSAPARILLA
QUININE SODA • GINGER BEER
RED RAVEN CORPORATION, CHESWICK, PA.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Joseph Triner

Joseph Triner is a charter member of the Chicago Stadium's Board of Directors, was a wrestler and boxer during his youth, and was President of the National Boxing Association last year. Since 1919 he has been President of the Joseph Triner Corporation, manufacturing pharmaceutical chemists, is Captain of Chemical Warfare in the U. S. Army Reserve, and now on active duty at the Sixth Corps Area Headquarters. For eight years he served as chairman of the Illinois State Athletic Commission and was a member of the International Boxing Federation. During the first World War he was in the Army and Navy Intelligence (having left Columbia U. in his senior year to join up).

•

Al Wesson claims to have been the worst ham athlete ever enrolled in Pasadena High. Except for captaining the water polo team at the U. of Southern California, he confined his outside activities to leading an orchestra and writing music. After a few years' newspaper work he went back to head his school's publicity department. He has collaborated on two sports books—*Football for the Fan* with Coach Howard Jones, and *Championship Technique in Track and Field*, with Coach Dean Cromwell. He says he's done lots for music by ceasing to blow the trumpet but if his sports copy gets heavy occasionally, it's from too much Beethoven on his phonograph.

Al Wesson

•

Fred C. Kelly is devoting most of his time these days to a biography of the Wright Brothers. A native of Ohio, he began his writing career when he was a youngster in high school. One night he telephoned the facts about a murder to a nearby city paper; next day he found the editor who wrote the story had given him a by-line. The story read so smoothly that he felt he must have written it somehow—and that he was a born newspaperman. In 1910 he started the first syndicated Washington gossip column. His books, about a dozen, range from one on the psychology of dog behavior to one on stock market speculation. He lives mostly on his farm near Peninsula, Ohio, where he has a pine nursery of 170,000 trees.

O. B. Keeler

O. B. Keeler has earned the title of Bobby Jones's Boswell by traveling 100,000 miles with him, as a reporter on the *Atlanta Journal*, and watching him win twenty-seven championships in this country and Great Britain. He is coauthor with Jones of *Down the Fairway* and *Goodbye to Golf* and on his own hook wrote *Autobiography of an Average Golfer* and *The Boys' Life of Bobby Jones*. Born in Chicago, he has toiled mostly south of the Smith & Wesson Line—except for a three-year hitch on *The Kansas City Star*.

•

Roark Bradford was born on a Tennessee cotton plantation, and his favorite playmates were three little Negro boys named Algy, Ed and Sweet. During the war, as a first lieutenant of artillery, he was sent to New York for French transport a day before the Scripps-Howard Armistice. In celebration he stayed drunk for five days in a New York hotel until an elderly lady made him promise to drink no more. With squared shoulders, he went down into the street, found a brand-new Armistice being celebrated and got drunk again. After a few years of newspaper work on the *Atlanta Georgian* and the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, he began writing *Ol' Man Adam an' His Children*—(such charmingly garbled stories from the Old Testament as he had heard old Uncle Wes tell on his father's plantation) finally dramatized for *The Green Pastures*. Other books include *Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys*, *John Henry*, *Kingdom Coming*, *Let the Band Play Dixie* and *The Three-Headed Angel*.

•

Martin Savela says: "I am of Finnish descent, 25 years old. I got out of school in the middle of the depression and have bummed around ever since working at all kinds of jobs except a steady one. I did some labor journalism and have had stories in the old *Scribner's* and in Jack Conroy's gutty little mag, the *New Anvil*."

Robert O. Foote

Having progressed from reporter to managing editor before he was 30, Robert O. Foote settled on that traditional journalistic sinecure—sports writing, and does a daily column in the *Pasadena Star-News*. He has written articles on horses and polo for several magazines and is a political correspondent for the *New York Times* and the *Baltimore Evening Sun*. Once he made a soft living out of the pulps but confesses he lost the formula. A favorite hobby is browsing among the ancient books in the Huntington Library and it was here that he obtained the material for his article on page 94. *Who Was Joe Miller?*

•

Frank Gruber, who kids the mystery story racket in *The Corpse Talks Back*, is the author of *The French Key* which has been rated the best mystery novel of 1940 and seven other mystery novels—four of which were published in 1941. He was born in Minnesota in 1904, enlisted in the army at 16, was an ex-service man at 17; he was a flunky in a construction camp, a hobo, a bellboy, an order picker for Sears Roebuck and finally wound up as a trade paper editor. Then in 1934 chucked his last job and went to New York to free-lance. He wrote detective stories for the pulps and sold a series to Paramount. It was while waiting in Hollywood for an assignment which never came that he wrote *The French Key*.

Frank Gruber

•

Benedict Thielen (*Lesson of a Cockfight*, page 61) has published two collections of short stories including one called *Stevie* which came out last winter, and a couple of novels. He says: "I am at present writing a novel which interests me extremely and will, I am quite certain, interest no one else. However, as Norman Douglas' man in *South Wind* used to say whenever he set out on a debauch, 'After all, one owes something to oneself.' I am married to Virginia Berresford the painter. We divide our living among three islands: Martha's Vineyard, Key West and Manhattan. On Martha's Vineyard, we live on a windswept moor. In Key West we live by the fish wharves surrounded by Life (drunken sponge fishermen) Philosophy (John Dewey) and Art (Doris Lee and Arnold Blanch)."

Benedict Thielen

Best Wishes AND THE *Best Whiskies* FROM FOUR GREAT WHISKEY STATES*

This superb whiskey combines light-bodied smoothness with full flavored richness and quality
SCHENLEY
BLACK LABEL
Blended Whiskey
Schenley Distillers Corporation
A fine light-bodied whiskey blended to perfection for exquisite flavor and character
SCHENLEY
Red Label
Blended Whiskey
Schenley Distilling Corporation

Luxurious Liqueur Quality

FOUR RARE GIFTS IN ONE RARE WHISKEY...SCHENLEY

Richness
FROM KENTUCKY'S BEST WHISKEY

Bouquet
FROM MARYLAND'S BEST WHISKEY

Smoothness
FROM INDIANA'S BEST WHISKEY

Body
FROM PENNSYLVANIA'S BEST WHISKEY

*BLENDED WITH SCHENLEY'S SPECIALLY DISTILLED NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . . . SCHENLEY BLENDS GIVE YOU PERFECT *Mildness*

Treat "him" to **SCHENLEY** THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE

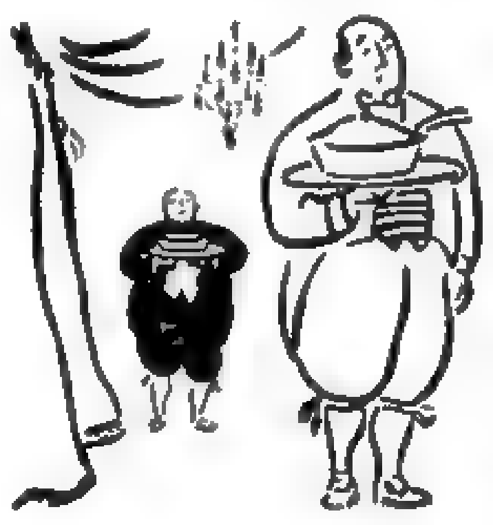
Copyright 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Schenley Black Label 67% Grain Neutral Spirits. Schenley Red Label 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Both 86 Proof. BLENDED WHISKEY

Painting the Town with Esquire

Such a headlong rush to clap chattel mortgages on tables for New Year's Eve, haphazard hindmosts will have to be content with bar-stools—if that lucky. So when we're auld-lang-syneing amid guinea hen and our share of the billion bubbles with which the old year is being liquidated, don't come sending us messages that you're stampeding at the rope, Mr. Improvident, and would like to wangle a spare wing and a glass or two. As far as we are concerned, anybody who's been too lazy to exercise his priority can stay parched. (Waiter, take that wig-wagging gentleman a balloon to sit on with our compliments.)

Fifth Avenue's pomp-crazed Hotel Pierre has gone the all-out in social splurge by uncorking its new Cotillion Room, under the aegis of Captain Alistair Mackintosh, well-known to the Duke of Windsor and others as the Alibi Bar-ister of Palm Beach. We can't figure where the cotillions come in (unless possibly through the adjoining oval salle recently old-new-yorked by a Chinese artist), but the Room itself is a honey-of-the-honey: violet blue, with hefty silk trappings of red-and-white, white leather banquettes, and comely chandeliers of (no fooling) tallow candles, supplemented by wall brackets of same. Designer was Samuel Marx, he who schemed the eye-pashing Pump Room of the Ambassador in Chicago, and the gala garbs of the waiters—crimson coats, black knee breeches, buckled shoes, etc.—are emulated here. Likewise the little Blackamoors (habitat Harlem) who strut in emerald green with your coffee fixings. For sweet songful personality at supper, there's the treasured Peggy Fears. Foot inducement is purveyed by that thorough musician, William Scotty and his men, with Nick Raymond and associates swizzling the rhumbas. Not to mention table-side astoundments by magician Bert Allerton—Chicago rave collector, newly sprung on a gasping New York. Anno 1941 won't merely flicker out here, it will die with joy.



Park Avenue selectivity has long fraternized with fine eats and wines at the Restaurant Marguéry, numbered 270 on this boulevard of fashion. Every so often host Ercole Marchisio rebedizens the place and thinks up a subliminal new dish to bowl your palate over with; otherwise it's the same super-genteel joint, Cloister Bar and all, theme-songed with Filet de Sole Marguéry (wine sauced and bordered with mussels, mushrooms, crevettes and truffles). And yo-ho that hot Canapé Marquis!

Wall Street baggers of woodcock, deer, quail, wild duck and suchlike indulge in the cheery habit of sending them to their standby host J. D. Massoletti, smart-basemented Tower restaurateur of 70 Pine Street, to have his able kitchen staff dress these viands into proper feast shape. The fact that he bought out the entire wine cellar of the French Pavilion at the World's Fair and exhibits it binned behind glass for your selection, doesn't cramp matters any. And to keep everyday menus from becoming humdrummy he offers Crabmeat Norfolk, Virginia Fried Chicken (he being a Virginian himself, descended from one of G. Washington's officers), and simply incredible home-made sausage cakes with lye hominy and fried apples. Decor and atmosphere are Colonial American to the last detail, such being Joe's personal taste along with his feeling for he-food of the fastidiousest.

EPICURES AGREE

DRY
MEIER'S
AMERICAN VERMOUTH FRENCH STYLE
DRY FRENCH TYPE

Here is America's Counterpart of a Proud European Wine!

MEIER'S AMERICAN VERMOUTH

19% alch. by vol.

YOU'LL BE PROUD TO SERVE IT!

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS Inc.
SILVERTON, OHIO
Wineries: Sandusky and Silverton, Vineyards: Isle St. George

BY APPOINTMENT

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

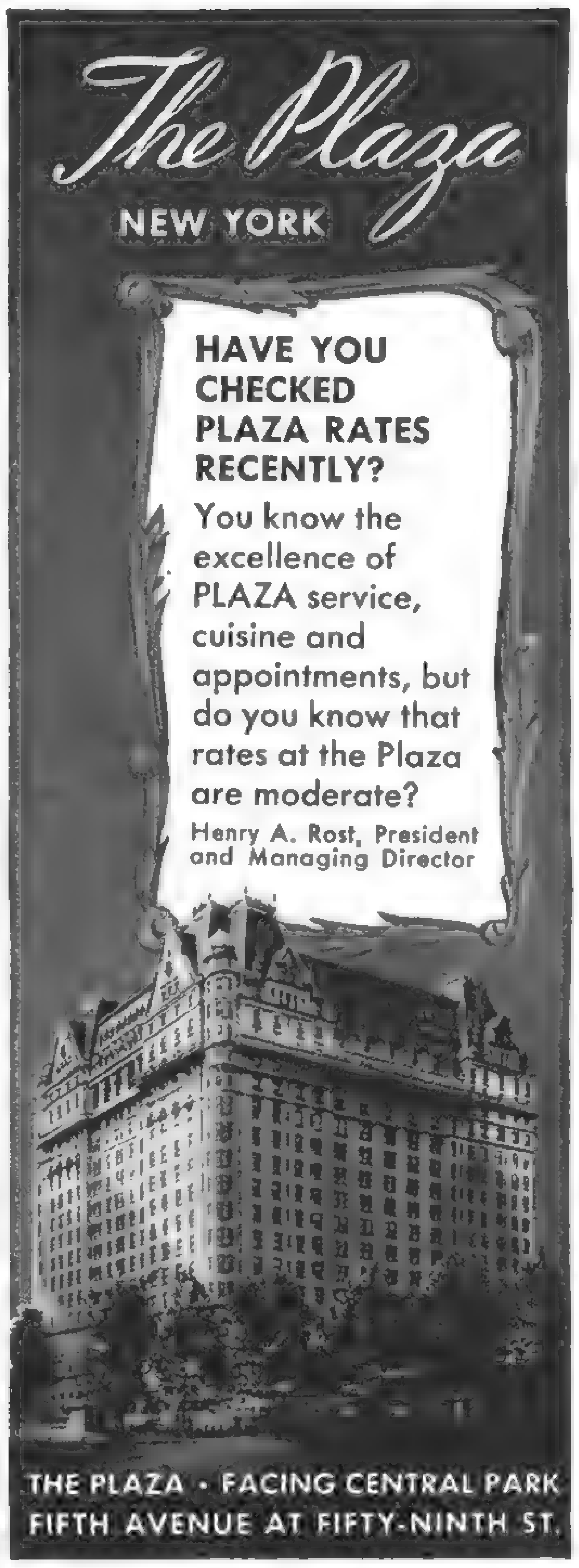
Britain still delivers the world's finest

DRY GIN

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF

IMPORTED

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.



The Plaza
NEW YORK

HAVE YOU CHECKED PLAZA RATES RECENTLY?

You know the excellence of PLAZA service, cuisine and appointments, but do you know that rates at the Plaza are moderate?

Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

THE PLAZA • FACING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH ST.

For only 20¢ (locally) a THRILLING Xmas greeting!

ELSEWHERE THROUGHOUT POSTAL TELEGRAPH's NATIONWIDE SYSTEM 25¢

How shall you greet *your* friends on Christmas? There are so many ways! Some rather expensive, too. Yet, so many greetings are quickly glanced at — quickly forgotten!

But look! For only 20¢ or 25¢ you can send something really exciting — a wired greeting via POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

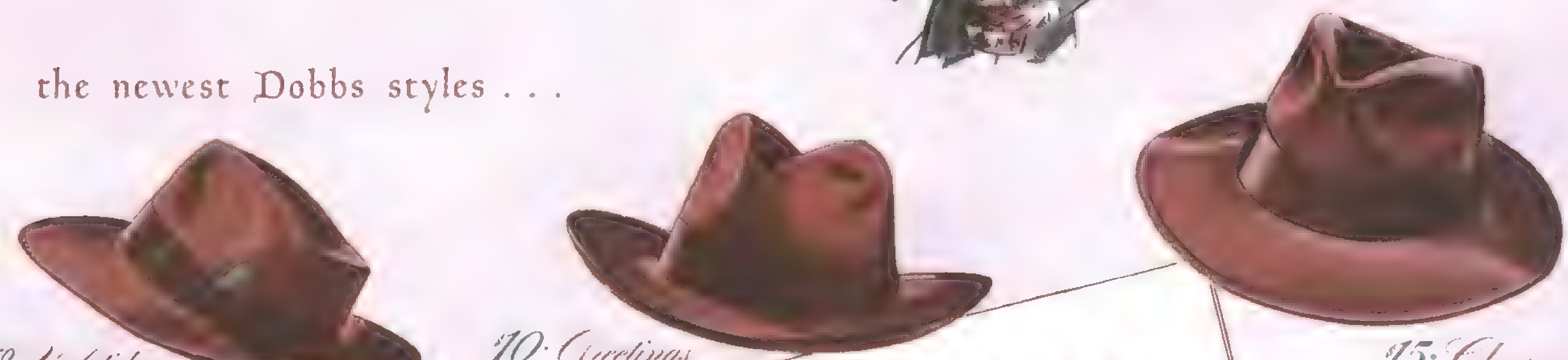
Just leave your greeting list with us. We'll handle the whole thing. *Or phone* POSTAL TELEGRAPH. *For your convenience, charges appear on your telephone bill.*

Postal Telegraph

MERRY CHRISTMAS

The DOBBS *way*

It's smart to give him a Dobbs hat . . . So easy, too! Just arrange with your Dobbs dealer to send him a Gift Certificate tucked in a handsome "handicase", together with a cute miniature hat . . . On Christmas he'll brag to everyone how smart you are. And by the way, if you're really clever, you'll swipe the "handicase" while he plays with the miniature hat . . . The "handicase" makes a marvelous powder or cigarette box . . . But when he cashes the certificate for a real Dobbs then you'll have another proud moment . . . For he'll have a fine hat of his own selection bearing the best known label in the world of smart hats . . . Here are a few of the newest Dobbs styles . . .



8^{50} Yuletide — *10· Greetings* — *15· Cheerio*

EACH DELIVERED IN A STURDY DOBBS SPECIAL BOX

Make it a DOBBS

NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTER

Fifth Avenue · Park Avenue at 53rd Street

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

BACKED BY 100 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
90 PROOF
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS INC
NEW YORK N.Y.

WHEREVER
FINE WHISKIES
ARE SOLD

A Gift in finest taste

—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. · · · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · · · 90 PROOF

Shape of Things to Come

How events of this war have made liars of reporters and commentators as well as tycoons and statesmen on both sides

by **JOHN R. TUNIS**

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE following sentence is recorded by William L. Shirer in his *Berlin Diary*, of date July 4, 1939.

"Hans Kaltenborn, so sure there will be no war, is sending his son off on his honeymoon to the Mediterranean he tells me tonight."

The commentators, those to be read as well as those to be heard, have been caught off base fairly frequently in recent years. Mr. Kaltenborn was by no means the only expert who was fooled by the outbreak of hostilities. Most of them made many more mistakes. They failed completely to foresee the Russian-German pact of August, 1939. Many misjudged the actual outbreak of the war. All through early 1940 they were calling the French army "the greatest army in the world." They fumbled the ball badly in estimating the strength and force of the German offensive that spring in France and the Low Countries. Then some of them promptly gave up England for lost. (One prominent commentator said on June 22, 1940, the day of the Armistice between France and Germany, that the British Empire had nine days to live!) With one or two notable exceptions they did not foresee the Russian-German conflict. And save for Max Werner, they were lamentably wrong on its outcome.

But the newspapermen and commentators are not the only ones who have stumbled. Tycoons of industry whose affair it is to know what's really going on in the world, have been just as wrong since 1939.

Because the big boys, the ones really in the know, really behind the scenes of international business, were all certain beforehand that a world war was an impossibility. The columns of our press make strange reading if you turn back to the months between January and September, 1939. Among other things you'll find a large advertisement in the *New York Times* of June 6, 1939. It was headed: "Travel With Confidence With Cooks." One sentence in the copy read as follows. "We found it very pleasant to travel in Europe far from the harrowing headlines."

Every American industrialist who "really knew" conditions in Europe, backed this viewpoint. Percy S. Strauss remarked on arrival here in April, 1939, that "America appears more jittery than the people of Europe who think Chamberlain's promise of aid to Poland has postponed trouble." Thomas J. Watson, President of International Business Machines Corporation, was equally sure in June of that year. "My personal opinion is that there'll be no war. This is based on the fact that in my judgment people throughout the world want peace." He was leaving for Europe at this time. After traveling all over the continent, he returned a few days before war was actually declared, equally optimistic.

War? Absurd. "Why, everyone in Paris is talking about corsets," said Hattie Carnegie, the couturier, landing in August, 1939 from France. On the fourteenth of that month, Jules S. Bache, New York financier, stepped ashore to explain how much he had enjoyed himself abroad watching nations worry about "a war which is not going to take place. Hitler is a clever man. He has got all he wants without firing a gun, and would not try fighting now, although he is a bit crazy at times, as we all are."

Our British visitors were no less reassuring. "I see no danger of war," said Sir John Reith, Chairman of British Overseas Airways who reached New York in June, 1939. "I do not think there is likely to be a war in the near future. If I had thought so I would not have come with my family." On July 5, Sir William Wiseman, partner in Kuhn, Loeb, and former head of the British Secret Service in this country in the last war, debarked, remarking, "I don't believe there is any chance of war. I am very optimistic about business in the United States." Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian millionaire who publishes the *London Express*, and who is now a prominent member of Britain's war cabinet, came to New York with his own plane and his personal pilot in late July. He left the pilot and returned home shortly before the start of the conflict, saying: "I'll be back in three weeks."

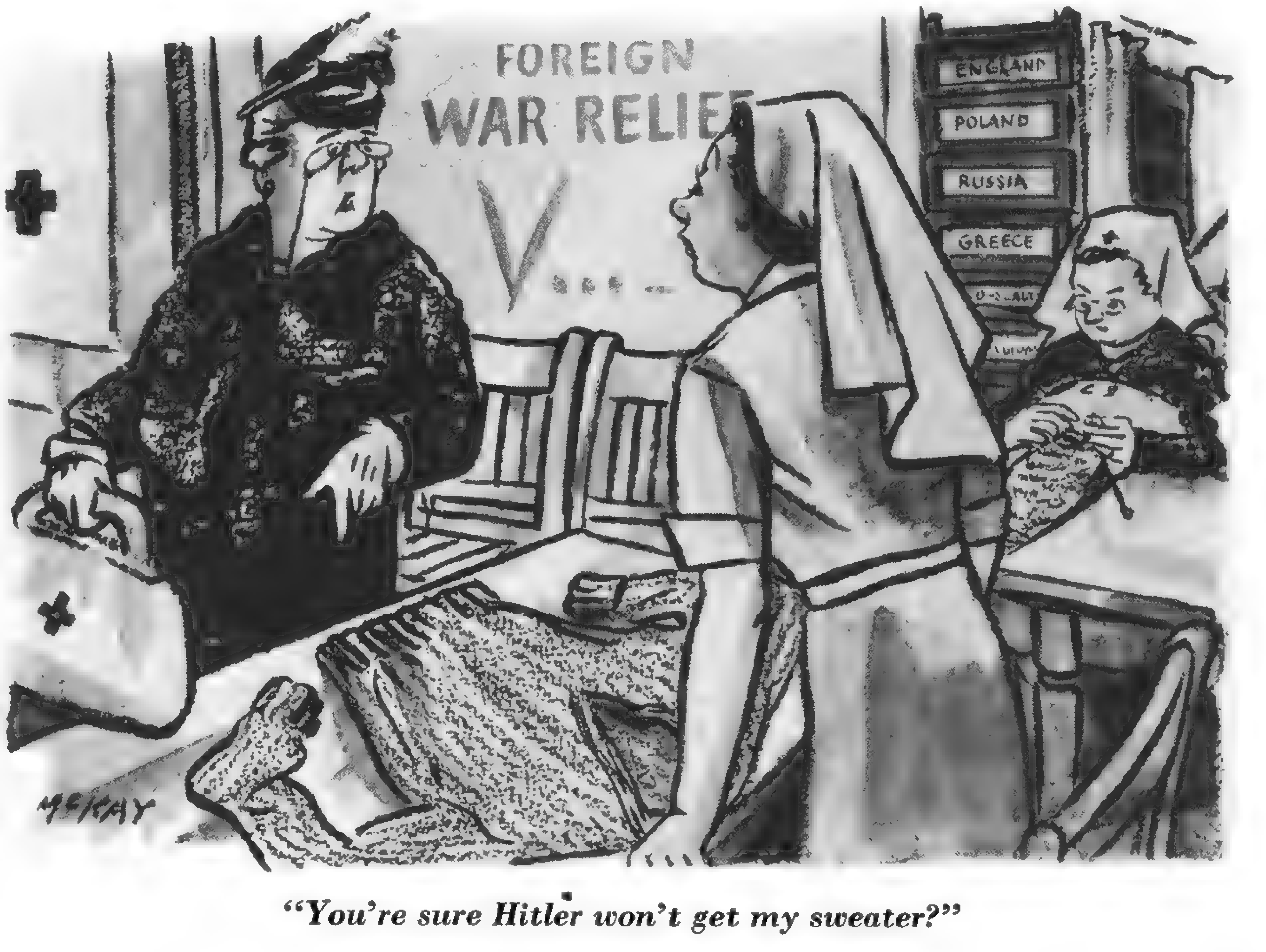
Less than a week before hostilities began, Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, President of Eastern Airlines, and a World War flying ace, stepped off the Yankee Clipper at Port Washington, Long Island, to assure us all war was impossible. (In retrospect, the American business man's belief in Hitler and his smartness is rather terrifying.) Said Captain Rickenbacker: "The Soviet-German pact is a definite move in favor of peace. You don't think I'd have left my family over there if I had thought there was going to be a war, do you?" he asked reporters who questioned him at the airport.

That was on August 28, 1939. The same day Henry Ford gave out an interview at the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Massachusetts. "They won't have a war and they know it," said Mr. Ford. "It's all a big bluff."

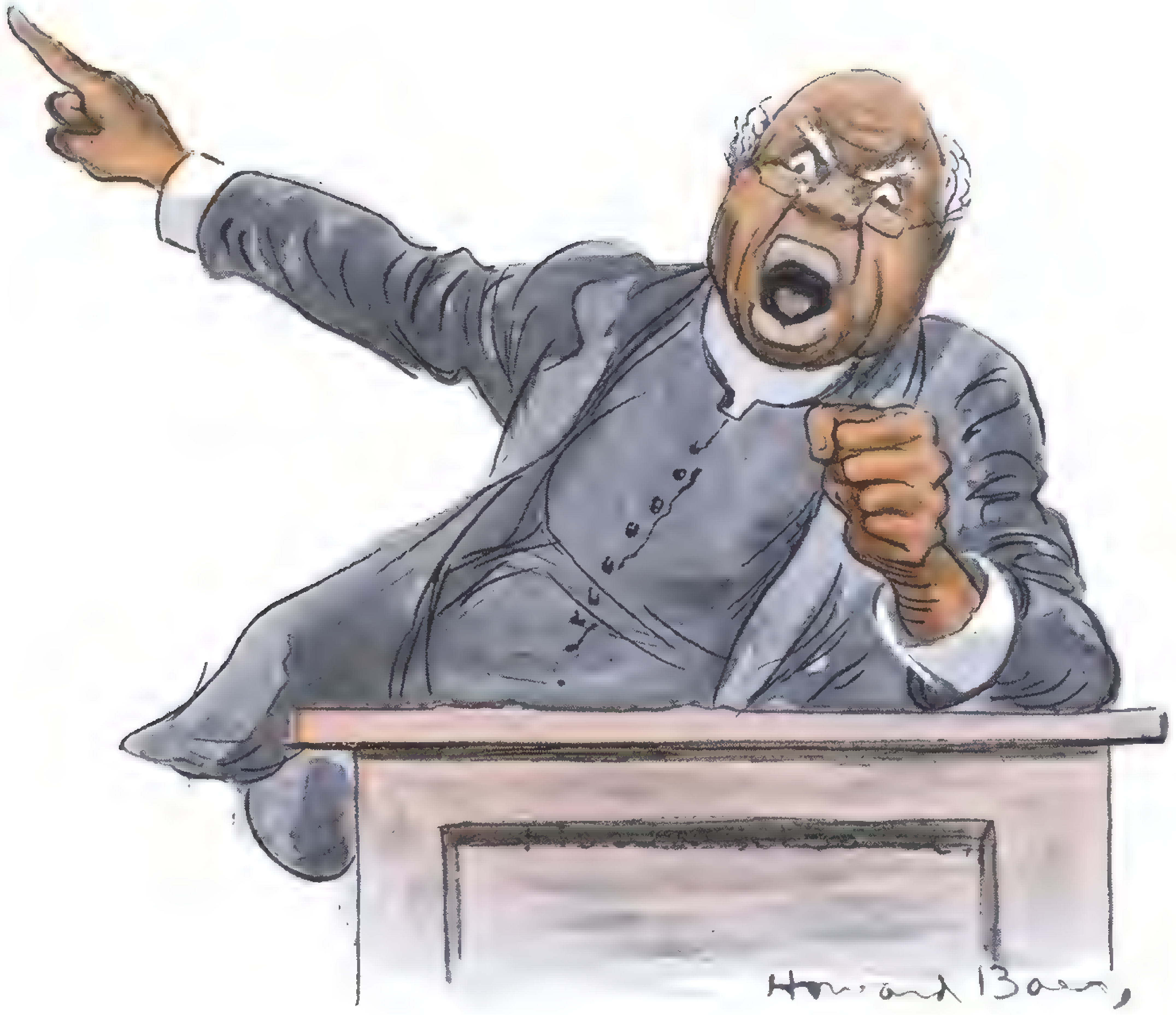
Nor were the business men alone in this belief. The politicians were just as wrong as the newspapermen and industrialists. Early in August, Sir Thomas Inskip, a member of the cabinet and prominent on the appeaser side in England, declared bluntly in a speech that "War is not only not inevitable, but unlikely." By the middle of that month, however, Cordell Hull, and the career men in the State Department who are neither Demogs or Repubs, were privately predicting war within two weeks. They hit the nail almost exactly on the head.

Yet most of Congress laughed. Senator

Continued in center of page 164



"You're sure Hitler won't get my sweater?"



The Boils and Bildads of Job

by ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATION by HOWARD BAER

Members and fellow Christians
And visitin' friends, Amen.
Gathered hyar tonight
In Sunlight Spiritual Mission Af'ican Baptist Church
To hyar de messhy, Amen,
I'm fixin' to lay down to you.

I'm hyar to tell you,
Christians and sinners alike,
You fixin' to hyar a messhy
Straight outn de book er Job, Amen,
Or my name ain't Elder Johnson!

Well, I was settin' bout de house
Mopin' like a mopy chicken,
And all my members whinin' 'round
And groanin' 'bout dey troubles.

Hit puts me in mind er dat ole song:
"I Wrings My Hands and Cry,"—
Lead hit out, Sis' Weathers, Amen,
And whup hit, chilluns! Whup hit!

Sometimes I wants to be in company
Den agin I wants to be alone.
Wid my enemies pressin' me down
And confusions in my home.
I jest folds up my arms
And I looks up twarge de sky,
And I jest stand and wring my hands and cry.

Amen, souls, Amen.

I'm settin' at home wid my mouf poked out,
My wife is sort er ailin',
And my pocketbook is flat.
De man f'm de grocer is at my do',
And de rent man is due tomorrow!

Den Sister Jenny comes along
Wid news dat Little Willie
Drawed a number f'm de draft
And was headin' for Uncle Sam's army.

Den Brother Dick come along
Wid a lonesome song er sorrow.
He got hisse'f on-certified
After two years wid a shovel
Pitchin' W.P. and A. dirt around.

—De land is full er trouble!

So I looked out f'm home,
In Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas,
And in Mississippi and all dem places
And I don't see nothin' but trouble.

Den I looks over in Europe
And in Af'ica and in China
And Holl-you-wood and Chicago
And all dem far-off places.
And ev'ywhar I sees mankind,
My friends, Amen, hit's trouble!

So I drapped down on my knees,
And say, "Lawd, hit's awful,
What thou donst unto po' ole Job
Wid all dem b'iles and Bildads,
Wan't hardly nothin' to de way
You's treatin' mankind, dis day!"

So de Lawd stepped up and say to me—
Now, Church, jest hold yo' hosses!
Y'all don't believe de Lawd walked up
And held converse wid His elder?
Jest cause you can't see God
You can't hyar Him speakin'?
You can't see juice in de streetcar wire
But, friends, I dare you to tetch hit!—

So de Lawd say, "Elder, you's tawkin' free
'Bout Job and all er his troubles.
But you ain't read de Book er Job
Ev'y since I knowed you."

And de Lawd was right! Amen!

So I got my Bible and I turned to Job
And I done my best at tryin'.
Hit was purty hard goin', wid my weak eyes,
And I never was much on readin'.
But I sweated my brain and spelled hit out
'Bout half-way down de first chapter.

And I found my tex' in de seventh verse
And dat's whar I got de messhy!

And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence cometh thou?
And Satan answered the Lord and said,
From going to and fro in the earth
And from walking up and down in it.

Oh, yes!

Now, souls, Old Satan still gittin' about
In all dem far-off places—
Af'ica and China and Holl-you-wood
And Europe and—yas! New Awlins!
Right hyar at home de devil struts
Amongst us friends and neighbors.

But dat ain't de p'int er my preachin' tex'
Nor neither de meat er my sermon.

Hit's like dis:
I reckon hit was about Saddy night—
Hit don't say in de Bible—
When de Lawd and His sons was settin' around
Tawkin' and feastin' and argyin'.
Maybe how de crops gonter be next fall,
Or how come de fish ain't bitin'.
Leastaways you feels f'm readin de Book
Dat things was mighty pleasant.
De stars and de moon was shined up bright
And hit wan't no sparrow fallin'.
Yes, ev'y thing was satisfied
Away off yonder in Glory.
Oh, yes, hit was good times in Glory!

Well, hit ain't no need for me to tell
De news Job hyared f'm Satan.
But bad luck overtuck Ole Job
When Satan started walkin'!
He lost his sheeps and he lost his house,
His family and his substance.
But Job kept right on servin' God,
And Satan, he got worried!

So Satan mixed up all his spells
And stirred 'em in de kittle,
And broke out b'iles all over Job.
And den he sont old Bildad
To whine and mouf and pester Job—
But Job kept right on prayin'!

So Satan quit and tole de Lawd,
"Now, Lawd, hit don't seem natchal—"
But de Lawd shushed Ole Satan up
And kept on wid His business.

"Now, Norah, when you built de Ark
Hit satisfied My purpose.
But Cap'm Cooley jest remarked
Dat hit could 'a been some better.
Hit wan't cut right along de keel
And she stood too high in de texas.
She pushed too much er de river ahead
And she drug too much behind her.
So you see, We learns as We goes along,
And looks back on Our blunders.

And den de Lawd turned to Satan and say,
"Well, Satan, I could 'a tole you—
You can't budge Job's faith in Me.
Now listen at de reason:
Cause I've got My faith in Job!
I made him in My image!
And dat's how come I turn you a-loose
To wander 'mongst My mankind.
Dey's in de image er de Great-I-Am!
And you can't really harm 'em."

But naw!
Ole Satan come a-droolin' by
And tried to start some trouble.
"What about Job?" Ole Satan say.
"You named him 'mongst yo' preachers.
I'd preach, too, efn I was rich
In lands and goods and substance."

So de Lawd say:
"Go 'haid, Satan, you tire Me out
Wid all dat loose-tongue chatter.
I know you and I know Job,
And I named Job My preacher.
And rich or poor, or sick or well,
I know you can't tetch him.
So git ye hence and do yo' work
And leave Me to My pleasure.—
David, beat up a tune on de golden harp,
And Gabriel, you blow de alto.
Shadrack, you put a log on de fire,
And Moses, you pass de manna.
And Jonah, what was you usin' for bait,
Dat day I kotched you fishin'?"

Now, members, mankind is in a fix
Right hyar in New Awlins;
And all dem far-off places, too,
Wid Satan's b'iles and Bildads.
I ain't no better off den you
But chilluns, I ain't worried.
I reads my Book and I prays my prayers
And souls, I got de messhy:

De times is tight, de way is tough,
But le's just keep on a-pullin'!

That Which Was Spoken

The loyal Royal Highness had sought his conqueror's unoffical permission before carrying through his rather drastic plan

by HORATIO WINSLOW

• FICTION •

"The art of war," said the general with a sigh, "is difficult. We learned what we know through hard knocks, when we conquered the rest of Europe and Britain and the most of Africa and near-Asia. But complicated as it is, sometimes I think the art of governing conquered territory is even more complicated . . . Well, let all ranks understand that any future theft of native property will be severely punished. Justice is an integral part of our national idea."

"Yes, sir." The youthful aide made a note. "What's next?"

Stiff in his chair the general stared out of the window at the twilight which had begun to mask the houses on the sun-browned hillside. Forty years of campaigning had given him a leather skin sown with fine wrinkles; but fencing and horse exercise had kept him muscular and erect.

"In the Third District," the aide consulted his memoranda, "they've been rushing our sentries. Last night they killed two. A so-called prophet is responsible."

"The army's eyes never close—at least that's the idea we want to impress on the population. Order all sentries posted in pairs; have officers in charge send headquarters sketches of any rough or unclearable terrain in the vicinity of the blockhouses. And I want that prophet caught and hanged. A conquered country's always running over with prophets. In my time I've hanged at least a dozen." The general's eyes closed in reminiscence. "Oddly enough some of them seemed really to have advance information about the future . . . Well, what else?"

"Sergeant in the Fifth Infantry, sir: claims his family at home has been turned out by the landlord."

The general's eyes opened abruptly. His mouth tightened. "Special despatch—and as strong as you can make it—demanding immediate relief for the family and an investigation. If I can't take care of my men I'll get out of the army." His facial muscles relaxed and he eyed his aide quizzically. "I suppose you look on me as an old fellow always getting excited over trifles. But these things aren't trifles."

"I can see that, sir."

"Marching men, well-fed, well-clothed, well-protected; good roads; precision; order; cleanliness; justice; efficiency; that's the core of the idea which has made us a great people."

"Yes, sir."

"You and I and all our culture and civilization are nothing but the incarnation of an idea. And we can't let fools blunt the least edge of that idea."

"Of course not, sir."

The general chuckled. "The world accepts us at our own valuation. We've convinced them that to resist us is insanity and to submit is the merest common sense. They've no notion we're merely the brittle shell that protects an idea. Look at that sentry outside."

The aide looked.

"He's solid. You're solid. I'm solid. This native king here I'm sure has never questioned our solidity. Yet we're like the Greeks and the Egyptians and the rest of them: we're only an idea on two legs. And any time a better idea comes along our GHQ will be inhabited solely by bats, owls and serpents. Makes me shiver to think of it." He placed his hands on his knees. "What else have you got to spoil my night's rest?"

"Only routine, sir, and I've taken care of it. Bridge to be repaired in the Second District; drug peddlers in the Fifth District; three deserters being sent down from the mountains. And—uh—" he cleared his throat.

"Don't hesitate to tell me the worst. I'm old enough and tough enough to stand it."

The aide cleared his throat again. "This isn't official. Our civilian advisor to the king wants it off the record altogether."

"Sounds ominous."

"He whispered it to me and I'm supposed to whisper it to you and then whisper the answer back to him."

"This suspense is taking years out of me."

"It isn't so important, sir, as all that. But His Nibs—I beg your pardon, sir, I mean the local Royal Highness—wants to do something a bit drastic. And our advisor won't agree to shut his eyes to it until you send word that it won't embarrass the military. So that puts it up to you."

"Just what skulduggery is the Royal Nuisance up to now?"

"Well, sir, it's in the nature of a massacre."

"His Sublime Majesty wants to cut the throats of some of his loyal subjects?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have they done?"

"Nothing, sir."

"No plot? No conspiracy? No aid to enemies, domestic or foreign?"

"No, sir. Nothing like that."

"Any silly, large-scale bloodletting," the general leaned forward and frowned, "is contrary to our policy and idea. What's back of this proposed killing?"

"His Royal Highness has been told he has a rival to the throne."

"Let him arrest the fellow and chop his head off."

"He can't, sir, because he doesn't know who the rival is."

"And, not being clever enough to find out, he's going in for wholesale slaughter. I suppose all the noble families are on his blood list?"

"No, sir, there's not a first-class noble in the lot."

"Then just who has been ticked off for

Continued at top of page 164

"All the other planets seem peaceful enough"

Cupid Is a Hypocrite

Divorce rates would be lowered if men and women in love could be induced to stop playing a role during courtship

by **FRED C. KELLY**

• ARTICLE •

A FRENCHMAN once told me he wished he could start a restaurant and serve a carefully prepared four course dinner, including wine, for about fifty cents.

But, I asked him, could he serve such a dinner profitably?

"No," he said, "I'm afraid not. But wouldn't it be a great idea if you *could* do it!"

And I was just thinking what a good idea it would be if people could somehow be prevailed upon to behave naturally and less unscrupulously during courtship. If that could be done then the divorce rate would soon be lowered. But of course the idea is impractical, because during courtship one is in an emotional state bordering on hysteria. People in love, whose future happiness may depend on knowing the truth about each other, are especially anxious to misrepresent themselves, and therefore the very ones least likely to become really well acquainted. A man tries to hide his real disposition and exaggerates his intelligence. Likewise, a woman makes a great pretense of charming domestic qualities which she puts on along with her make-up. I know a girl who gets out a basket of socks and darns when an admirer comes—though she darns at no other time. A certain other girl has no ash tray handy when a caller starts to smoke, but gets up and fetches one—showing her quick perception for such wifely service. No wonder there are so many unhappy marriages when one considers the unconscionable trickery and hypocrisy of courtship. If a man puts on evening dress to eat in expensive cafés, he knows that he has no intention of doing this after marriage. It is a temporary measure, a means to an end. When a bride is shocked to discover that her husband has ugly moods, it never occurs to her that he has always had them—that his seeming amiability was only part of a fraudulent scheme to gain her affections.

We daily see men with stupid wives and wives with stupid husbands, according to which party was most successful at fooling the other. A prosperous New York man met a young actress and liked her because of her jolly chatter when he took her to dinner. After they were married, he made the startling discovery that his bride *had never learned to read.*

I was once in a position to observe the subtle machinations of another young woman who was determined to win a certain man. They were at a house party. Knowing that he liked canoeing and fishing, she put on khaki clothes and clamored for a life in the open. She seemed never to grow weary of being on the bounding billows of an Adirondack lake. He became convinced that she was his true soul mate. One day they paddled in his little red canoe to the nearest village and were married. That same afternoon she put on a lot of expensive, impractical clothes that she had not before taken from her trunk and sat on the porch in a rocking chair. So far as I know—and out of curiosity I have tried to keep informed—she has never since been in a canoe.

In no phase of life do men and women proceed more according to mere chance and habit, and display less initiative or intelligence, than when they set about getting married. People imagine that they are showing originality of judgment when they are only following the line of least resistance.

One has only to study newspaper lists of marriage licenses to see how largely matrimony depends on chance and propinquity. Note how often it happens that a man comes from the same part of town as his bride—presumably from the same social set. Frequently the street addresses are identical—maybe the same apartment building, or rooming house. An industrious statistician has even collected figures to prove that in a large city one is more likely to marry a girl *across* the street than *up* the street—because when you leave home in the morning, the girl who lives in the house opposite is the one you are most likely to see.

Of all aids to foolish matings, the greatest is habit. A man is inclined to marry the woman whose society has become such a fixed habit with him that no longer to see her at frequent intervals would rudely disturb his routine. Though she has not all the good wifely traits that he might wish for—in fact, even though he does not desire any wife at all—he may nevertheless propose to her in the belief that marriage is less objectionable than losing her entirely.

A young man told me a number of interesting facts about his approaching marriage. For some time he has been "keeping company"—as we used to say in the Middle West—with an attractive young woman. He went to see her every Sunday night, and one night in between he usually took her to a theatre or a dance. On other nights he preferred to stay at home and read. He had never felt more than a pure academic interest in marriage. It did not appeal to him as a thing for personal application. His theory was that he could maintain romance at a higher pitch by confining his sentimental moods to Sunday

Courtship makes young couples lie as
Fluently as Ananias!

Night Club Gals avow they're itchin'
To get loose around a kitchen . . .

Lads who love an easy chair
Try to act like Fred Astaire . . .

evenings and one night in between—say, Wednesday or Thursday. He would have been content to go along indefinitely in that way. But other young men found this same young woman excellent company and volunteered to drop in and see her or escort her to social gatherings. One or two of these young men talked engagingly about the fascinating subject of marriage. The consequence was that my friend, the Sunday-night caller, had to choose between marrying the estimable and charming young woman himself or losing her company for good and all. He did not decide instantly, but weighed the relative advantages of avoiding marriage, of being lonely one or two evenings a week, and of taking a fresh start elsewhere.

"I have grown so accustomed to spending my Sunday evenings with her," he said, "that I shouldn't know what to do with myself without a sweetheart. It might require a year to find another girl equally congenial."

He decided to marry her, though he was frank to say that he didn't much like the idea.

But here is an entirely different kind of situation: A young man I met on a train last week confided to me that the talented and charming young woman he was planning to wed has lost interest in him and won't even answer his notes or phone calls. He asked me how I thought he should go about inducing her to change her mind and marry him.

Now, why does he want to marry her? If she is annoyed with him even when he is full of pretty speeches and company manners, what will she think of him after seeing him as he really is? I never could find any fun in having even a dog that doesn't like my company. Once or twice I have owned a dog which had an insatiable yearning to roam, and showed no interest in being my own personal dog. I always encouraged such a dog to wander just as far afield and stay as long as his little heart desired. Surely the main charm of a bride, from the husband's point of view, must be her enthusiasm about him. If she has to be kept on a leash, why have her? If a girl seems to have violent prejudices against being one's bride, why not devote one's entire attention to searching for an equally desirable girl who might take to the idea!

I wonder why a rejected lover overlooks so much statistical evidence that he might find encouraging. Census reports show that the feminine of the human species is by no means an uncommon type of mammal.

Another thing that might bear looking into is the relationship between current events and marriage. Perhaps any happening, even if only a big fire, which provides conversational material tends to boost matrimony.

I'll venture to say that somewhere is a man who wouldn't have got married as soon as he did except for a neighborhood dog fight, or some other local event of scant historic value but important to him because it gave him something to talk about. It has been noted that after a great war the marriage rate always showed a decided increase. Surely the explanation is partly that a war helps conversation. Thousands of young men have interesting experiences that furnish them with a permanent stock of vocative ammunition. Moreover, they gain a degree of self-confidence that makes them more ready to speak their minds—even to beautiful young women. Most young folks at the age of courtship have less to talk about than is generally believed. They have a limited range of topics that they can discuss with a comparative stranger—and of course two persons must be more or less strangers while courting, for each is practicing a form of misrepresentation, trying to make a favorable impression. Now, a lack of easily available topics for talk is bound to curtail marriage. Why? Because it makes for boredom. When two people can't keep the ball of conversation in midair, one or the other is going to become a bore. In such circumstances a recent dog fight is a great help.

Ah, you say, but people courting don't need anything to talk about—except love. Let's not be too sure about that. Love may be all right after the ice is thoroughly broken; but not everyone can sit right down with a new acquaintance and *begin* on love. One needs a little colloquial small change and subsidiary chat. To say "I love you," or what is far more to the point, "I love *you too*," may convey pleasant tidings, but one cannot just sit and ring variations on that indefinitely without minor topics to fill in the conversational chinks. Time and again I have heard beautiful young creatures say: "I don't want him to come again. *He's so hard to talk to.*" Except for being so difficult to talk to, many a young man might keep on calling until regarded as indispensable.

Whatever makes for free flow of conversation helps matrimonially inclined folk to find themselves in congenial company. From there it is only a step to the marriage brink itself.

Still on the other hand, many bits of phenomena relating to marriage are not as one might expect. Two friends of mine recently became implicated in matrimony. One married a girl whose family has long been only one jump ahead of poverty. She has known from childhood how far a dollar can be made to go. The other man picked his wife from a home noted for its extravagance. We all thought how lucky George was to have found a wife who appreciated the value of money and how unfortunate that Jack must inevitably be compelled to live beyond his modest means. What actually happened was this: George's wife—the poor girl—felt such a relief at getting a husband who, presumably, was able to support her and gratify every whim that she is now doing what she has all her life yearned to do. She goes shopping every afternoon and buys bales of unnecessary clothes. The other girl heard so much talk about her extravagance that she decided to fool her friends by living strictly within her husband's income. Being economical is to her an adventure, and she enjoys it just as one enjoys doing without a bathtub when out camping. I think she feels a sort of spiritual elation from the sacrifice. At any rate, each bride went just exactly contrary to predictions.

One of the hardest working men I know married a woman who has an immense fortune. Recently I have been taking note of other rich women's husbands and my conclusion is that a wealthy wife is often an incentive to hard work and achievement.

A man married to wealth is almost compelled to accomplish something if he is to save his self-respect. I have in mind a member of the faculty of a great university. He is author of several learned books that are regarded as authority and his researches have attracted almost world-wide attention. But he didn't really get down to hard work until after he married his rich wife.

His friends used to think of him as a loafer and often remarked that he was smart enough if he would only work. When he acquired a big income by the uxorious method, all who knew him assumed that he would thenceforth dedicate his life to ease and comfort,

Continued on page 167

But when marriage starts to gripe—
Watch them all revert to type!

Where's the bride who worshipped cooking?—
(In most any joint you're looking!)

Where's the groom . . . that Blade, superior?
(Home upon his fat posterior!)

—PHIL STACK

The Storm Cloud

Occasionally even the cagiest of pilots will play with death by doing something insane like climbing into a ground fog

by **ROGER L. TREAT**

▪FICTION▪

℞

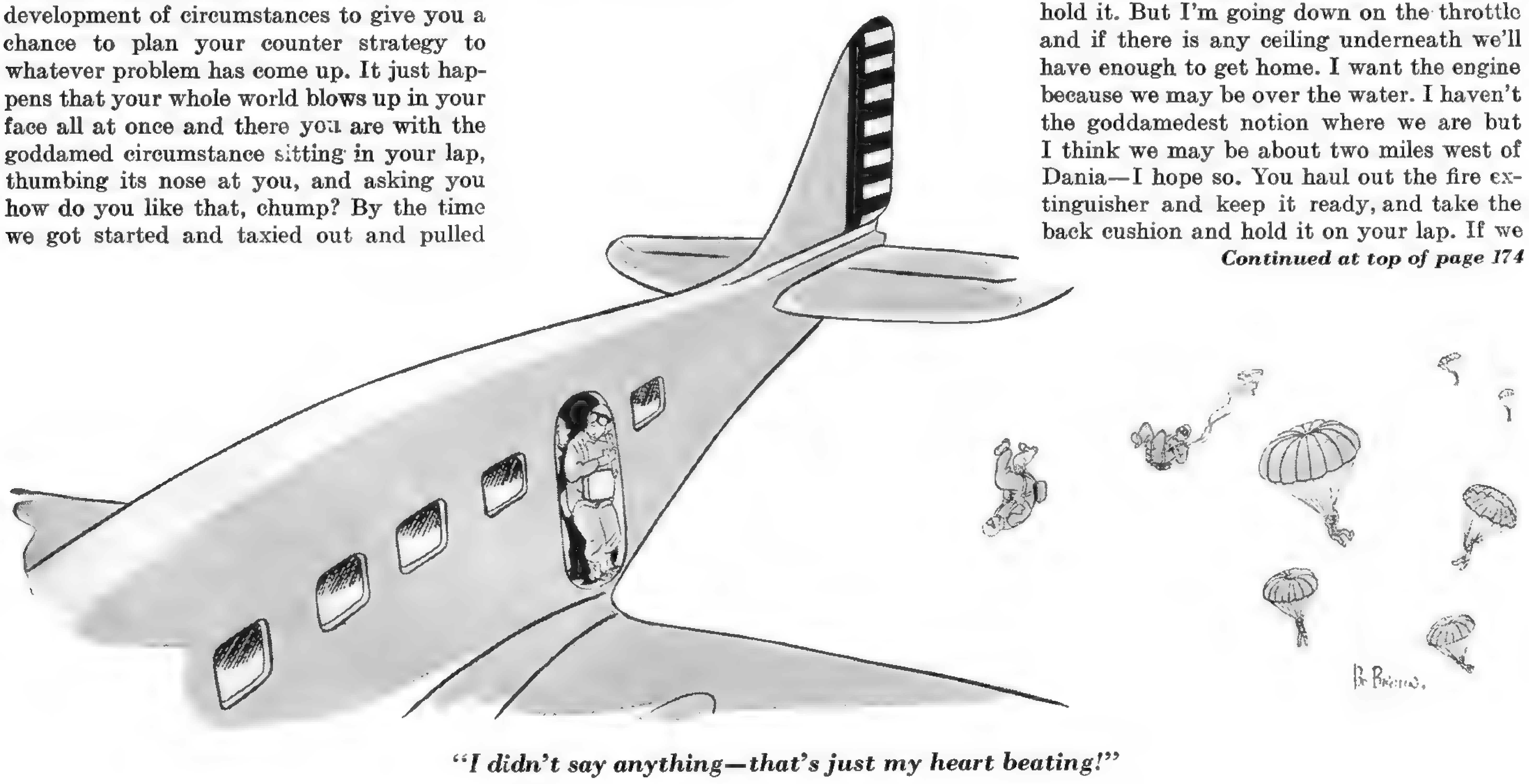
I NEARLY made a horrible example of myself getting caught above a ground fog with Gene Shelton in the Luscombe. I nearly added another instance to prove the general contention that all fatal accidents start between the pilot's ears. I knew it was a damned fool thing to go up there for no good reason and I did it anyway. One of those sudden streaks of crackpot carelessness that every pilot gets once in a while. Sometimes he works it out in acrobatics, sometimes he takes a few dives at his girl-friend's roof, sometimes he goes on a hedgehopping spree chasing the hands in the fields, sometimes he just goes on a bender, and the last is the only sensible way to get it out of your system. So it bit me that morning while we were holding the students on the ground to wait for the sun to push away the ground fog. There was a fresh wind coming from due east and the soggy wet scud was coming in from the beach at about two hundred feet. Once in a while there was a hole in it and you could see the top was only a few more hundred feet up. There were plenty of holes, and southward plenty of sky, clear all the way down. Gene and I started the Luscombe and went up through it to take a look around. If it was clearing to the west, I was going to take my first student up and work back that way so we could use the emergency field in Davie if necessary.

When things are going to go bad for you in the air, they usually go bad all over. There is no gradual approach to trouble. No slow development of circumstances to give you a chance to plan your counter strategy to whatever problem has come up. It just happens that your whole world blows up in your face all at once and there you are with the goddamed circumstance sitting in your lap, thumbing its nose at you, and asking you how do you like that, chump? By the time we got started and taxied out and pulled up into the clear above this ground fog we had 800 feet and we needed more right now. We were right at the pit of a valley of whiteness, with fat squirming clouds piling up on all sides, close to 2,000 and going higher. I didn't like it already. The scud clouds weren't loose and wispy anymore. It was all a huge mass of white cotton, churning around and spreading out so fast you couldn't keep up with it. The pocket we were in was so small we had to go through another cloud to climb out on top. The stuff was up to 2,500 when we cracked through that. We came out headed east. There was nothing that way. To the north, where the town was, you couldn't see a thing but more cloud. No help from the west. So we went south, still climbing and not keeping much above the cloud top that was coming right up under us. I said, how much gas have we got? Gene said about forty minutes, I thought we'd be right down so I didn't bother to fill it. He said, the weather changes fast around here. Hah. That wasn't news. He said, what do we do if we can't get in at Miami? I said, you got me, bub. He said, are we in bad trouble? I said, we're in trouble like it shouldn't happen. I was worried enough without letting him know too much, so I didn't say anything more.

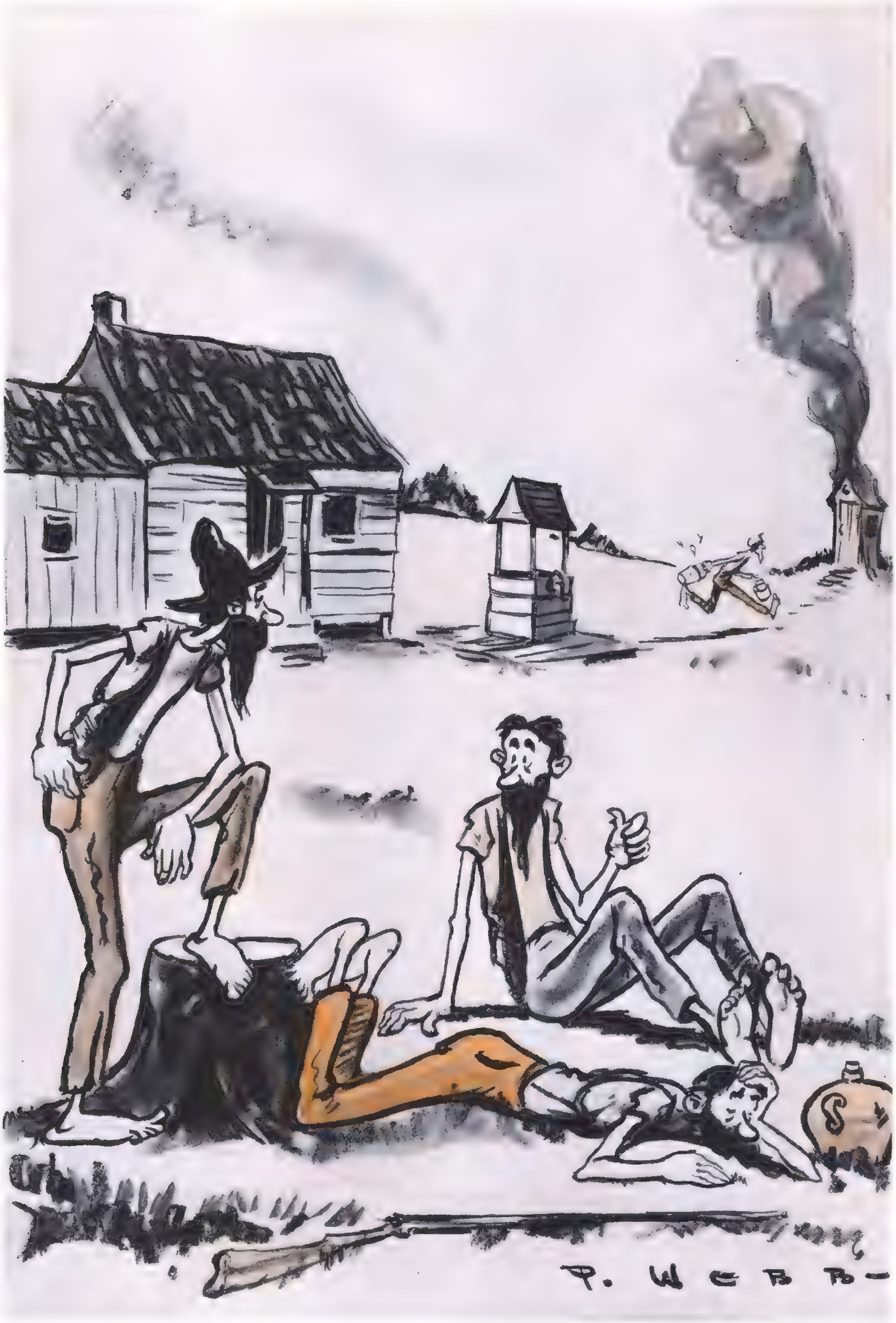
There wasn't a chance at Miami. We were about 5,000 by then and still climbing to keep in the clear. I turned north again, and where the field should be there was a cloud bank several thousand feet higher than we were. We had less than twenty minutes to go. I thought a lot in the next few minutes. I thought what a complete blithering idiot I must be to get myself up in this goddamed airplane when I know the weather isn't fit to fly in, and when I am getting so damned much flying every day that I am sick of it. At least, I should be. Here I am, with several thousand hours, going on a silly joy ride that would mean a month on the ground for any of my students if I caught them doing it. I remembered the other time I got caught above fog, long years ago when I didn't know any better. The engine had quit on me that time and I had died a hundred times as I circled down into the same unknown whiteness that was under us now. I had gone into that and headed the plane straight down, wanting to get there as soon as I could, knowing I didn't have a chance, knowing there couldn't be any ceiling underneath, then coming into the clear with room enough to slow down and smash the ship into the green softness of the scrub pine carpet underneath, I had used up all my luck on that one, and now I needed it all back again with interest. I looked at Gene. I wondered if I was as tense and strained as he was. I could feel the sweat under my arms and down my back. We were both glancing at our watches every fifteen seconds. Time seemed to drag but the watch hands were going like Hell.

I said, lookit Gene, we got about six minutes. The sensible thing to do would be cut the switch and go on down as slow as I can hold it. But I'm going down on the throttle and if there is any ceiling underneath we'll have enough to get home. I want the engine because we may be over the water. I haven't the goddamedest notion where we are but I think we may be about two miles west of Dania—I hope so. You haul out the fire extinguisher and keep it ready, and take the back cushion and hold it on your lap. If we

Continued at top of page 174



"I didn't say anything—that's just my heart beating!"



"You better give Gran'pap a hand, Luke—Ah promised Gran'maw Ah'd help her git Ma unketched from the clothes wringer"

Snow With Oomph

After dozens of lemons the inventor came through with one that wowed his New York promoter with an office on the 38th floor

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •

There was an inventor from Essex Fells, New Jersey who had invented a loop on hats for hanging them up, an ice pick for getting ice cubes out of ice trays, a gadget for catching leaves when they fell off trees, and various other inventions, none of which were worth a darn. Discouraged and broke, he considered getting out of the inventing game and selling life insurance.

On a cold, late November day he was working on a new kind of dye that would dye things by an electric ray process and thereby save a lot of vats and boiling and messy fooling around. He aimed his gadget at chairs, rags, benches and various other objects in his laboratory, but they just kept on retaining their original colors instead of turning red as they were supposed to.

The light was pretty bad in his laboratory because it was a dark day—and he had to economize on light bulbs anyhow—so he took the dingus outdoors to examine it better and find out why it wouldn't work. He was so absorbed in tinkering with it that it was some time before he discovered what was taking place.

Flakes of snow had begun to fall, and when the inventor finally happened to look at the ground, he observed, to his bewilderment, that the snow was red. Eyestrain, he thought, and then, looking up, he was even more bewildered to discover that the flakes of snow coming down were also red. "I need some sleep," he thought. "The snow looks red to me."

But it was then that he noticed that his hands, his machine, his clothes and other objects in the vicinity had retained their normal color, and that the snow, a little distance away from his machine, was the usual orthodox white. It dawned on him that his machine, useless for dyeing the things he *wanted* to dye, had succeeded in coloring the snow that was falling within a radius of twenty or twenty-five feet.

"Wouldn't you know it would do a damn fool thing like that," he mused bitterly. Idly he scooped up a handful of snow, and examined it. Every flake was a glistening brilliant red. A thought came to him. He stepped up the power in his machine, and immediately the snow became red over a larger area. It was a simple matter for him to deduce that by stepping up the power still more he could color the snow over any area he chose.

Deciding on another experiment, he went into the laboratory and returned with a blue dyeing capsule which he inserted in the machine in place of the red one. He turned on the power, and instantly the red snow turned blue. This was all he wanted to know. That afternoon he went to New York and called on a man who had a finely appointed office on the thirty-eighth floor, a handsome gray Homburg hat, and impressive-looking business cards, a promoter who had handled all of the inventor's previous inventions. Although, as I have indicated, nothing had come of this so far, he was an optimistic promoter, and besides, he happened to like the inventor personally.

"How are my things going?" said the inventor.

"Lousy," snapped the man with the New York office on the thirty-eighth floor.

"Well, I've got another invention."

"Yeah?" said the promoter, suppressing a yawn.

"Colored snow."

"Colored *what?*"

"Colored snow," said the inventor. "I've got a gadget that makes snow turn any color you want it to."

"Yeah," said the man with the New York office. "Sure."

"O.K." said the inventor. "So I'll show you." He opened the window, ordered his companion to hold out his hand, and demonstrated.

"Jeez!" said the promoter, examining the crimson flakes in the palm of his hand.

"Sensational," admitted the inventor, "but useless."

"Useless my eye! Do you want to make some dough—some real dough?"

"How much?" asked the inventor.

"Seventy-five bucks a week."

"Do I! How do I get it?"

"You give me exclusive rights to your machine, including all the colors it can turn out. I supply all coloring material, all power, and I foot the entire cost of manufacturing new machines. You don't do a single thing but collect seventy-five seeds every Friday night. Is it a deal?"

"I'll say it is!" agreed the inventor. "Fetch me a fountain pen." The contract was duly signed, and the inventor thought gleefully; "Seventy-five smackers a week for that!"

The man with the New York office on the thirty-eighth floor immediately went into action. He took the machine, and went to the famous Blitz-Blitz Ski Trail in northern New Hampshire. There he got in touch with the proprietor of the ski club, and said: "Mr. Wilkin, I have here a machine that can color all the snow on the entire Blitz-Blitz Trail a flaming red, a royal purple, an azure blue, a brilliant orange or any other color you might wish."

"So what?" said Mr. Wilkin.

"So for the trifling sum of five thousand dollars a season," replied the man with the Homburg hat, "you get to use the machine."

"Do I look queer or something?" demanded Mr. Wilkin.

"Listen," said the promoter. For the next hour and four minutes he talked steadily and earnestly, at the end of which time Mr.

Continued on page 168

Lowell Hoppes

"I got some material for a new dress while I was down town"

Three Holiday Moods by Paul Garrison . . .

Twice-Told Truth About Japan

Her people have no initiative, her fleet is useless for long-distance operations and as a first-class power she is a myth

by JAMES R. YOUNG

• ARTICLE •

℞

Around the lava rock bar of Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel in Tokyo when I landed there thirteen years ago, I heard a group of foreign correspondents and American salesmen discussing a sensational critique on the Myth of Japanese Efficiency.

The author, Roderick O. Matheson, after several years as Managing Editor of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, went to Japan in 1917 where with a Japanese he became joint publisher and editor of the *Japan Times*. His arrival coincided with the famous rice riots, an aftermath of World War conditions which upset Japan's economic position.

Living in a Japanese house and mastering the language, and by extensive travel throughout the Far East, he gained the knowledge upon which he prepared an article for *Current History*. He wrote for American magazines, a Chicago newspaper, and for Japanese publications. His interpretations were accepted fact.

Rod Matheson wrote the story of the myth which has been built so well, after ten years of his most active newspaper career. With slight condensation, what he wrote of Japan then, is true today. The psychology of the people remains the same.

In view of the tense situation of which America and Japan are such a part, I have "edited down" the original. Matheson's spirit, I am sure, would consider such publication now a justice to the American people in time of a Pacific crisis to have such material made available. In particular, I want a half-dozen men in our State Department to read this article and ponder on the day when epitaphs will be written on the tombstones of appeasers.

Rod Matheson liked the Japanese people.

Notwithstanding my incarceration in solitary, I sympathize with those Japanese who remain imprisoned, or who, outside, suffer from threats and intimidation at the hands of Tokio's Nazi controlled political gangsters. The Japanese masses in the urban areas are pathetically longing for American friendship and trade and for the time when we, through our State Department's half-hearted creampuff diplomacy, will stop supplying the Japanese war machine with materials.

I hope too that every member of the Senate and House Foreign Relations Committee will read the dissertation of a 1927 veteran and respected American foreign correspondent, and know the true inside story of Japan of today.

The following is straight from Rod Matheson's article in *Current History* for May, 1927. Only the interpolated inserts in color are mine—J. R. Y.

The greatest myth of the world today, born from the smoke of one war and given semblance of substance in another, is the belief entertained around the globe that Japan is a Great Power. Nowhere does that myth have greater credence than in Japan itself.

As a matter of cold fact, Japan as a Great Power is a hollow bubble, blown almost to the bursting point. For any purpose other than home defense against any one of the really Great Powers represented on the Pacific, the strength of Japan is largely imaginary.

Japan, in any war upon the Pacific, could control only the waters around the China coast.

Now in its fifth year, this has come true after the entire Japanese navy has been used to blockade a country without a navy! Failure of a total blockade from North to South China has been due to bribery of Japanese officials. In fact, more goods were being smuggled through the Japanese blockade than came over the Burma road.

China, Japan's nearest neighbor, and the land whence Japan would have to import food or face starvation, is frankly anti-Japanese.

China is more anti-Japanese now than in 1927, due to Japanese outrages, and to food shortages in the occupied zone, all a part of bitter feeling among an estimated 40,000,000 Chinese refugees made homeless by Japanese aggression. This one-tenth of China's population has evacuated to the mountains and will not return until Japan has withdrawn her troops. Meanwhile, the Japanese army in China sits in its own shadow.

Russia, her only other neighbor, would use her airplanes to attack Japan's industrial cities. The paper strength of the Japanese navy is impressive, but when one considers the lack of natural and financial resources behind the fighting ships the realization comes that a Japanese fleet of necessity would operate necessarily close to its bases. As a raiding force the fleet is powerful; as an aggressive force for distant operations the fleet is weak to the point of uselessness.

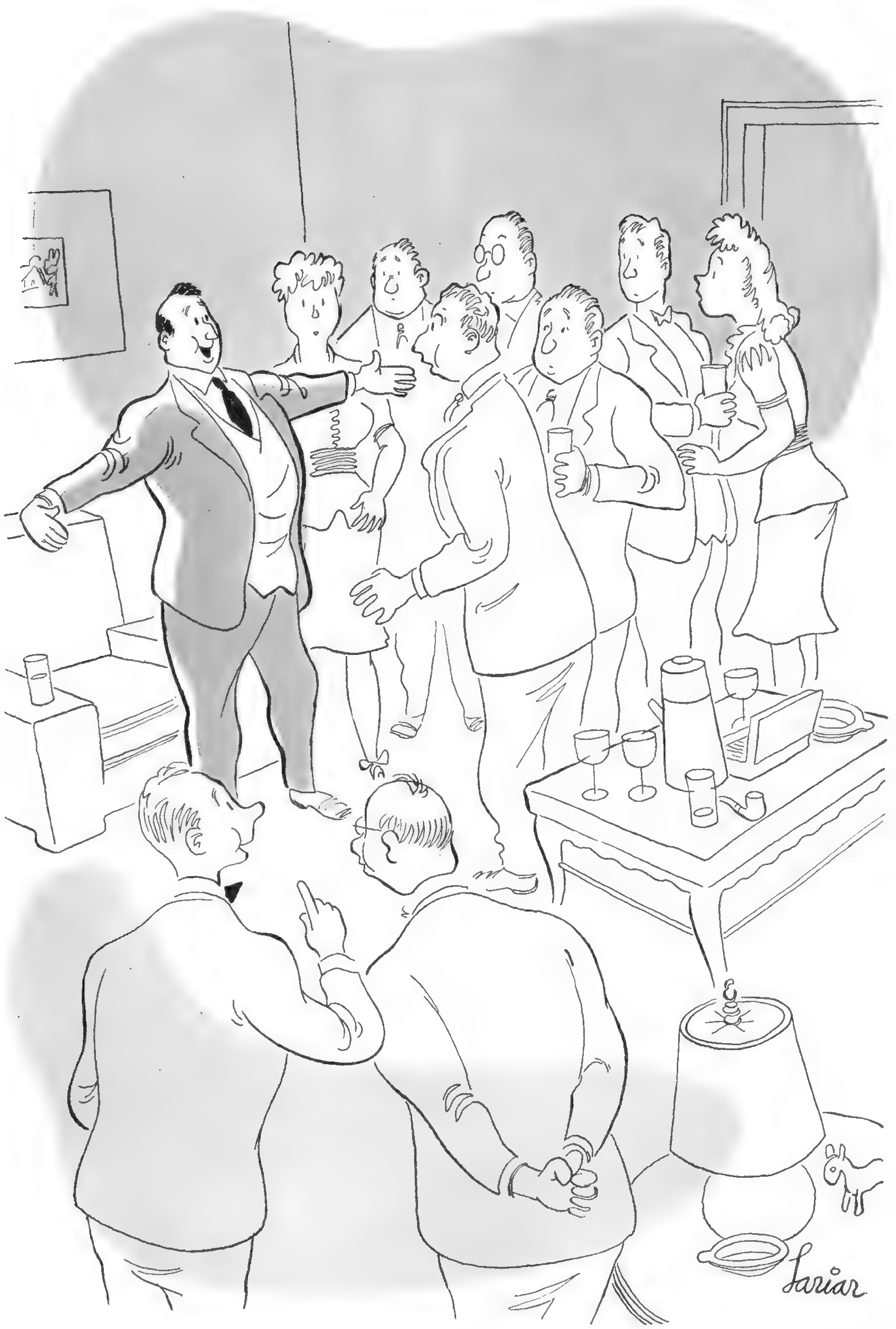
This fact, plus increased strength at Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, and the Japanese navy's opposition to any Axis alignment, give added value to the foregoing statement by Matheson. The only weak point on the Southern exposure is the Philippines. The High Commissioner, Francis B. Sayre, should be supplanted by a tough American Admiral whom the Japanese and Filipinos would respect.

What robs the Japanese army and the Japanese navy of their impressiveness to those who know the Japanese people is the knowledge that the people of Japan, viewed from the Western standpoint, are individually lacking in initiative and unable to function without leadership. Coupled with all this is an inordinate conceit. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, some of whom have been high in authority. Because of the leadership exercised by these few men Japan has reached her present status. One of the great men of the world, a really great man, was the late Emperor Meiji, who began to rule over Japan when Western nations were hammering at her gates and who occupied the throne until 1912. It was Meiji and the small circle of advisers he was wise enough to select who created modern Japan. But no progress has been made since Meiji's death; rather, there has been retrogression in many ways,

Continued on page 139

Harold Shapiro

"Wake up, you bum, the President sends you greetings"



"What's he talking about—a fish, a horse race, or a putt?"

The Translated Bobby Jones

How would the golf wizard of Atlanta, if still "tournament-tough," stack up against today's low-score champions?

by O. B. KEELER

▪ SPORTS ▪

It seems to be a sort of cyclical concern, recurring at intervals, and a lot of people even write encyclical letters about it, boiling down to the composite query:

"How would Bobby Jones, the Grand Slam Golf Champ, translated in his mode of the Gay Twenties, fare in these days, when Old Man Par isn't a pace-maker any more but merely a doddering also-ran in the races where Sammy Snead and Ben Hogan and Lord Byron Nelson and Craig Wood and Lawson Little, and so forth and so on, are fighting it out for win, place and show?"

Question marks in the cycle usually are the Masters Tournament, the Open Championship, and an increasing roster of money tournaments now stretching the old-fashioned Winter Loop to encircle the year.

As usual, there are at least two schools of alleged thought on the subject. School A—Bobby Jones would show these upstarts a thing or two, or three. School B—Bobby Jones would be lucky to finish in the first twenty today.

They do not precisely leave it to me to settle, in either camp. One of the sayings of Confucius not plagiaristically adapted from the sayings of Damon Runyon and Bugs Baer is to the effect that three things are without profit—to push back the wind, to paint a picture upon water, and to argue with a golf nut. They merely want to find out what I think about it—Old Man Boswell, who traveled a hundred thousand miles with Bobby Jones, and followed him in twenty-seven major championships, and is supposed to be the only person beside himself who saw him win all thirteen of his national titles.

Well, what I think about it takes a good deal of telling and a liberal dose of statistics, the spinach and carrots of the controversial menu. If you feel like tackling it, let's go.

School B, first—Bobby Jones would be lucky to finish in the first twenty today.

Reasons: (1) The only time Bobby Jones broke par in the United States Open was in the last of his eleven starts, at Interlachen in 1930, with a score of 287. In the last six Opens, the average winning score has been approximately 284; and in the eight years when Jones was around the top the average winning score was just under 294.

Ten strokes better for the moderns—and that appears conclusive to the "wiser youngsters of today," but just for good measure they will add (2) that the implements and the ball are practically the same, (3) the courses are tougher, and (4) there are proportionately a great many more Grade-A competitors these days.

Speaking modestly for School A, and not going all the way with its proponents, I suggest that we take these four points apart and see just what it is that makes them tick.

The leading tick, or trick, is in No. 2, that the ball and implements are "practically the same," and if the deep thinkers of School A did any deep thinking they would leap at this argument and appropriate it for their very own, and employ it lovingly in knocking the brains out of their opponents in School B.

Because look here:

Since the Jones Era, and beginning just as it was closing, the hickory shaft in golf clubs gave way to the steel shaft, and the inevitably variable factor of torsion—the amount of twist—in the hickory shaft was reduced to an absolutely constant minimum, precisely the same in every club of a whole set.

Result?

Where the oldtimer had to *know* his clubs, and hit the ball with due regard for the tendency of one club to fade and another to hook the shot, the golfer today can take a confident and carefree swing with any and every club in his outfit; an accomplishment (if I may say so) of the artisan rather than of the artist. And if anything happens to a pet club he can replace it with an exact duplicate, where the old boy, busting the hickory shaft of his pet mashie, felt his heart break at the same instant, for he never, never could get another just like it.

As a witness, and later as a shining example, permit me now to present Mr. Bobby Cruickshank, an eminent contender in Big Time golf in the Jones Era and also in the last decade; a studious, thoughtful and stocky little Scottish professional and runner-up to Bobby Jones after a tie and a play-off in the U. S. Open of 1923, and good enough in 1937 to finish third in the Open at Oakland Hills with a score of 285, just four strokes above the existing record.

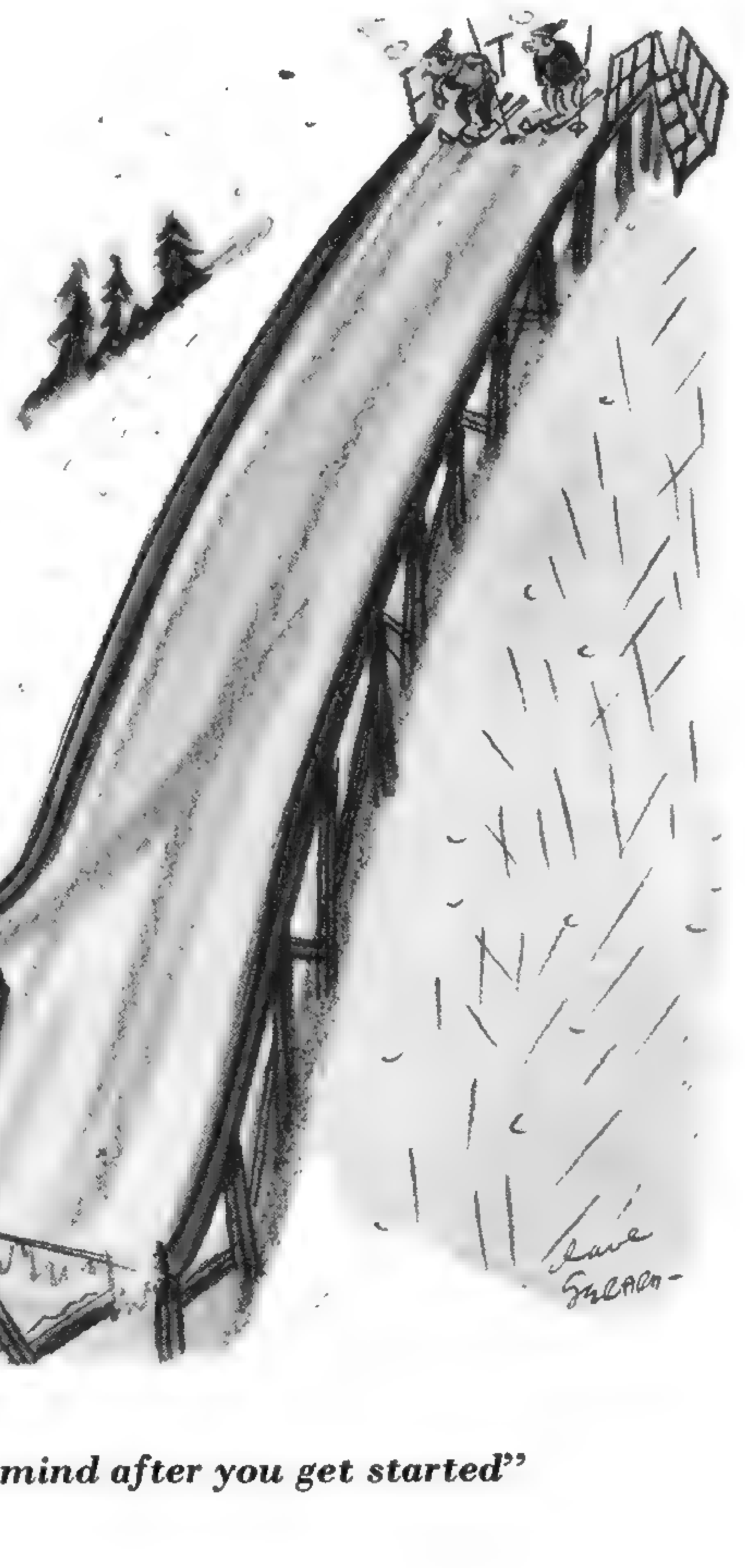
"Take one single club—and you'd better take it," says Mr. Cruickshank. "I mean the sand wedge, or dynamiter, or blaster, or whatever you call the dam' thing, which is not really a golf club. In recoveries from bunkers and sand and rough, it's worth an average of five strokes per tournament of 72 holes, to the expert golfer of today."

The dam' thing wasn't heard of, in the Jones Era, when the brave lads had to do their recovering with a plain old niblick. And if you take Mr. Cruickshank's testimony at face value, there's *half* the margin of ten strokes' improvement in scoring.

But it is as an example I would stress Bobby Cruickshank, because (as School B contends) golf scores speak louder than words, except in some corners of the locker room.

As suggested, away back in 1923, when Bobby Jones was winning his first U. S. Open at Inwood, Cruickshank was good enough to tie him for top score, and lost in a desperate play-off at the final green. And the next year, in 1924 at Oakland Hills, Cruick-

Continued on page 186



"That's in case you change your mind after you get started"

Traced in Moonlight

Judas cried the night was long and his words were echoed by the Procurator of Judea and the eleven who were faithful

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION

A WEEK earlier, the fires from the baker's ovens could be seen at night as one looked toward Jerusalem. But now the unleavened Passover bread was baked and no tongues of flame cut into the great deep vaulted sky. At sundown the bells from the towers sounded their warning note and the great doors in the city wall were closed. A lonely figure walking in the desert was soon lost in the fast falling night.

Those who waited for the Master in the grove of olive trees watched the sky darken and the faint stars overhead grow brighter. Some were gathering little sticks for a fire.

"Soon He will be with us again," said one of the Twelve who waited among the olive trees.

"It is dark, too dark to find the path," said another. "He must wait until the moon will rise and light the way toward the grove."

"The Master knows everything," spoke Judas. "His feet will find the way even though His eyes are covered."

"Here!" exclaimed another. "I see a shadow in the distance. Perhaps it is He."

"Where? Where?" asked several at once.

"Here, in this direction, coming from the city," he held out his arm to indicate the place where he saw the shadow.

"Hush!" said one. "I hear voices."

Three men came out of the darkness and approached the little fire which had just been kindled in the grove.

"Peace be with you," said one of the strangers.

"And with you be peace," came the customary reply.

But as these three came close to the light of the fire their coarse faces showed at once that they were ruffians in the employ of some powerful prince. Those who stood close drew back a pace at the sudden sight of the three.

"We come in peace," repeated one of the three. "Night has overtaken us and this is the last camp we will visit. We seek a certain one and bring him a message. If this one is among you let him step forward."

"Not here certainly," said one in reply. "We are twelve and we come from parts far away."

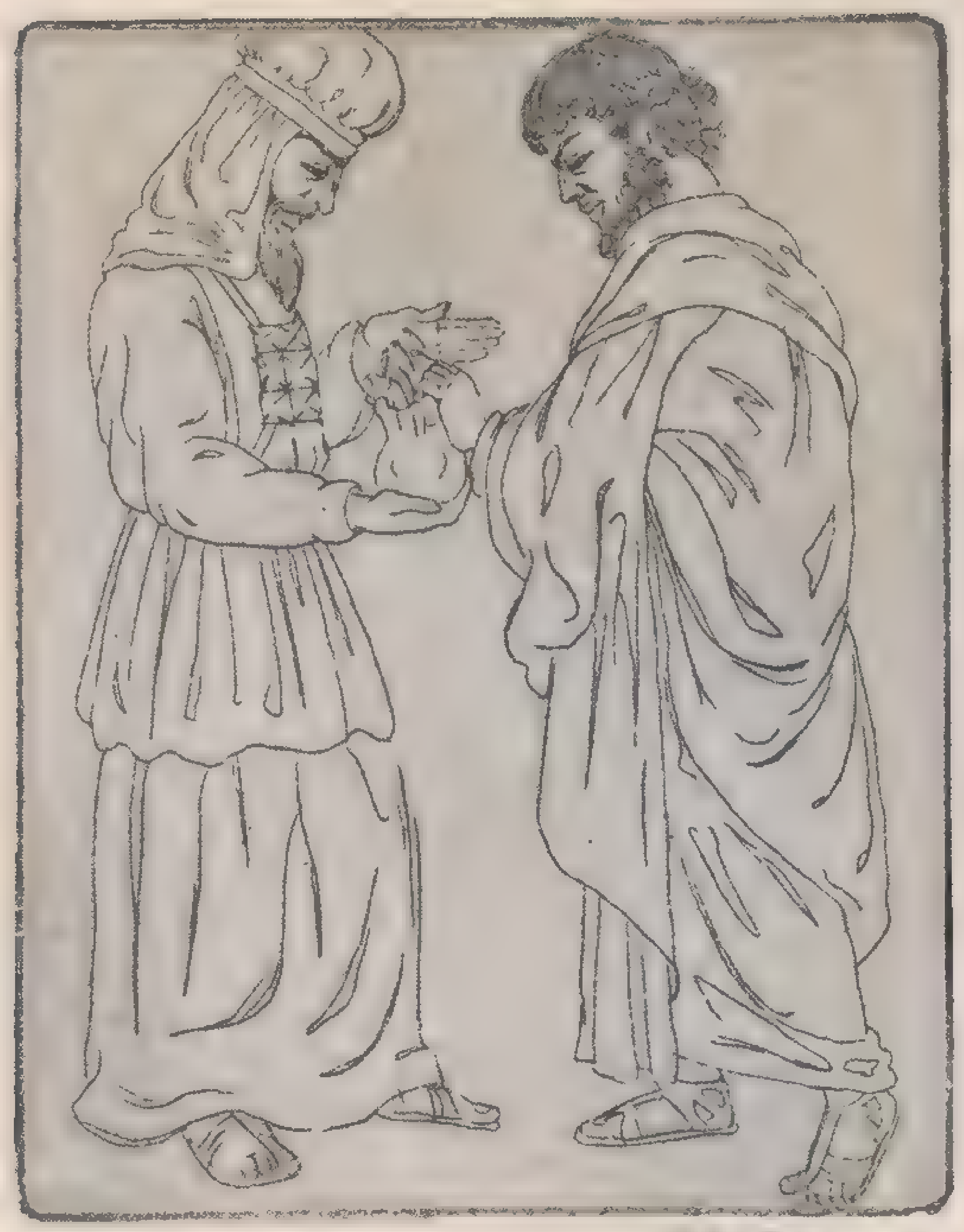
"That is it. The one we seek is a rustic. A day or so ago he entered one of the inner rooms of the temple to warn the priests of a new Messiah who has come recently to Jerusalem. He called himself by the name of Judas and if he is among you, then let him step forward."

Judas wrapped his cloak tightly about and advancing a pace or two said: "What I have spoken I have spoken. And every word of it is truth. The new King is here. He is mightier than the mighty and He will destroy all the false gods in Judea."

"We bring you a message."

"What message?"

"Our lord sent us to find you and lead you before him. He would hear from your own lips the tale of this new King who has come."



"I would proclaim it to all the world. But who, may I ask, is your lord?"

"We may not speak his name but when we usher you into his presence you will know."

"Ah!" exclaimed one of the Twelve. "It must be the Procurator of Judea who has heard of the powers of the Master. The Procurator is a friend of Lazarus and he has no doubt heard of this miracle of miracles."

At the mention of Lazarus the three rogues looked at each other. Only a short time before these very three, dressed in Greek Togas, had removed the axle key from Lazarus' chariot and caused him to loose his wheel during the race in the arena.

"I am ready," said Judas. "Lead me to your lord and I will proclaim again that our Master is King over all."

"Let us light our lanterns from the flame of this fire and start back," spoke one of the three.

They lit their lanterns and as they did so Judas lifted his small bag over his shoulder and tightened his girdle.

"What do you carry in your bag?" asked one of the three.

"I am keeper of our funds and if I remain over night in the city I will buy provisions for our supper tomorrow. But alas! Our funds are at the moment not very ample."

Then one of the three whispered into the ears of his companions. "Ask him to open the bag to make sure that no dagger is concealed within."

"What funds have you?" asked one boldly.

"Enough for some unleavened bread and a little wine." He shook the bag to indicate that the jingle was a hollow one of but a few copper coins.

But the bag was of soft leather and one of the supicious three, the one who had whispered, felt of it and pressing the sides together indicated with a quick gesture to his two companions that the bag was indeed empty. "Come," he said. "Let us start."

From the grove of olives the remaining eleven saw the shadowy figures carrying their three lanterns journey toward the city. And Judas carrying his leather bag was with them.

In the distant horizon they could see a section of the pale moon rising in the dark heaven. It seemed far, far away as though it were beyond the sea and rising out of the land of Egypt. To the dark mystery of night the pale light added long shadows. The olive trees in the grove took on a silver grey sparkle and far in the distance the white turrets of Jerusalem were outlined as though drawn by chalk upon a blue blackboard. Soon the entire city, seen from the Mount of Olives, was traced in moonlight.

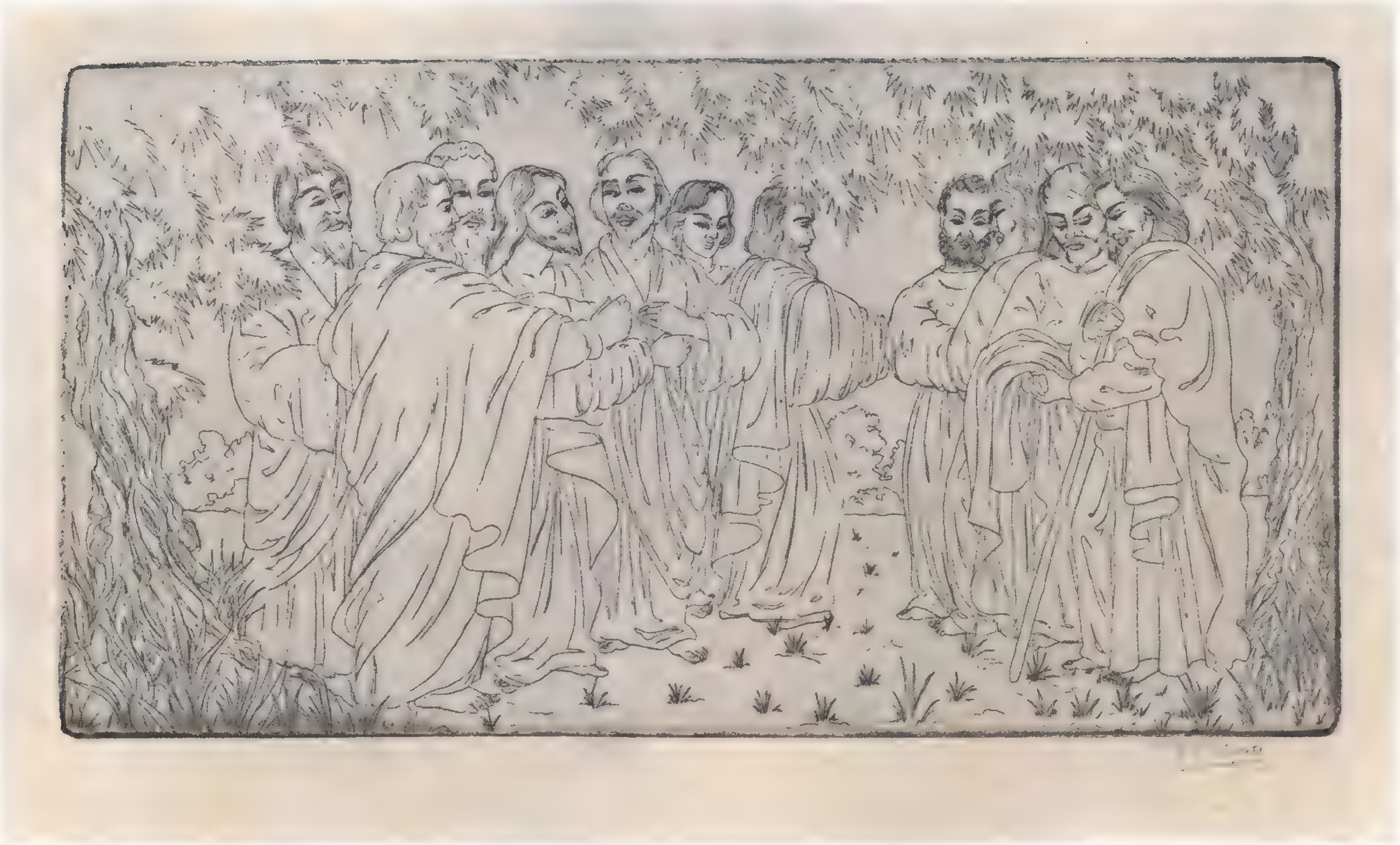
"Who goes there!" shouted one of the Roman guards at the wall of Jerusalem.

"Open! We are three messengers under orders. And with us is a fourth whom we are bringing into the city."

"Show your badges," ordered one of the guards.

"Open in the name of Caiaphas, high-priest of the Temple," shouted one.

The great bars were drawn immediately



ETCHINGS BY M. GAUG

and one of the doors opened enough for these four to pass through in single file.

"So it is Caiaphas the high-priest who would like to see me," said Judas.

"Yes," replied one.

"When I came to the Temple they refused to listen to me. But now in the dead of night they . . . It makes no difference. If I have warned the little ones I can also warn the great ones. High priests or low priests, they are all alike in my eyes."

"Let me warn you," said one of the dark rogues. "The one who wears the square golden breastplate set with twelve different stones, he is Caiaphas. In his presence you will act with respect. Watch your tongue."

"My tongue speaks only the truth. We have one Master, one King. He is all powerful, that I know for my own eyes have seen and only of what I have seen will I speak."

As they walked through the deserted streets toward the palace of Caiaphas the moon rose higher in the heaven and Judas noticed that one side of the street was lit faintly by the light of the moon while the other side remained steeped in darkness. "Is there some meaning to this?" he asked himself as he walked along.

In another part of the city the voice of a woman was heard singing the forbidden lament: "Woe is me for the house of Annas." Her voice was high and shrill and it pierced the night and was heard far over the city.

And still in another part, in a dungeon under the arena, two thieves stood before the bars of the window.

"Now," said Rongus the younger one, "you can see almost half the city. The towers stand out against the sky and everything is traced in moonlight. What makes the turrets so white?"

"Lime," replied Barzor.

"How strange. In the desert we use lime for other things. When graves are shallow we use lime. When water is foul . . . But here in the city the towers are painted with lime. Everything in a city is queer."

"Destiny knows no boundary. It has brought us here."

"And all for a trifle. To think of it. Princes and whole caravans have groveled in the ground before us and great treasures have passed through our hands. And we came here in peace and all because of a few coins which had fallen to the pavement from the overturned tables of the money changers . . . For a few miserable coins we sit in the dark and watch the moonlight over the buildings."

"That is destiny," said Barzor.

"It may be; but I don't like it. All my life I have been free . . ."

"Too free."

"Yes, too free. I like things in the open where there is space and a good run. I truly believe that stones are evil. In the desert we avoid them and here in the city they are cut into square blocks and cemented together into boxes. The fancy ones are called palaces and the plain ones are dungeons. You might land in one or in the other."

"Destiny," repeated Barzor.

"Very well then it's destiny. Can we do nothing about it? They have taken away the changer's coins and we have no profit from our venture. Let us pay whatever fine is set and leave this evil place."

"Some pay with money, some with time and others with their lives. Destiny decides."

"But for a few metal coins they could not ask for our lives."

"In Jerusalem, Rongus, everything is possible."

"If that is how it is in a holy city then I say there is no Lord in heaven. Bring me before the Procurator and I will tell him a thing or two."

"What would you tell him that he already does not know?" Barzor asked skeptically.

"Does he know that only a few years ago his Roman brother Crassus took from the Temple treasury ten-thousand talents of gold and one great golden ingot which required four stout men to carry? And we miserable creatures only scraped up from the Temple court pavement a few wretched coins. Who gives one the right to take great loads and the other no right at all?"

"Destiny."

"That is all you can think about! Suddenly everything has become destiny to you. You could explain the whole world with that one word."

"No other word could explain. Only destiny."

"And so you think everything is determined before it happens."

"Yes."

"And this thing which you call destiny is it ruthless?"

"Yes."

"Then I say again that there is no Lord in heaven otherwise there would be some kind of justice."

"Destiny has nothing to do with justice."

"Like cousins who dislike each other I suppose or . . . Why must you teach me philosophy! I was born a thief and lived the life of the desert. And this life seemed to suit you also. Now we sit in a dungeon and you want to teach me philosophy. I have lived without it and if I must die then let my head be light, it would swim better into the dizziness of death. Knowledge is only a molten grief poured into the ear. I could face anything rather than philosophy."

"Face only what you can see."

"That is easier. I look out over the city. Everything is traced in moonlight. The towers are painted with lime. They stand out white like the bleached bones of men who have died for naught. That is what I see; to

Continued on page 191

Rose Bowl—Gold Bowl

Pasadena flower carnival cash builds stadia for others, after finding grid pays better than Ben Hur chariot race

by **AL WESSON**

• SPORTS •

THIS year two new football teams come to the Rose Bowl. What do they get out of it? The answer is easy. A nice bowl of lots of things—roses, laurels and potatoes.

In the order of importance, the potatoes probably come first. Last year they reached the record high figure of $333,606.04. That was the amount that 88,746 customers paid to see Stanford defeat Nebraska. This year a new record will probably be made, for the figure has gone higher and higher at the last three Pasadena games.

Next in the order of importance are the laurels, for the universities that play in the Rose Bowl not only make good sports page copy for weeks before the big game but also have their fame spread on New Year's Day to some one hundred million listeners throughout the world via standard and short wave radio.

Lastly, there are the roses. Yes, they really are there. Bill Nicholas, genial superintendent of parks for the city of Pasadena and also manager of the Rose Bowl, has seen to it that the stadium lives up to its name. You walk between and underneath climbing roses when you go through the gates. You sit amid them if you choose to rest in a pergola. And if you get there early and avoid the rush you find that there are 10,000 rose bushes of 97 varieties bursting with nearly 100,000 blooms lining the outside slopes of the stadium.

The seating capacity hasn't changed any in years and the top price except for boxes is still $4.40, but somehow more potatoes seem to get into the pot each season. The ticket price gentlemen, they say, look with increasingly critical eye each year upon the seat chart, usually managing to unearth a few choice locations among the cheap seats that can be upped in figure a wee bit. Before the Stanford-Nebraska gate receipts record, the mark was held by the 1940 game when $320,095.50 hit the till as Southern California trimmed Tennessee. Before that, the 1939 game in which the Trojans defeated Duke had set a record of $310,885.82.

Oddly enough, the attendance record is held by none of these games but by the California-Alabama contest of 1938 in which the ticket stub count was 89,650 and the gate receipts a paltry $293,372.61. The permanent seating capacity of the Bowl is 85,561, but the press box and temporary stands bring this figure up to approximately 89,000. The Rose Bowl game is always a sellout and the reason for the record attendance at the Cal-Alabam shindig is that California brought along a rooting section of 3,000 students. Ushers can do things about jamming together collegiate lads and lassies that they can't do with more broadly beamed customers. But don't feel too sorry for the student hooters. They get on the 50-yard line at one-third the price of the public.

If the game this year continues its normal increase at the gate, it will go about $340,000. Even in these days in which every new edition tells us that Uncle Sam has just tossed another ten billion for some of this and seven or eight billion more for a little of that, $340,000 still add up to quite a few bucks if you stop to think of it. And if you stop to think of it, the next vulgar thought is, where does the dough go?

Searching for the answer leads you up a lot of side paths in which you learn that the Rose Bowl still lacks $40,000 of being paid for but helped to build the Sugar Bowl, its New Year's Day rival in New Orleans.

You find that the Rose Bowl, named for the Tournament of Roses, just missed being called the Orange Bowl, which is now the name of another rival game at Miami. It seems that the New Year's festival had such a citrus flavor one year the Pasadena newspapers wanted to change it to the Tournament of Oranges.

You also learn that while Stanford and Nebraska paid out $71,243.31 to the Tournament of Roses Association last New Year's Day for the rent of the Bowl, any two high school teams can use the same concrete dish for 25 bucks.

Furthermore, you find out that not two teams but eleven now share in the Rose Bowl receipts and that the visiting university takes home about twice as many potatoes from the big platter as the host.

Likewise you learn that many of the guys who have worked the hardest to put the Rose Bowl where it is as one of the greatest annual sports events in the world think a bouquet of posies is far more fascinating than football and only use the game to finance their Tournament of Roses Parade. The floral festival on New Year's morning attracts fifteen times as many spectators as the football game and usually leaves the unpaid Tournament of Roses gentlemen who have promoted the big show too tired to be much interested in a gridiron contest.

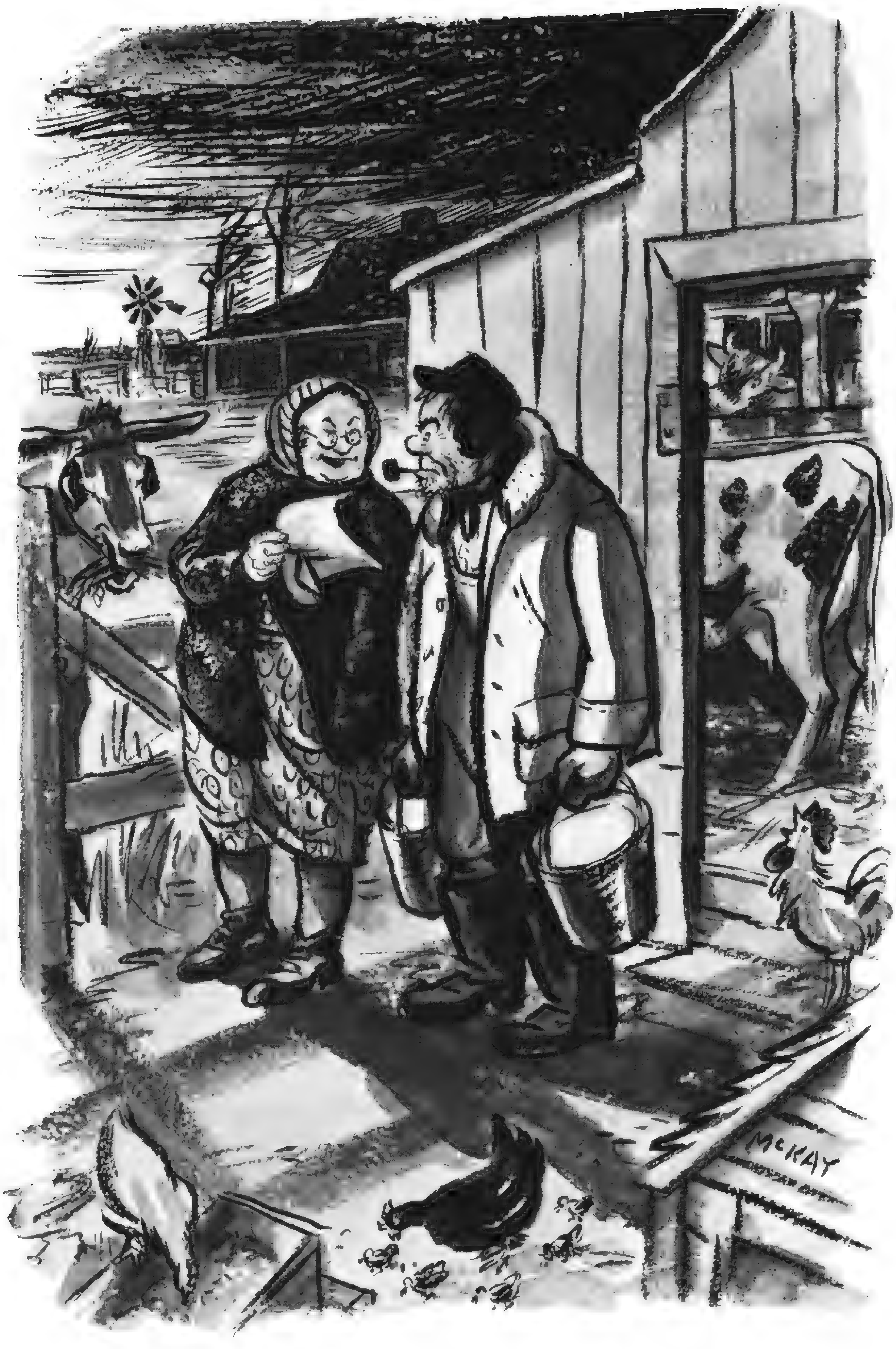
It also becomes impressed upon your mind that the Rose Bowl is not just a monument to King Football, but that it is constantly in use throughout the year for such entertainment and spectacles as grand opera, symphony concerts, graduation exercises, rodeos, municipal fireworks, celebrations, charity events and whatnot, including a couple dozen assorted football games by small colleges, junior colleges and high schools.

All this is somewhat confusing unless you know Pasadena, because to understand the Rose Bowl and its papa, the Tournament of Roses Association, you first have to savvy that pleasant, easy-going son of the Sierra Madre mountains itself. And you really ought to understand Pasadena because it started

Continued on page 124

Herb Williams

"Dear Pop: What do you do with all the money I send you? Only last . . ."



"Looks like the Army is spoilin' our boy, Pa—he writes he doesn't have to get up until 5:45!"

Herr Umlaut's Hospitality

Half a dozen students were enjoying the professor's homemade beer when the spirit of Germany presented itself on his porch

by **ROBERT Z. MELVILLE**

• FICTION •

When Herr Umlaut came first to Middlesex University, he was lean but merry. That was in the fall of 1931. The campus German club, since the war, had been an apologetic organization. *Achtung!* He took it into hand at once.

Goethe? *Ja*, read Goethe long and well, *mein Deutscher studenten*. But Heine! he is the man.

Herr Professor Umlaut read Heine to the *Verein*—a smile pulling at his lips, tears asparkle in the corners of his eyes. He did more than that to re-establish the good name of the fatherland: he sent home to Bavaria for brewer's yeast, and made beer, and put it by to age in the deep cellar of the little chalet in which he lived by himself on the edge of town.

The first keg was ready for the bungstarter in the Spring of 1932. *Marchbier!*

"This I can now afford," he explained gleefully, blowing foam toward Meyer, of Romance Languages. "In Germany, though you may not believe, I have been starved for *bier*. *Ja!* it is so. The cost. We are in Germany very poor. But here in America you have everything. Everything!"

The French professor expressed acid admiration for his new friend's cheerfulness in the midst of the depression. Herr Umlaut swayed with mirth.

"Depression? In Germany, where all things are done with thoroughness, that is where you will still see a painstaking depression. But here!—I have been so rich never in my life."

He leaned forward to add, "And you may come to all my Friday evenings *bier: Kneipen!* I know, the law is against. Preposterous. We say in my university, there is no good learning in the absence of good *bier*."

Professor Meyer declined to drink with students. But undergraduate members of the *Verein* needed no urging. They learnt to drink *bruderschaften*, to sing *leider* with all the endearing ceremonies. They wore caps and stripes, rode chairs.

They were taught to read Heine like good Germans, in a half-choked fashion between laughter and tears.

"*Ech Deutsch!*" their mentor would murmur, weeping happily in a corner. "*Bitte*, you must come all with me to Germany this summer. *Ja!* You must come to Munich, to the kindest people in the world."

The students were too poor. But Herr Umlaut, despite a course in *gemutlichkeit* that put twenty pounds on his formerly lean frame, had saved enough money from his first year's teaching in the middle west to spend the summer in Bavaria like a millionaire.

"Three thousand dollars and more, I am paid," he would whisper to his old Bavarian cronies, some of whom effected the new fashion for brown shirts. Dropping his voice still lower, he would explain that lordly sum in terms of the living conditions of the Third Reich.

Herr Umlaut made his mother a handsome present, shook off six or eight adoring *maedchen*, and sailed again for America with envy in his wake.

Throughout the academic year 1932-33, the gentleman-professor of Old High German became stouter and merrier than ever. News of his *Kneipen* of course reached the administration. But prexy had taken his own doctorate at Weimar. He was not at all sure himself that excellent learning could be acquired without the aid of excellent beer. Hoping there would be no incident, he looked the other way.

As winter deepened, Herr Umlaut became round as a beer barrel. His tearful happiness increased daily as the time neared when his dear old mother would sail to join him, in the Spring. Even the Reichstag fire did not affect him as strongly as it did some of his non-Germanic colleagues, such as Meyer.

Germany had been s-*ch*-trangled for years. Had he not lived through that sad time, lean as a herring? Have tolerance. The goodness of the German people would triumph in the end. *Ja.*

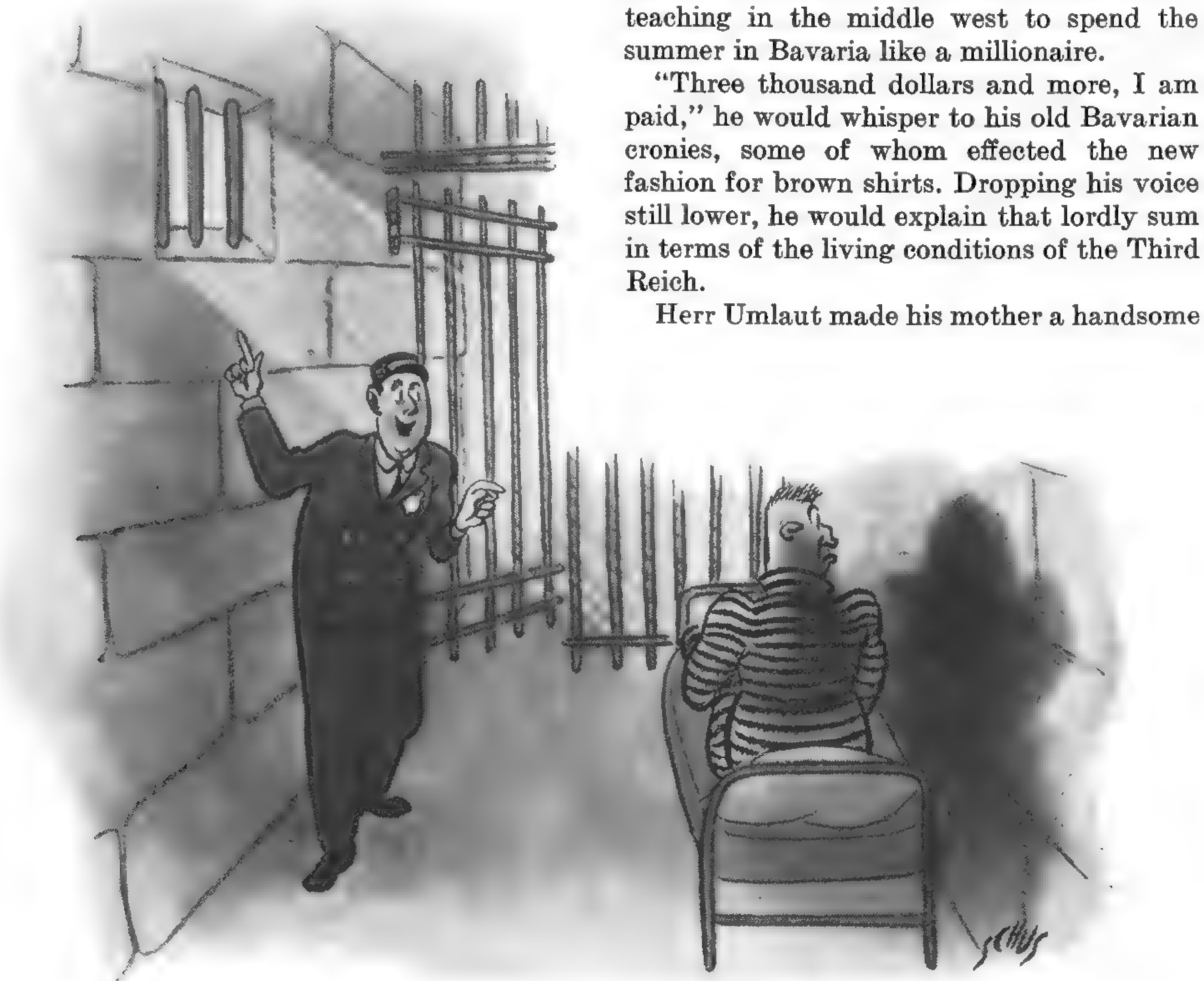
Beer came to America in the Spring of 1933, but Frau Umlaut did not. Her letters of explanation were cryptic. Meyer, with his Gallic insight, might have aided in deciphering them. But her reference to the pogroms would have made it awkward to show them to him: the more so because Meyer fancied himself successful in his pretense of not being a Jew.

Herr Umlaut sailed the day after commencement to find out for himself what was happening. He promised Meyer that he would bring back, in September, not only his mother, but also a truly unprejudiced report on the situation. He actually returned a month earlier than he had planned to do, and his mother did not accompany him. Meyer, for the summer committee of the faculty club, invited his friend to address an informal gathering on the future of academic freedom in the new Germany. Herr Umlaut accepted grimly; but an hour before the meeting he very suddenly cooled off and begged to be excused. Privately he whispered to Meyer that he had had altogether too much to say about his income, while in Germany itself. Incautious colleagues might misquote him. Word might get back to Germany. His mother had been arbitrarily refused a passport. Obviously she was being held as a hostage.

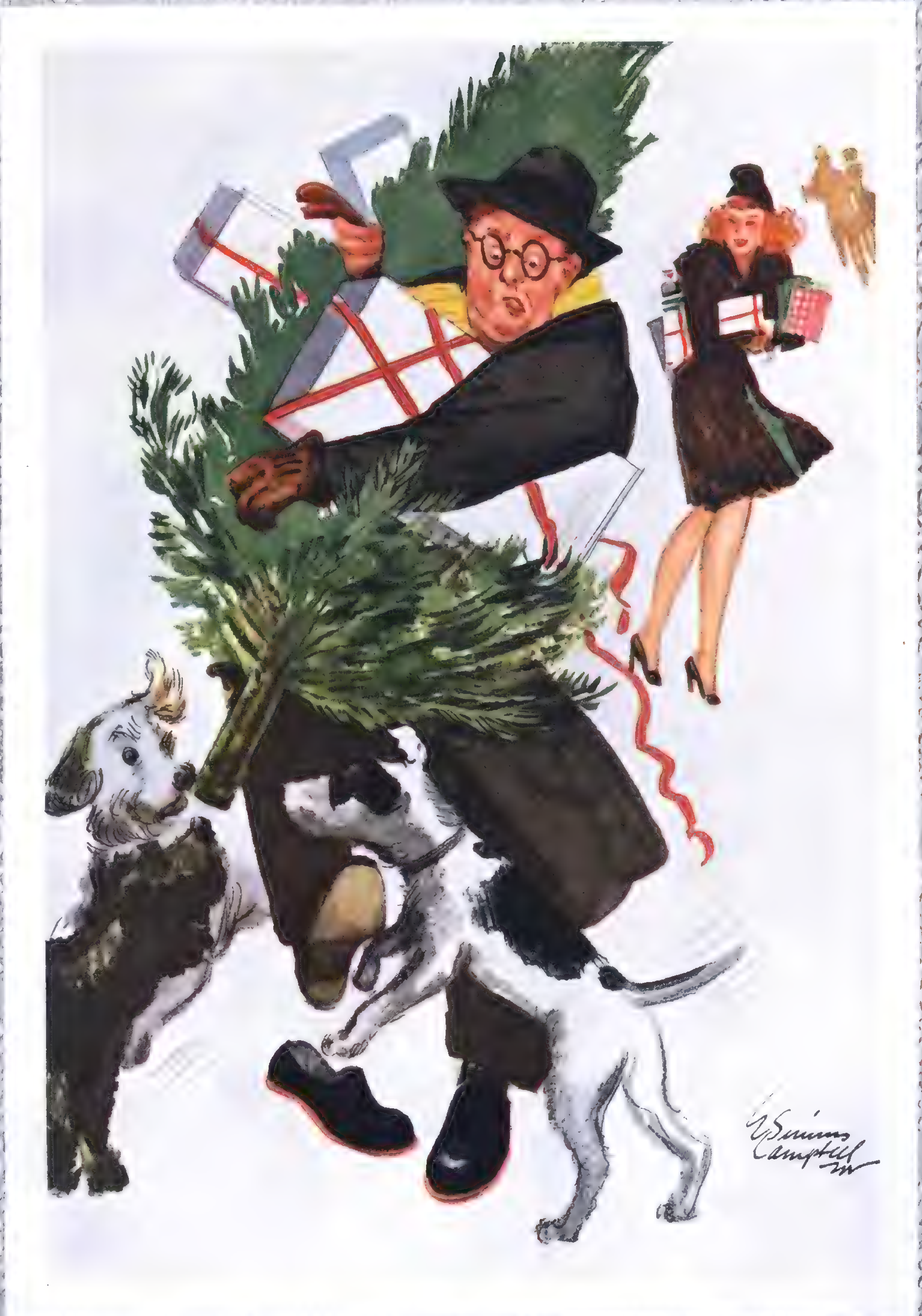
When Meyer raised an eyebrow in civilized disbelief, Herr Umlaut secretively displayed a letter that had just arrived from his mother, explaining that certain large contributions were expected of her, and ending with a frightened hint that mention had been made of the concentration camp.

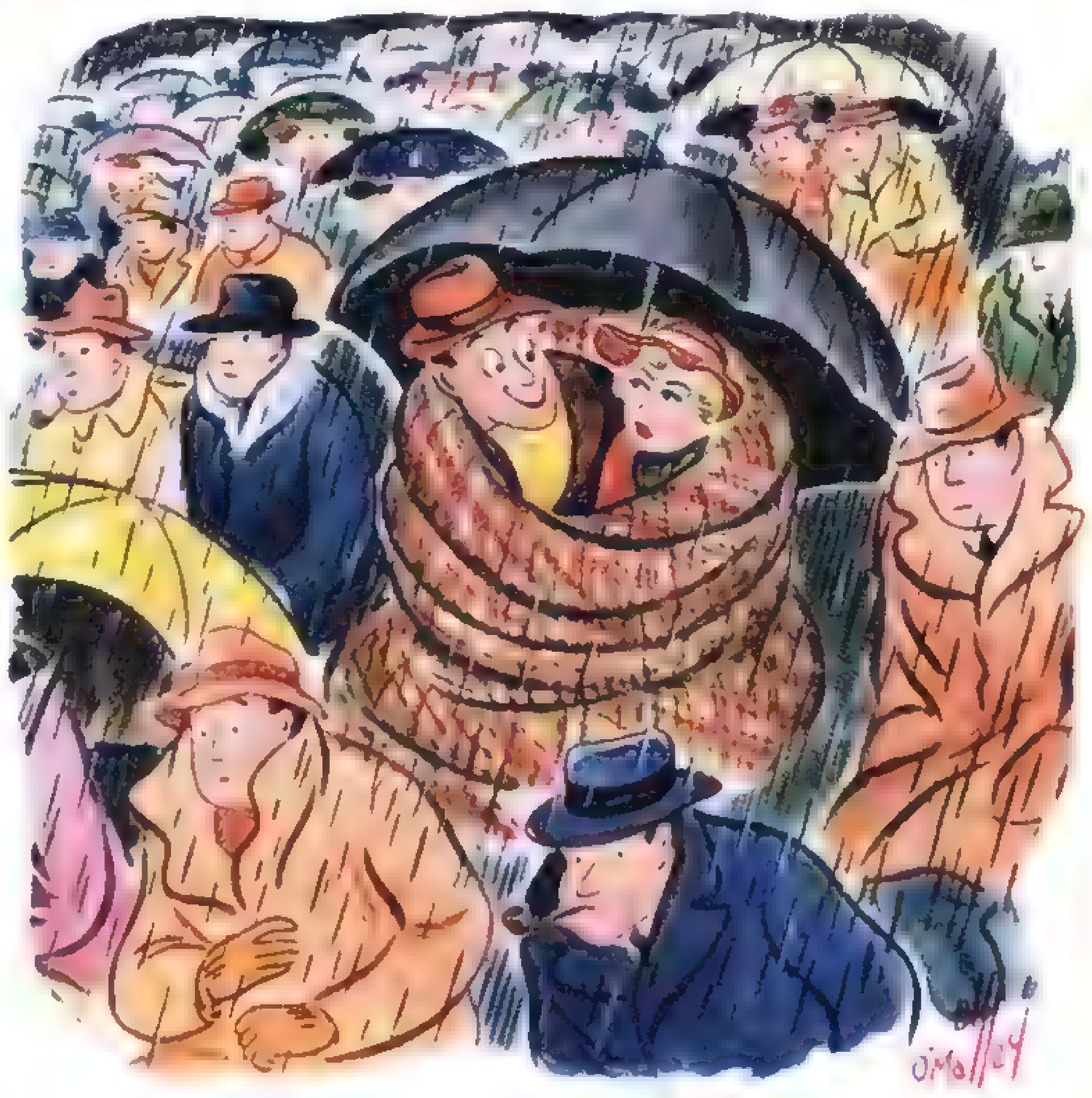
Herr Umlaut made out a money order that

Continued on page 173

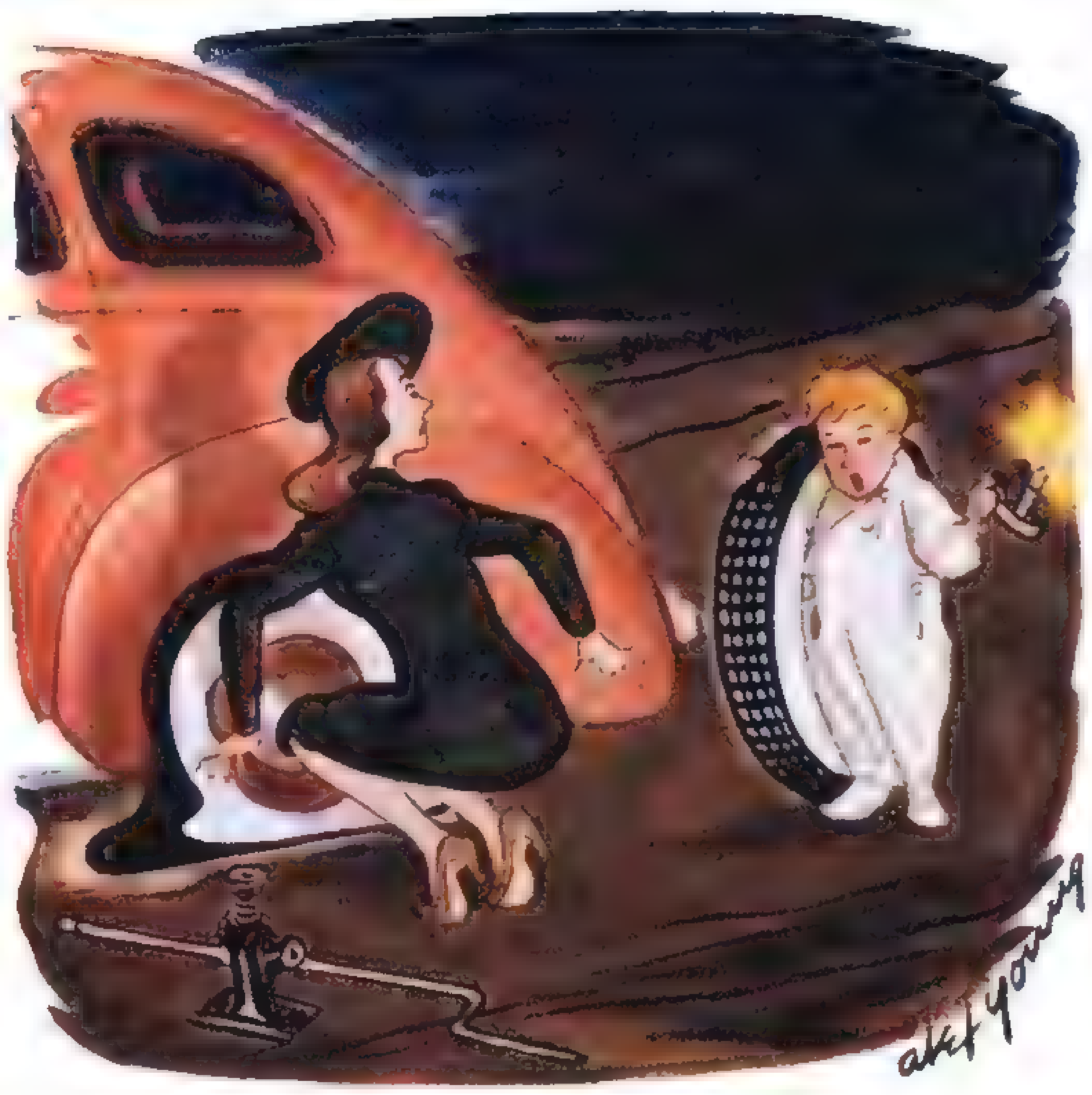


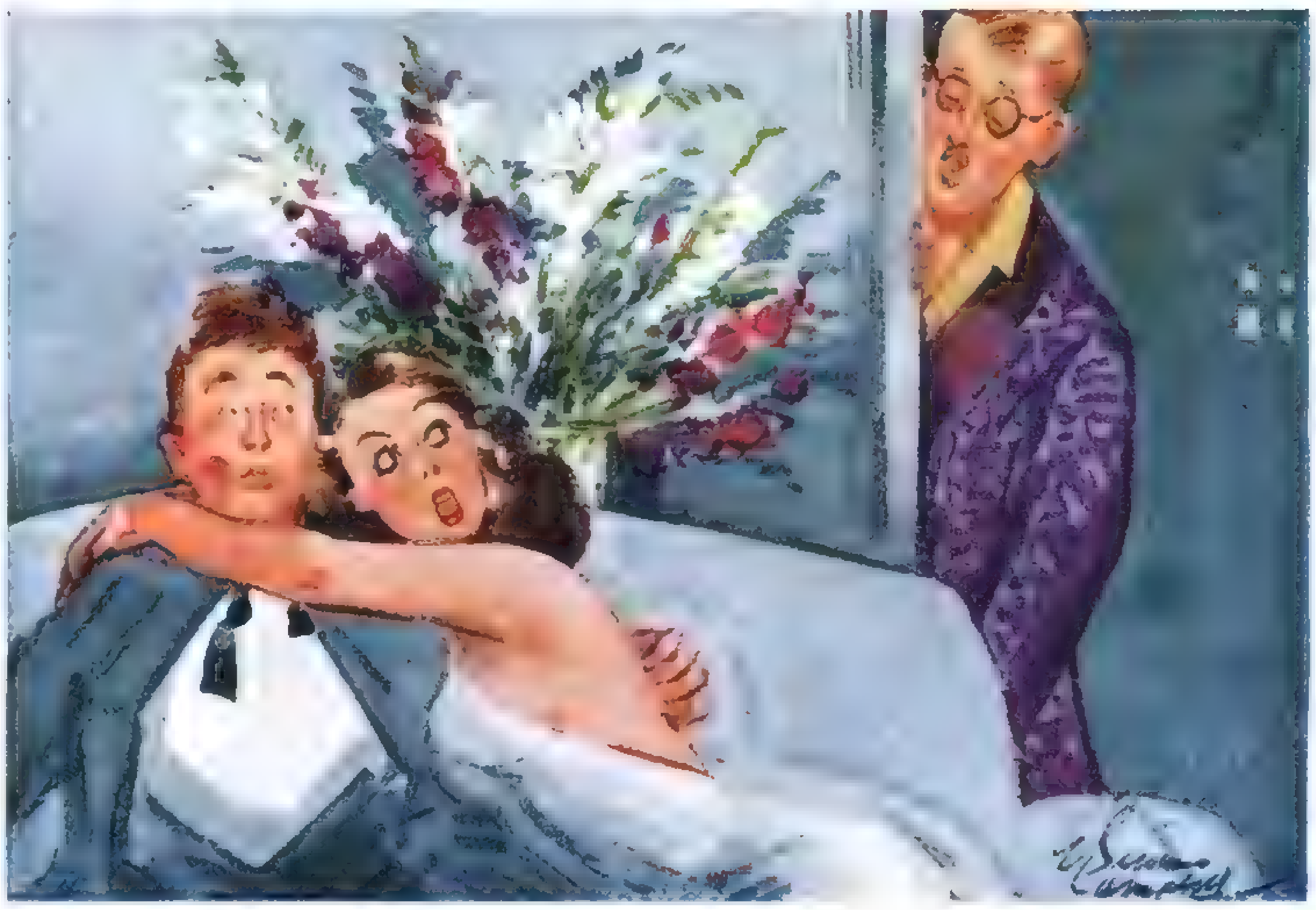
"See, silly? It's only your shadow!"


E. Simms Campbell

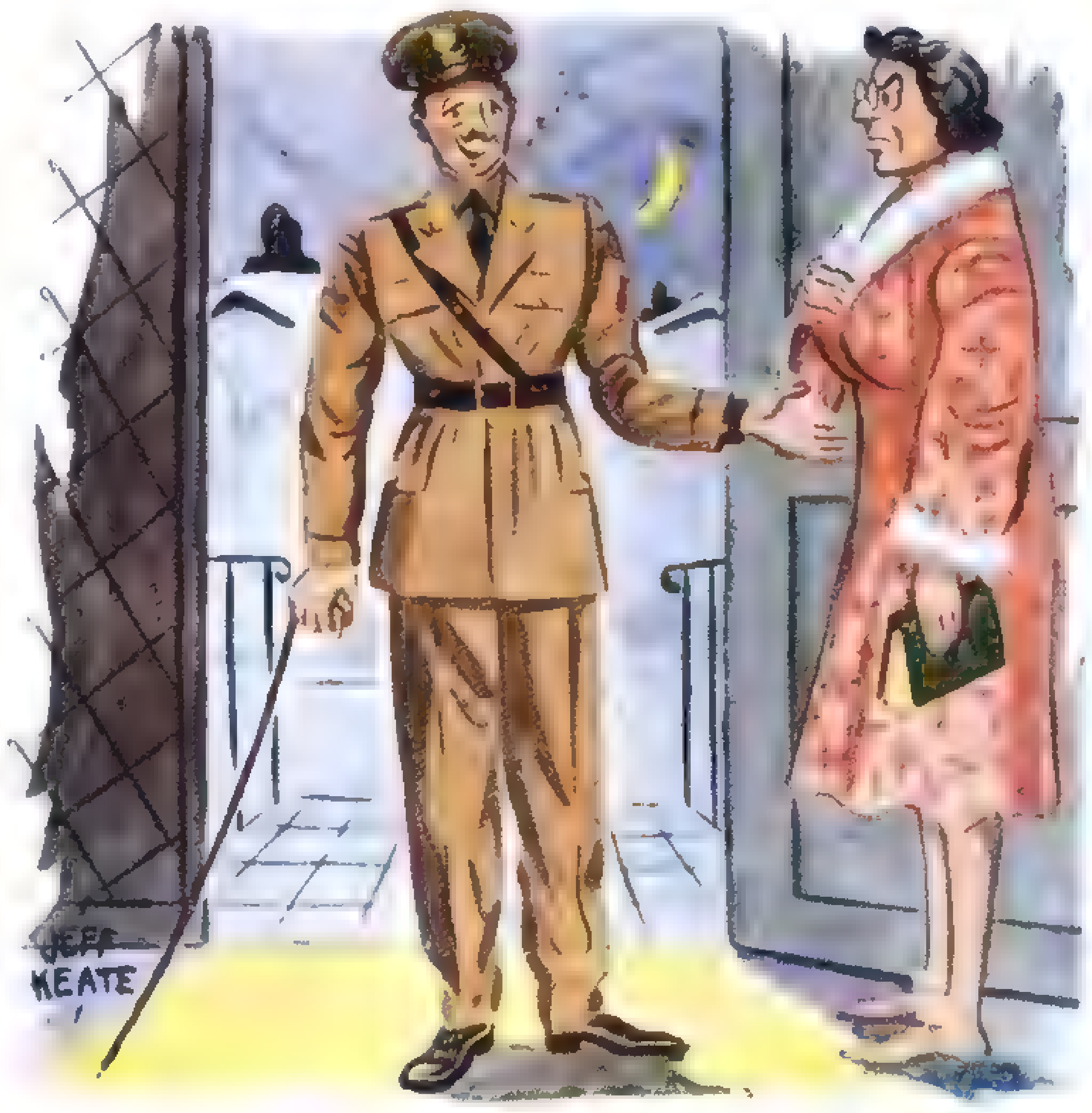


"This is a great game, isn't it?"

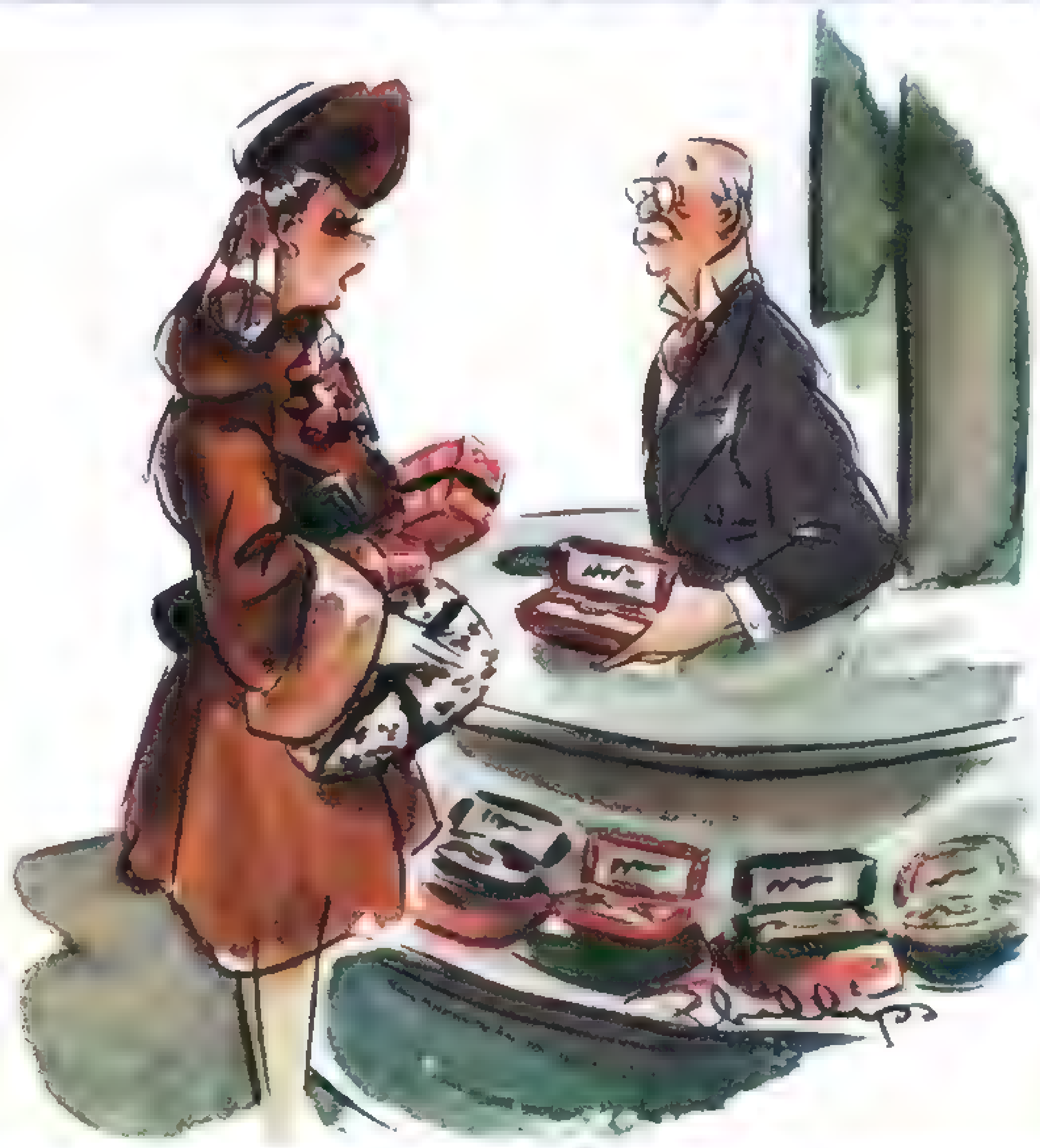




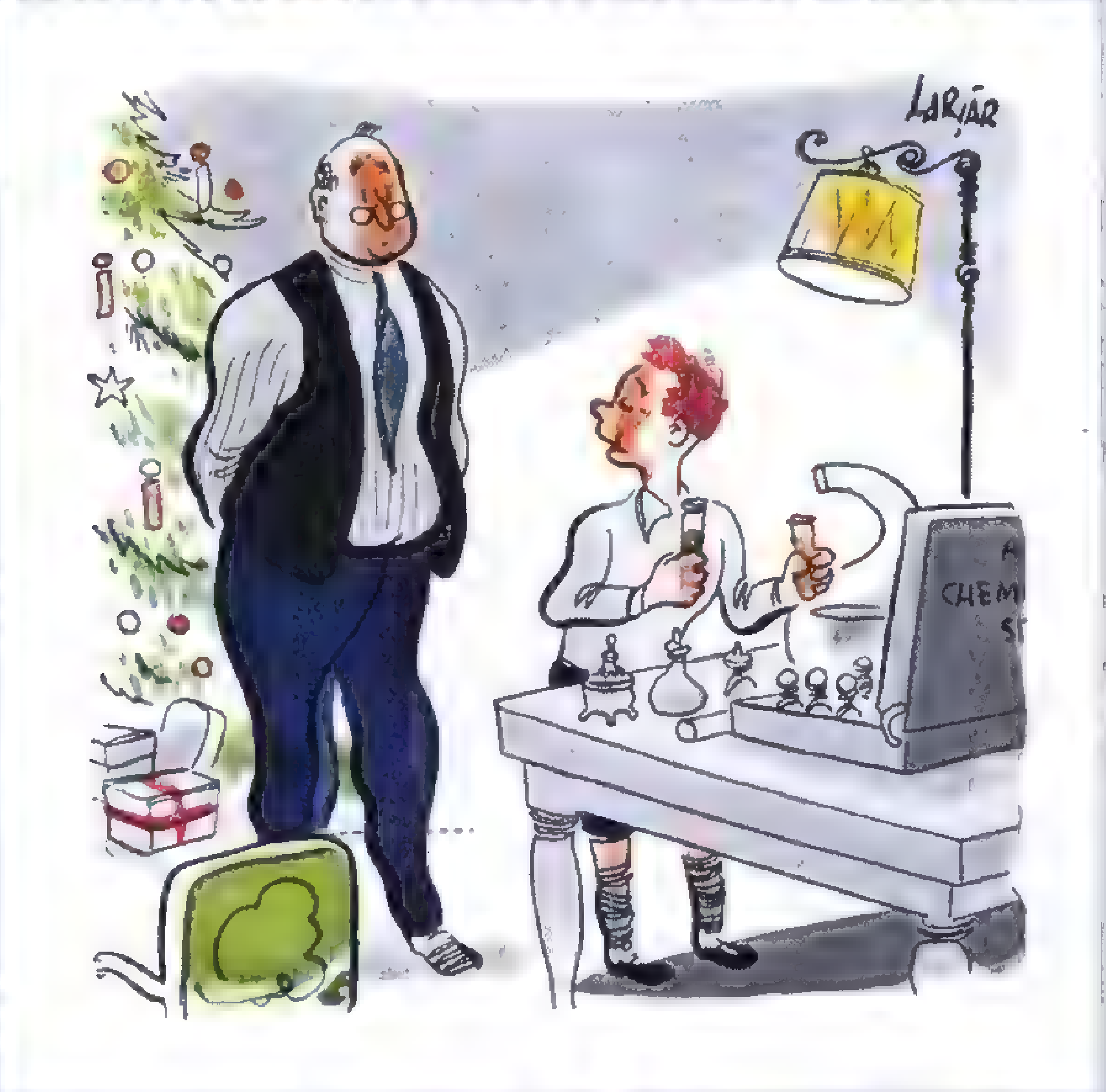
"You lock up, Sugar, I'm going to bed—
I think I'm getting a cold"



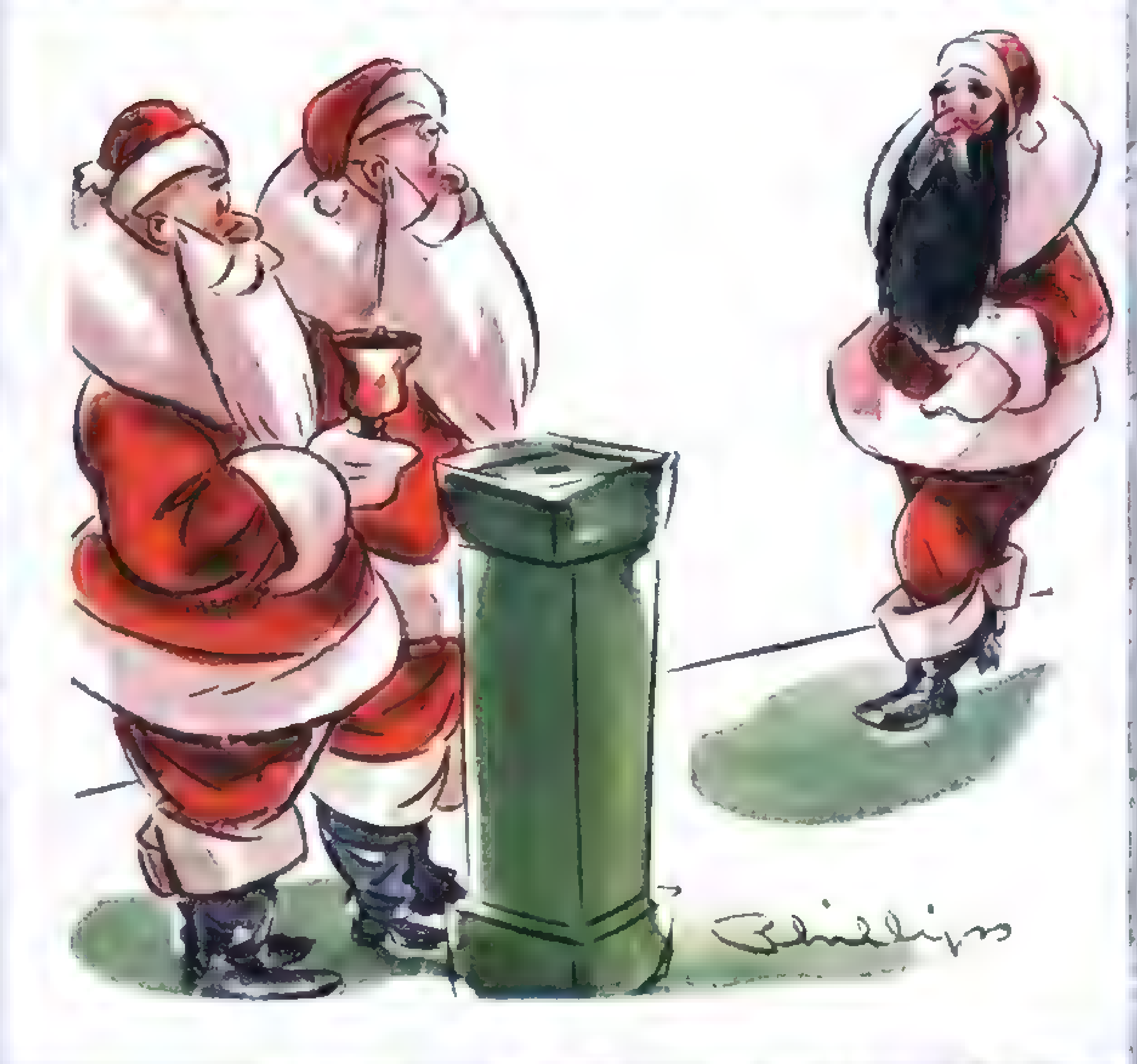
"I'm sorry I can't tell you where I've been
tonight, dear—it's a military secret!"



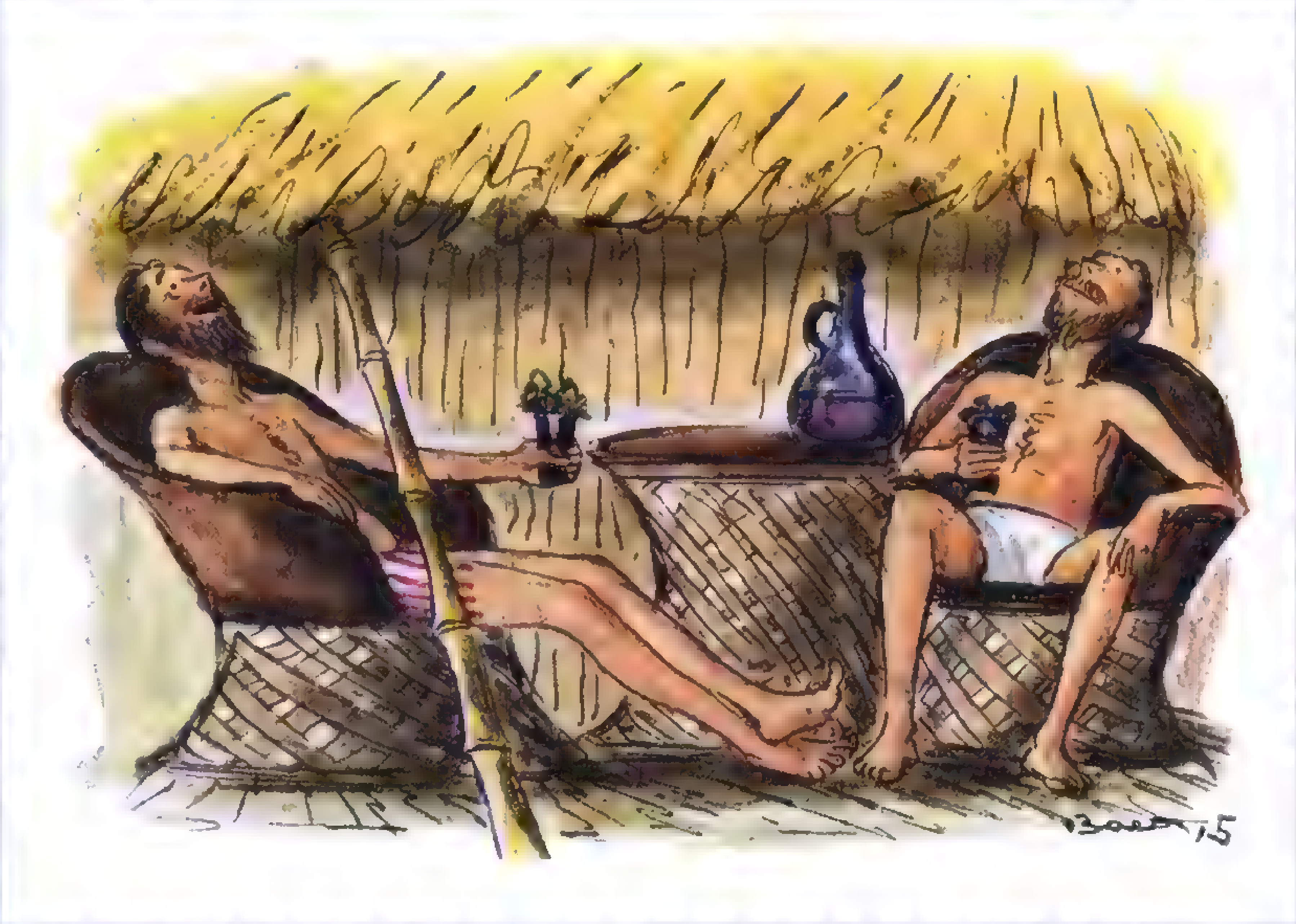
"I shouldn't buy my husband such a costly gift,
but with a few weeks overtime he'll soon pay for it"



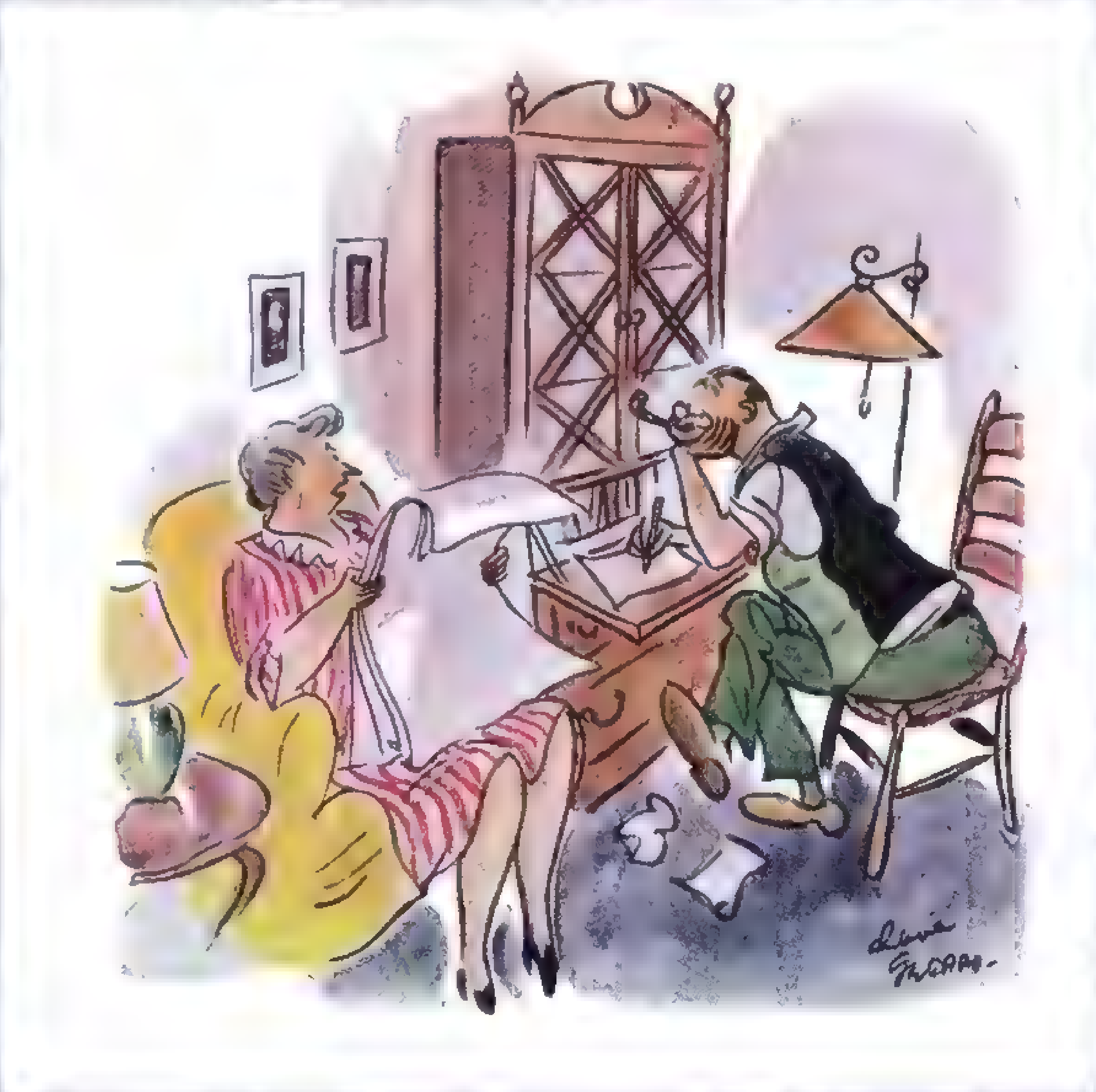
"Dad, are you ready to die for the advancement of science?"



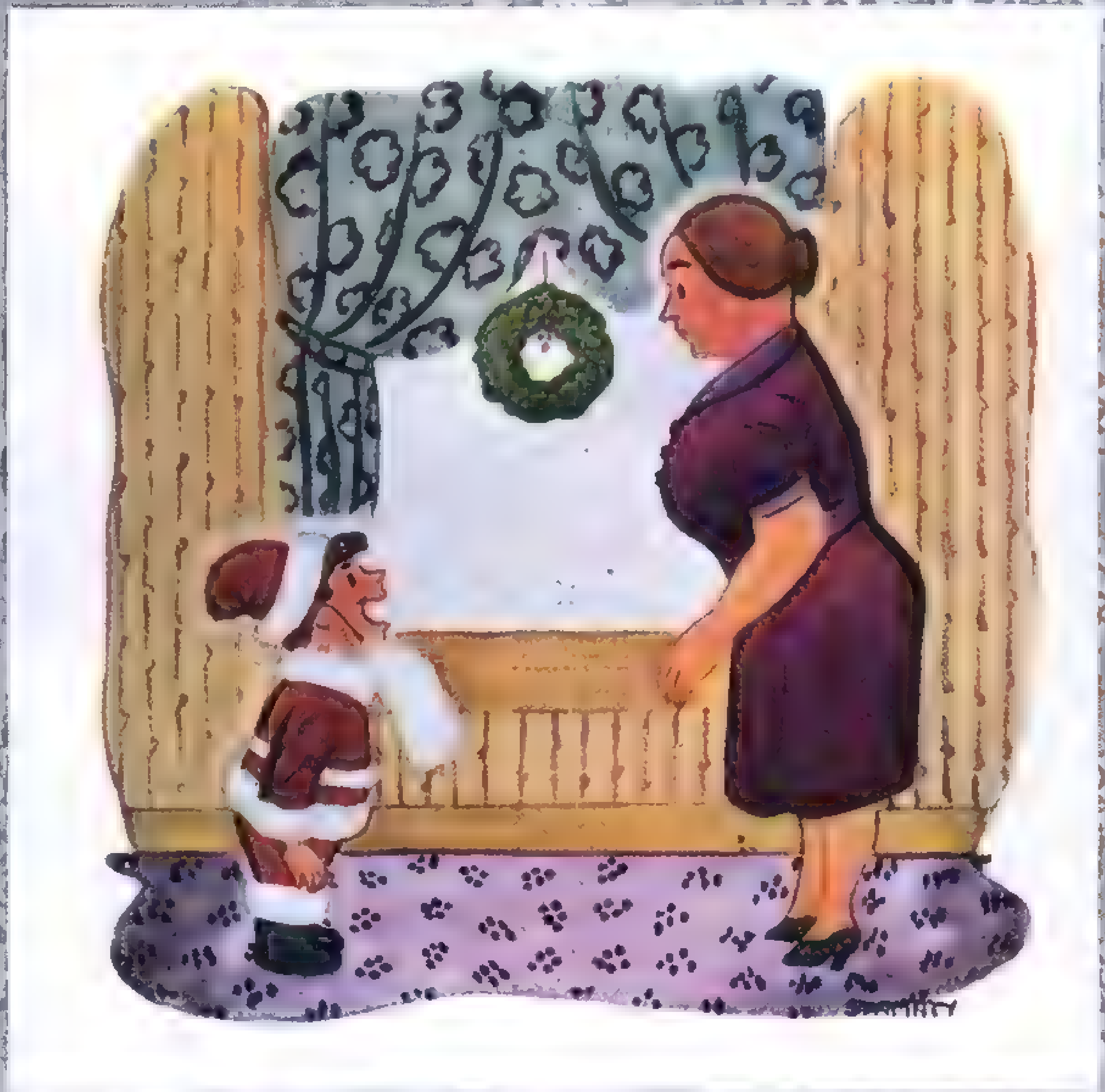
"He just got back from a couple of days' work in Pittsburgh"



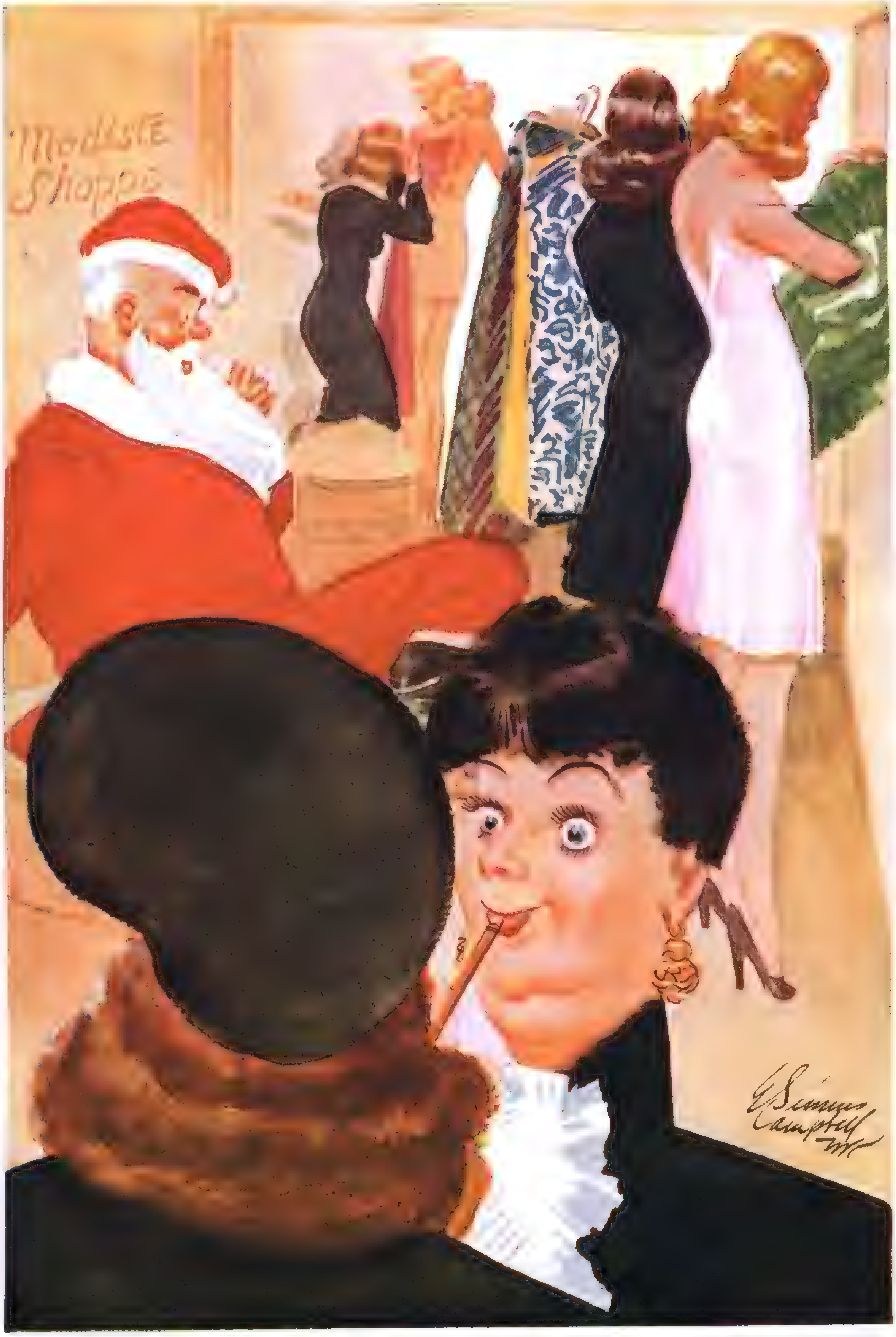
"All we need is Brenda Frazier and Jerome Zerbe and we'd think we were at the Stork Club"



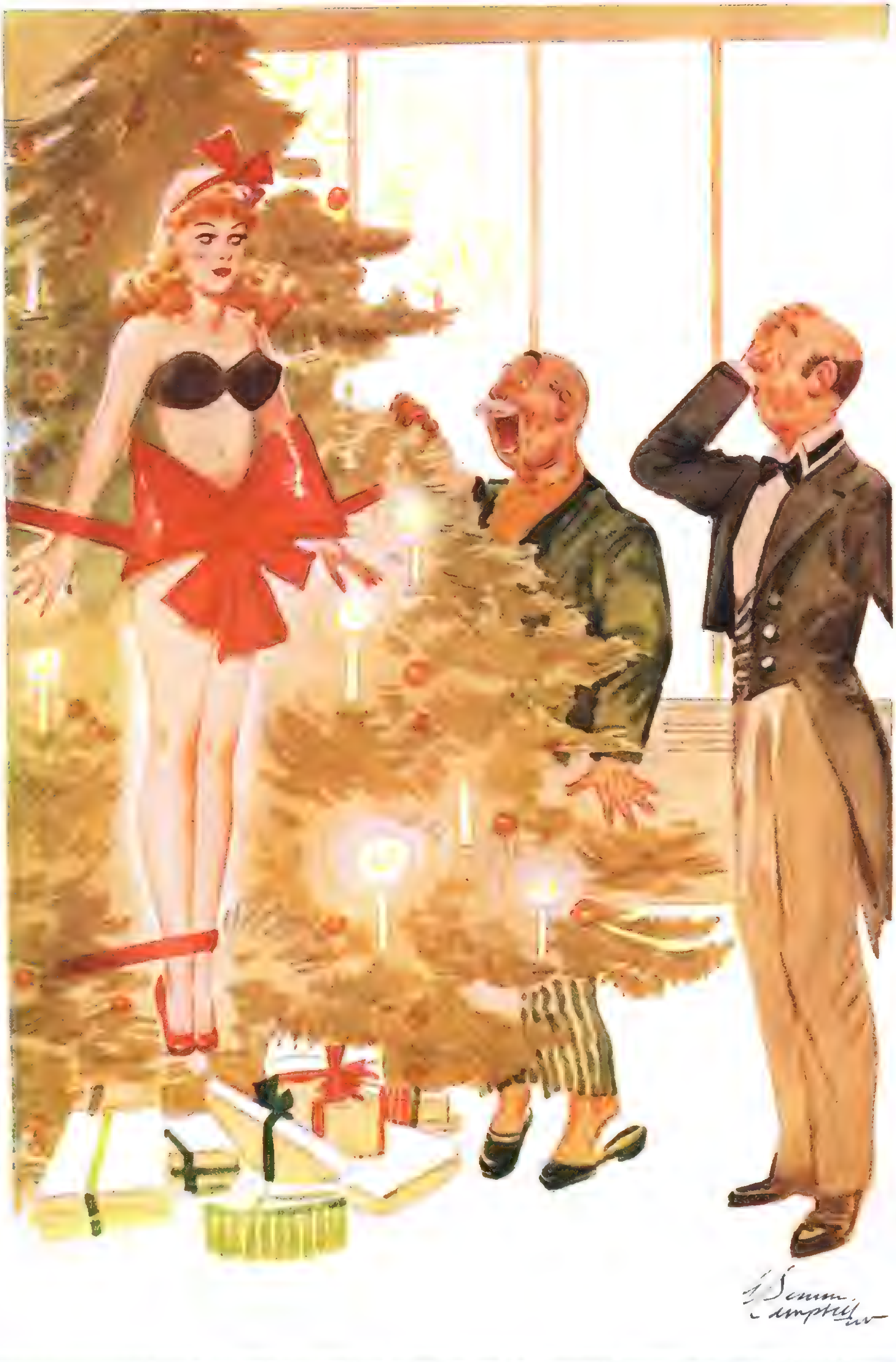
"What's the matter with that list of resolutions you wrote last year?"



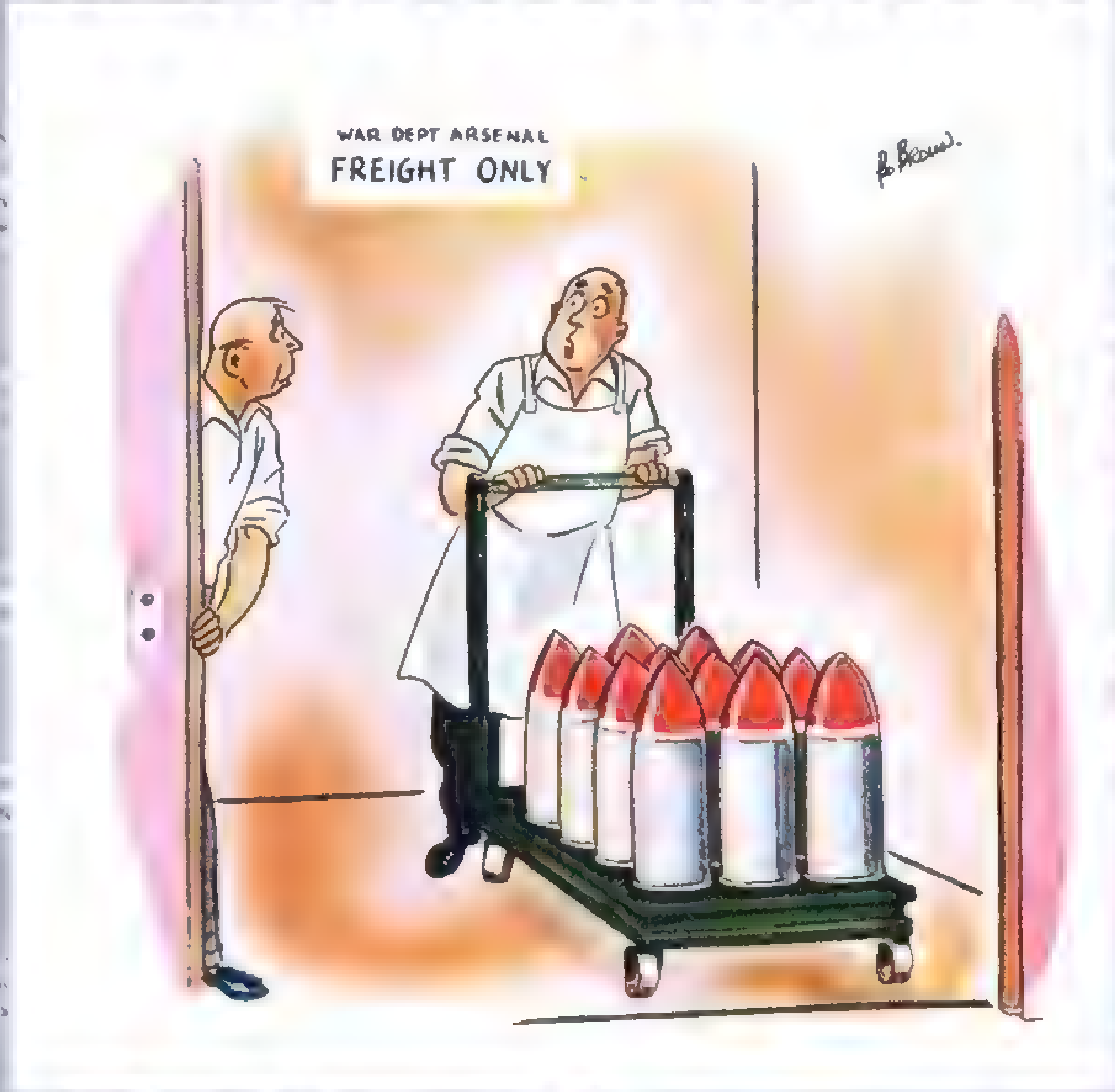
"Daddy played Santa Claus for me last year and I thought I should turn about!"


Modiste Shoppe
E. Simms Campbell

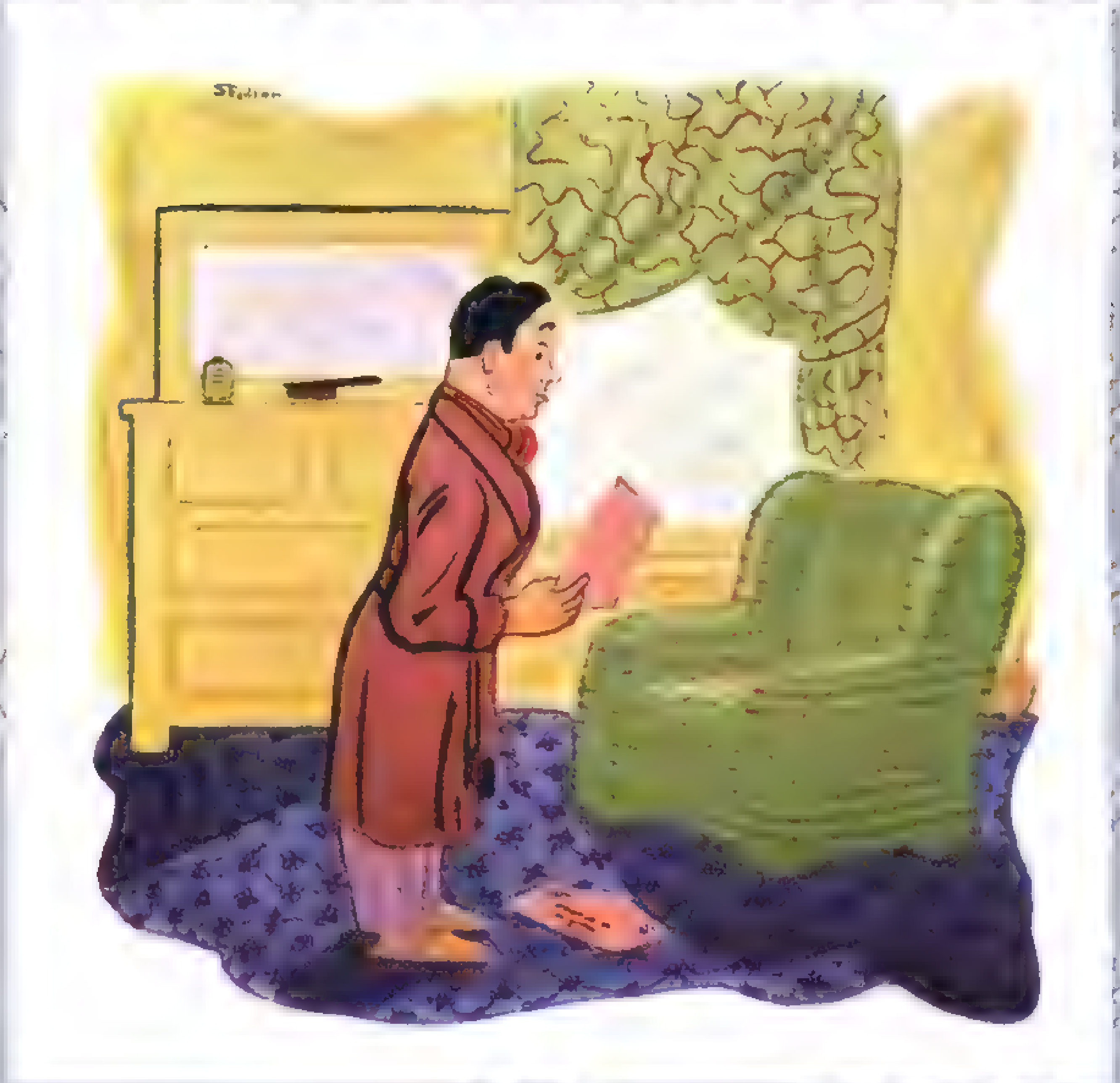
*"He just lends a holiday touch to the place—
and he offers to stay here for nothing!"*


E. Simms Campbell

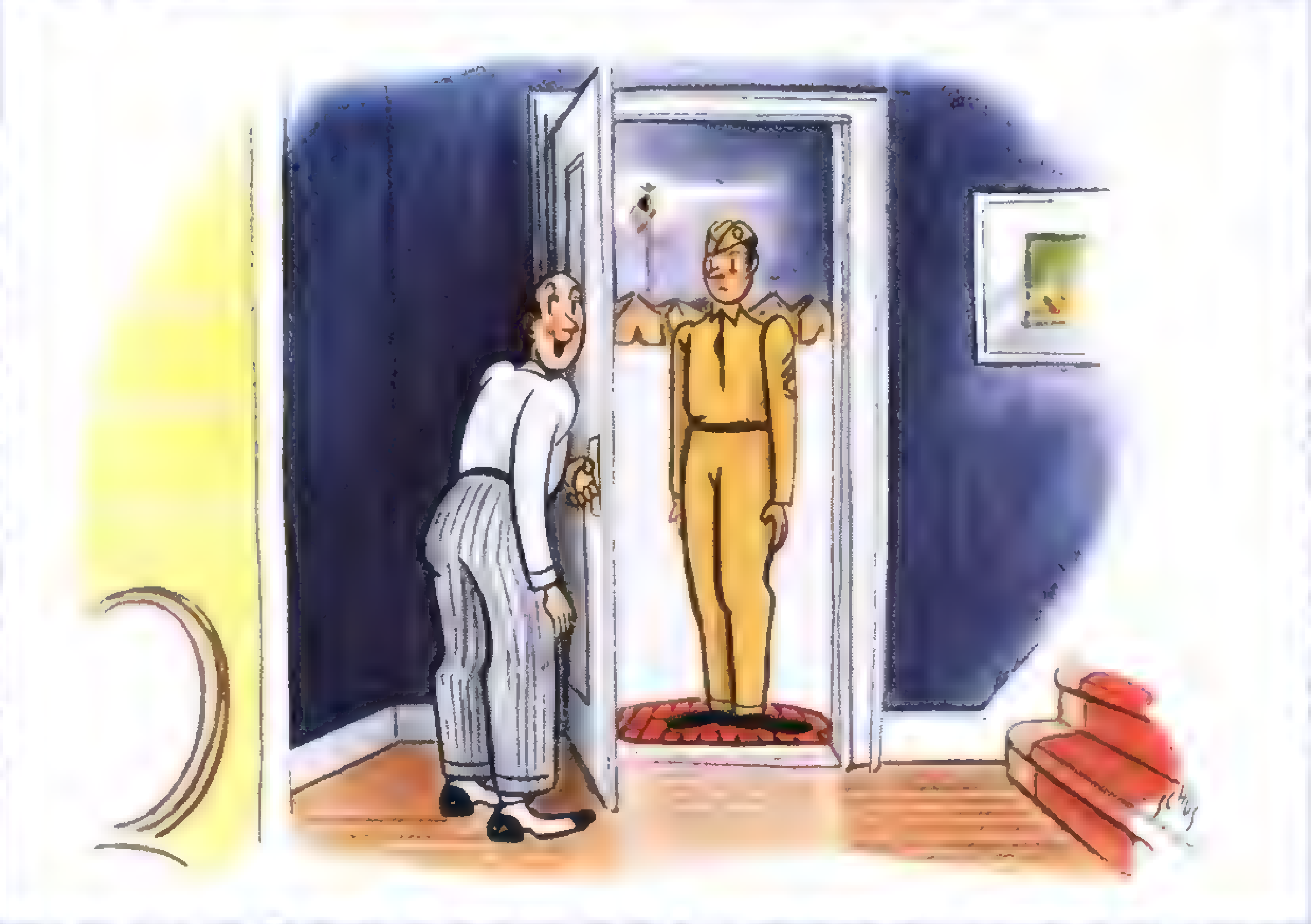
"Good Lord, Harkins—he did answer my letter!"


WAR DEPT ARSENAL
FREIGHT ONLY

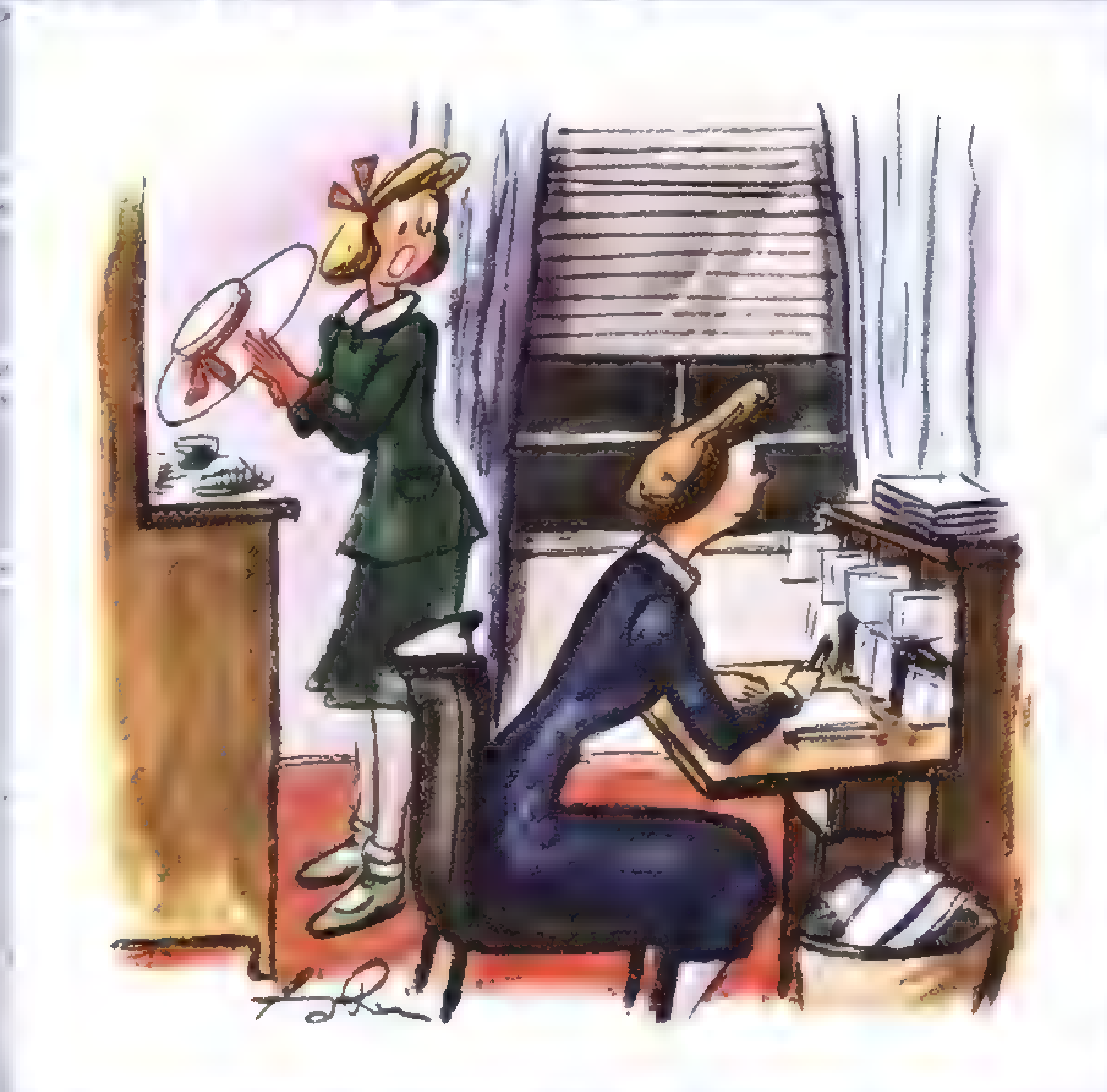
"Basement, please—gently!"



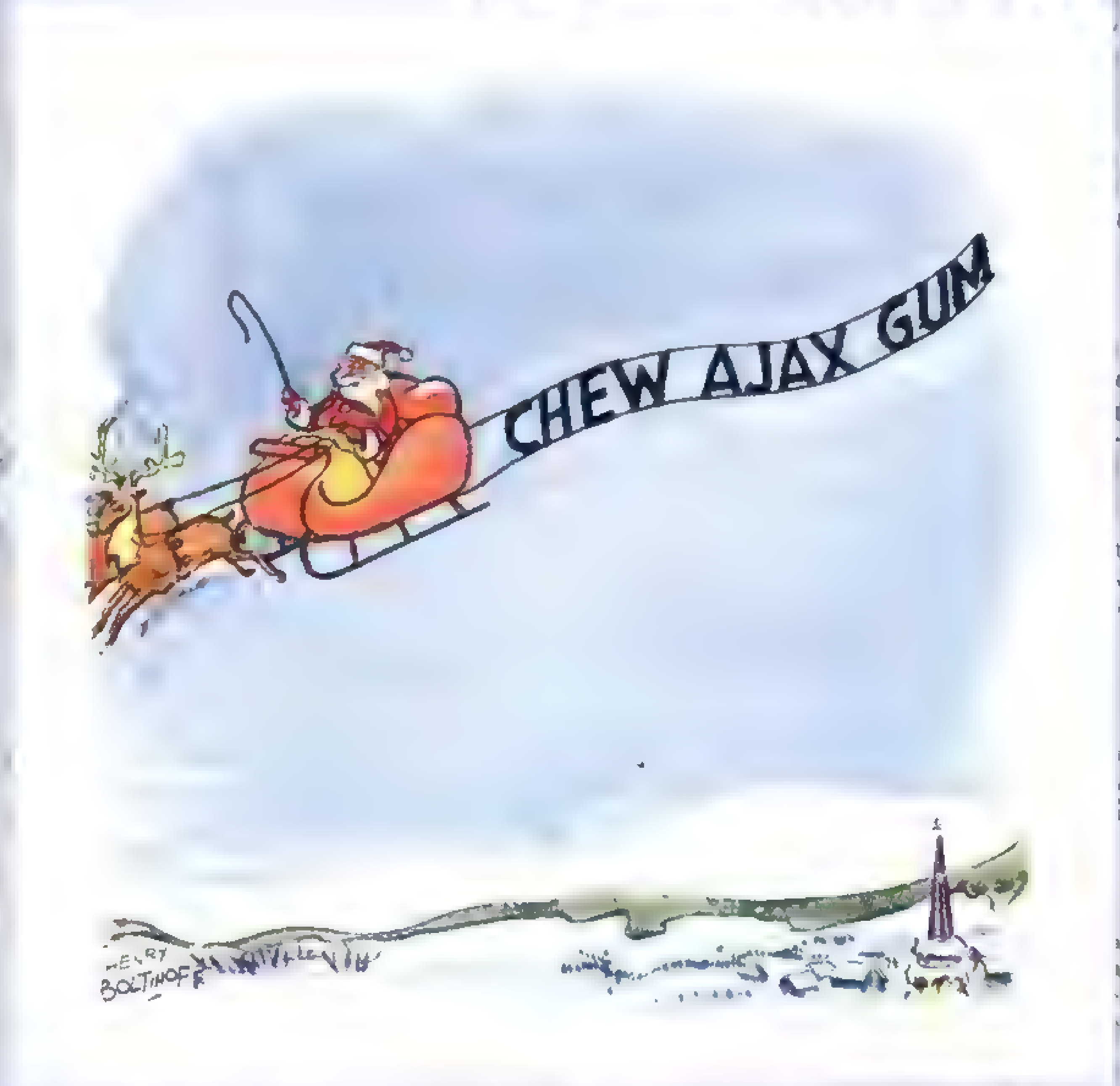
"—a happy New Year to you—just as long as you keep up my alimony payments!"

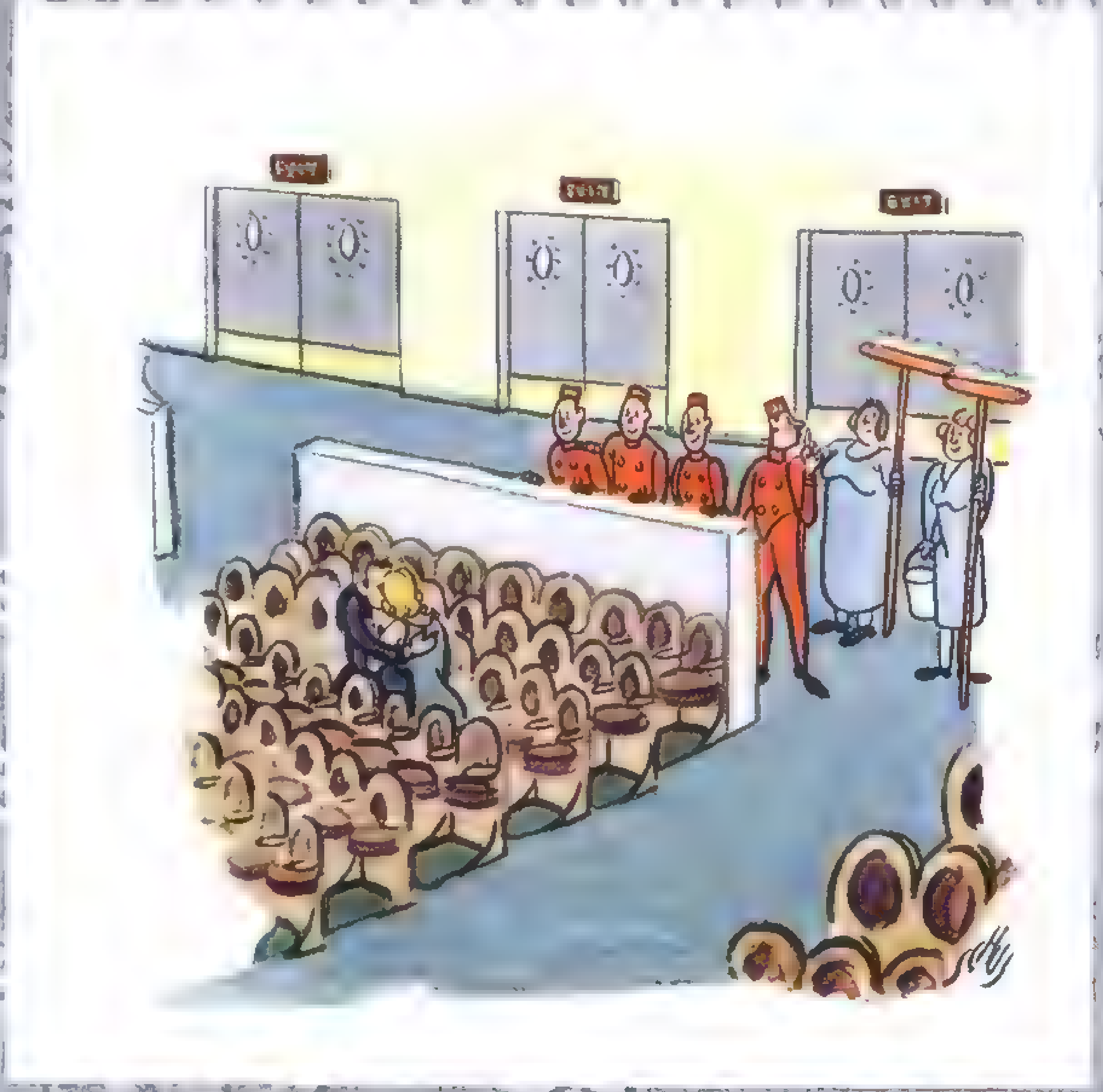


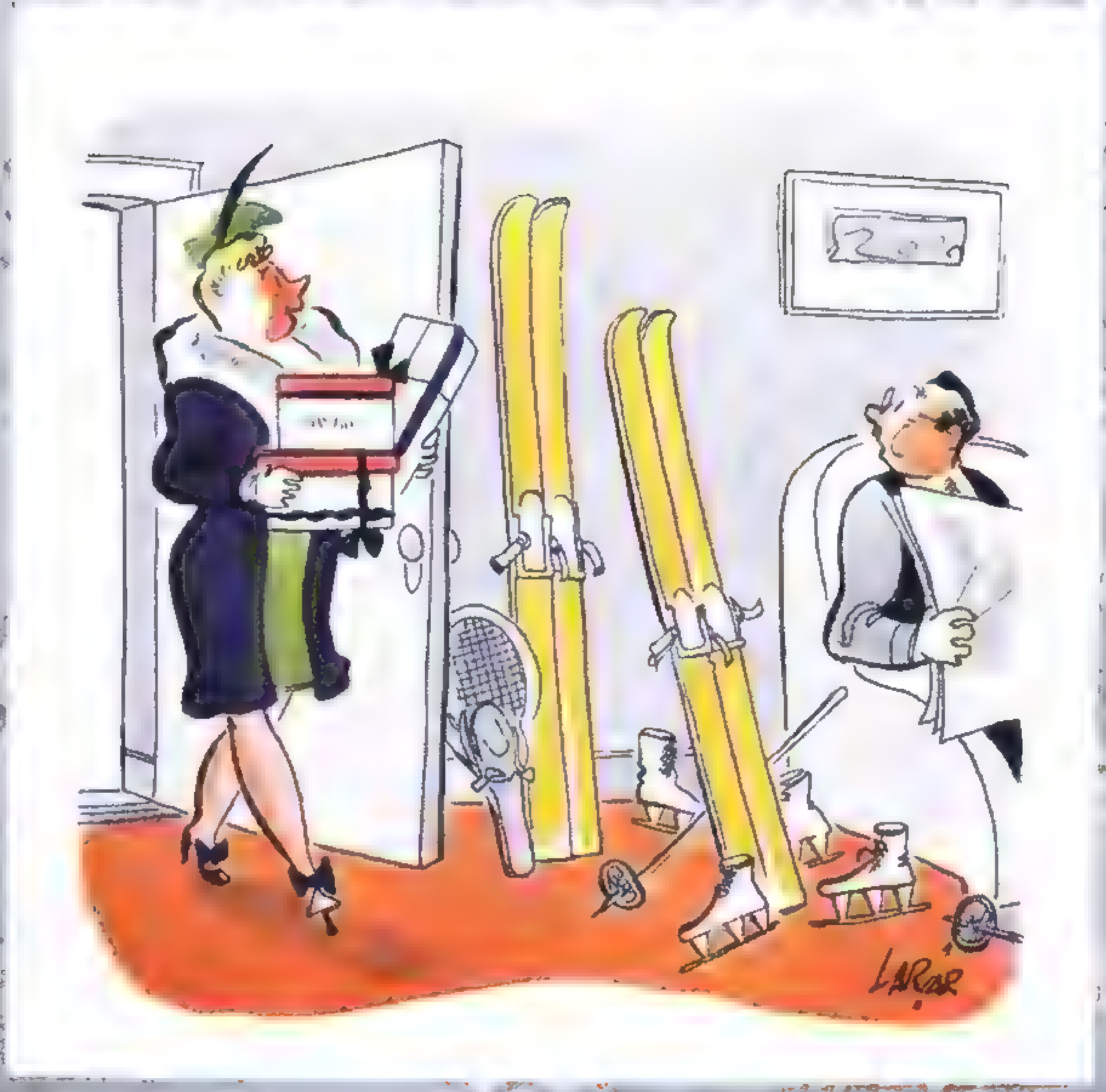
"It's our next door neighbor, dear, he'd like to borrow 30 pounds of sugar and a sack of potatoes!"



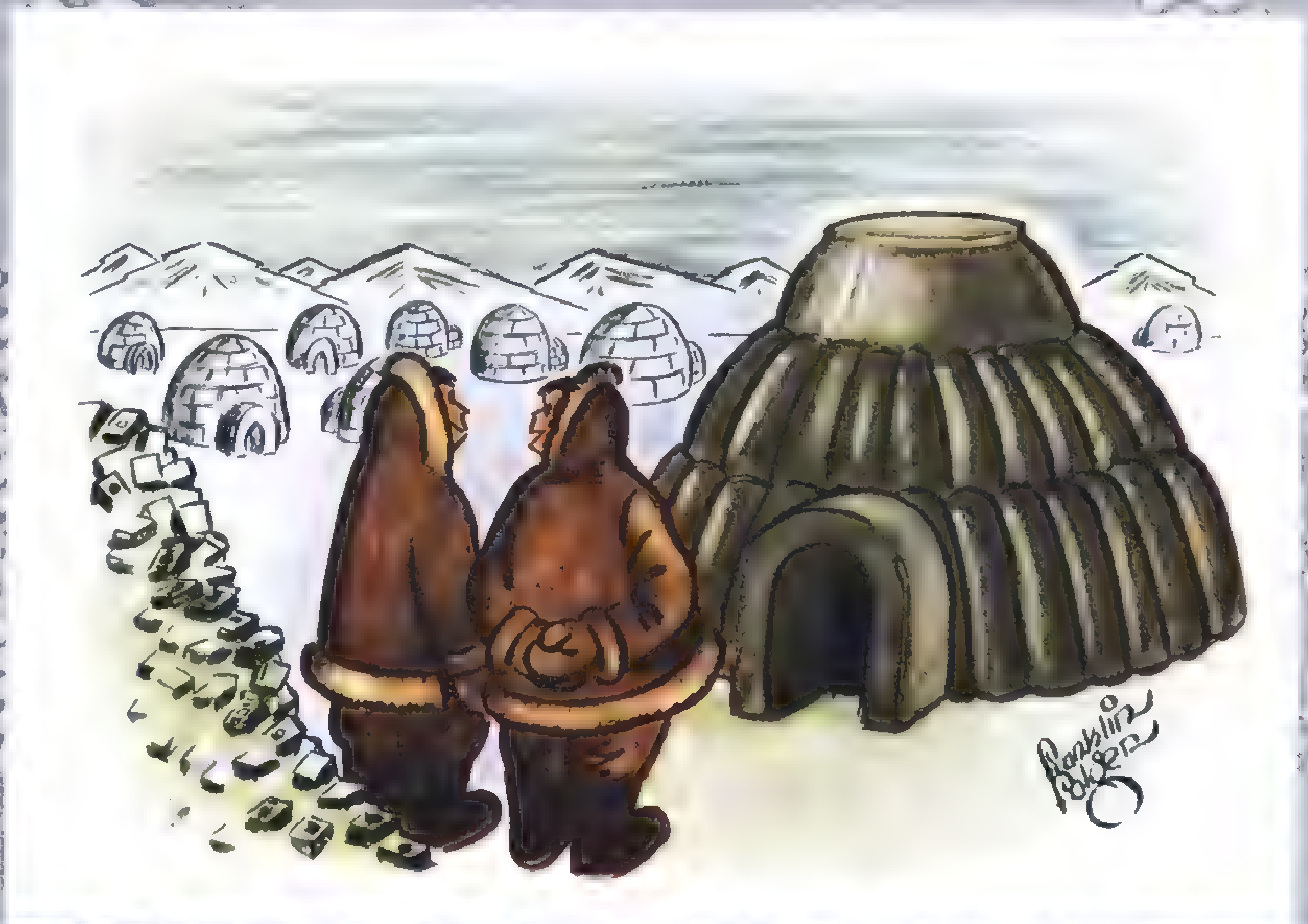
"Thank goodness I won't have to worry about a budget when I marry Elmer—he's not working"


CHEW AJAX GUM
HENRY BOLTINOFF

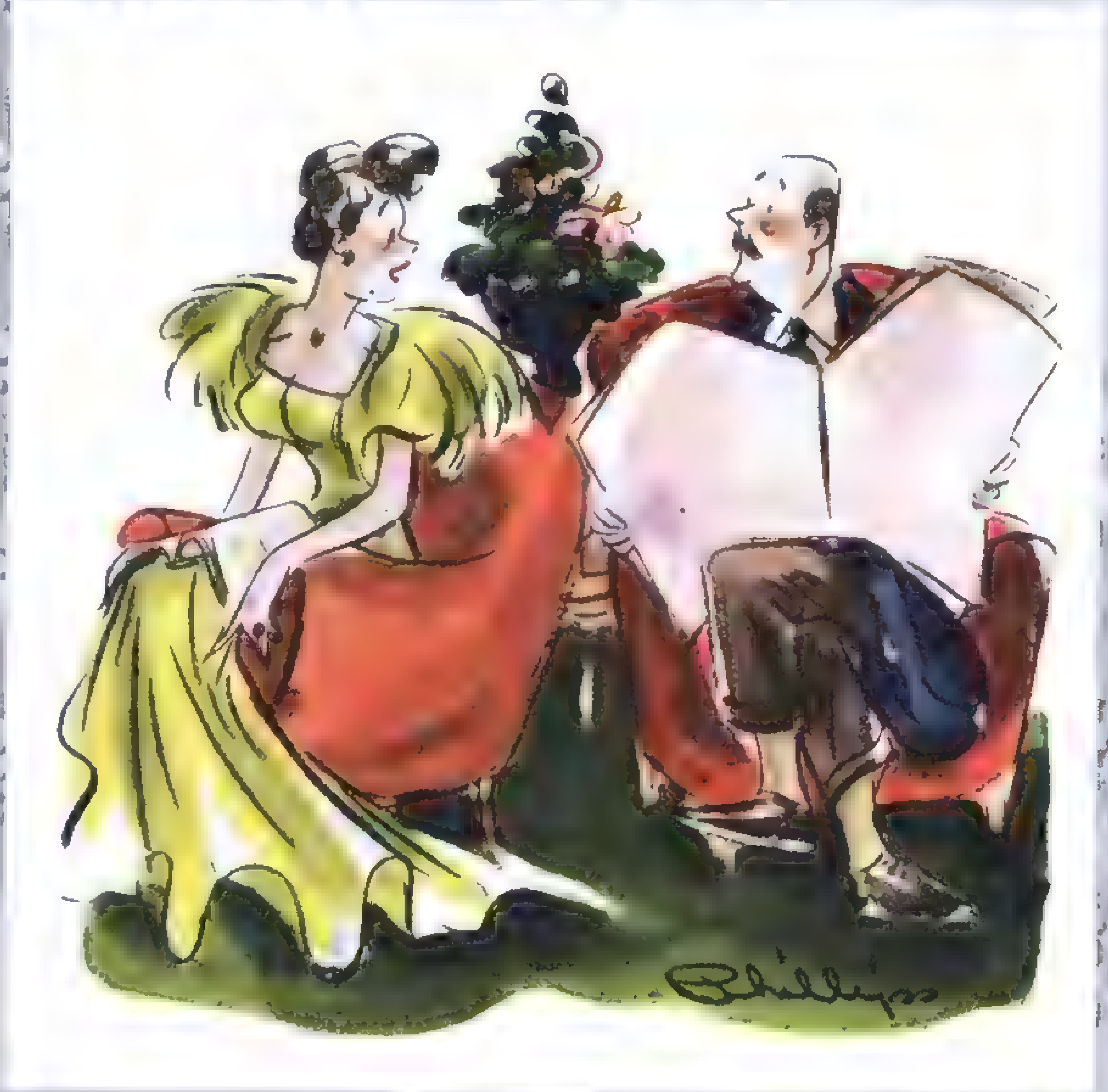




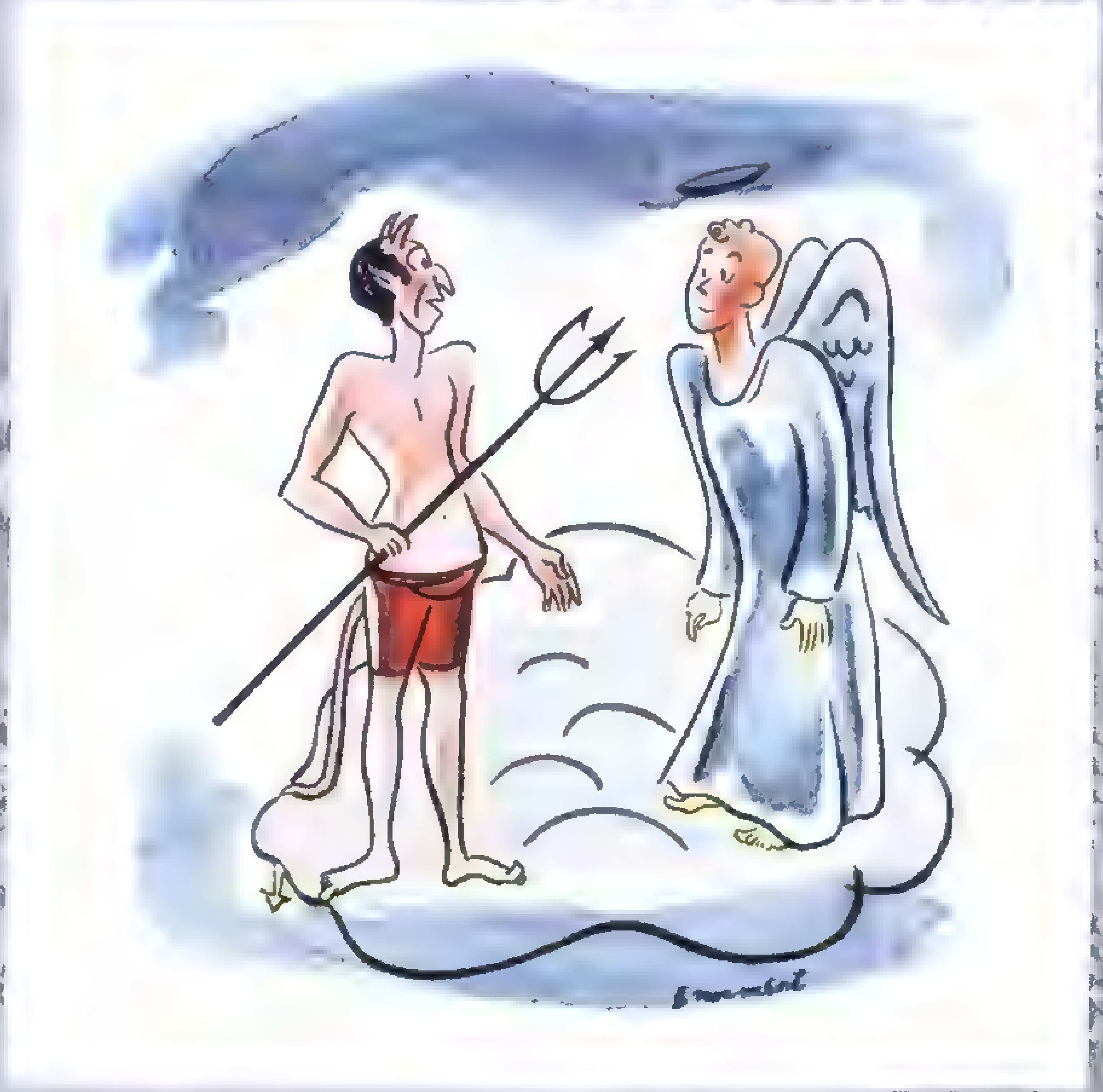
"I changed my mind, Harry—we're going South after all!"



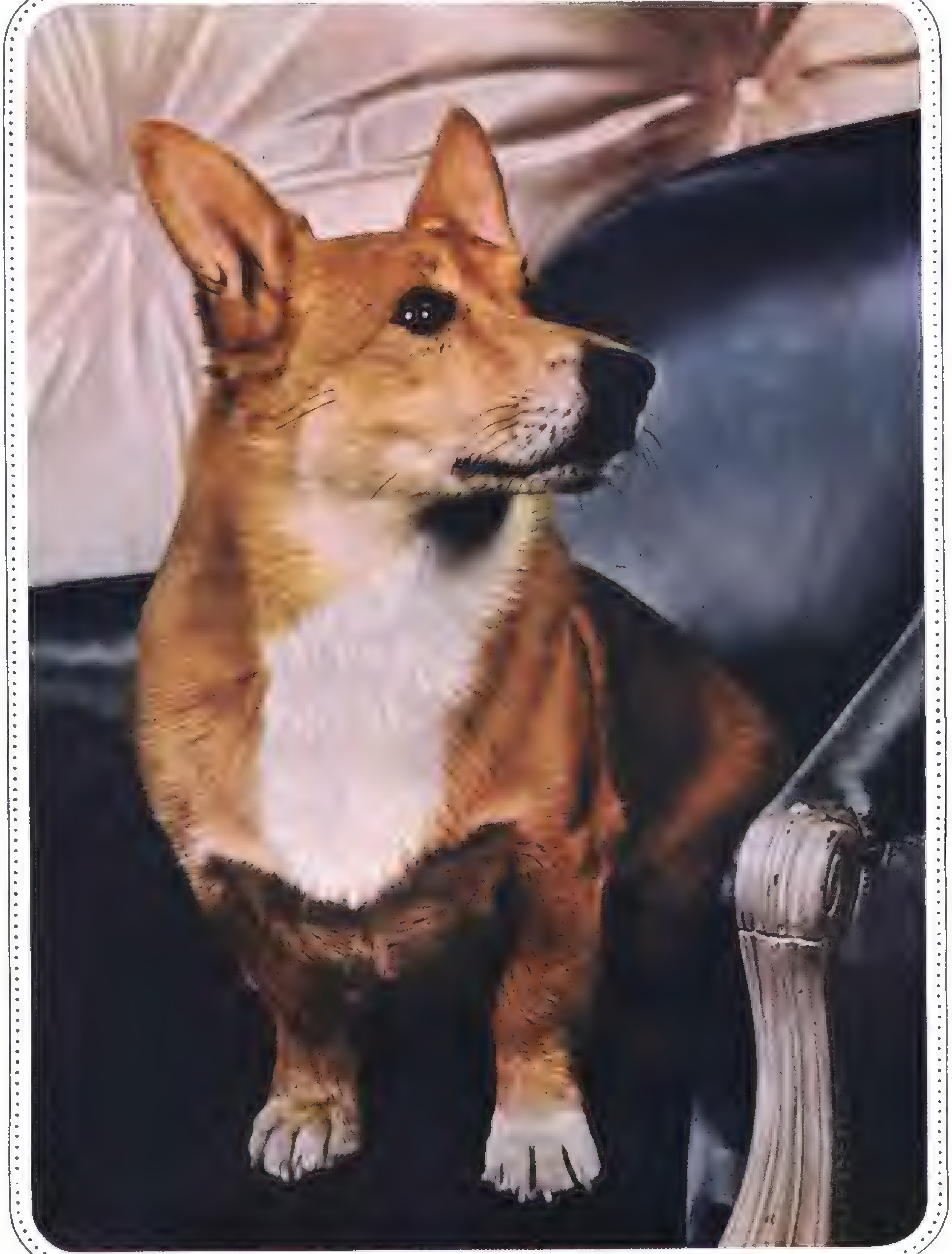
"It took four hundred boxes, but it's the only one of its kind in the neighborhood!"



"Why don't you give me my gifts early this year, dear—so I can exchange them in time for Xmas?"



"Well, yes—it's warm—I'll grant you that"



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

Pembroke Welsh Corgi

Champion Spring Robin owned by Andely Kennels. He has a head like a fox, a stern like a rabbit and the disposition of a tractable minx. Nothing gets by him—he is a regular see-all, hear-all, and his loyalty is complete. His love is of the possessive type but there is nothing grim in the way he manifests this devotion—no slinking about with curled lip when on guard. Moving with quick, gay assurance, he inserts himself between his owner and any stranger. The Corgi was originally a sheep and cattle herder and his little front feet still turn out a bit—reminiscent of the time when his head ducked down between them to avoid flying hooves. His size makes him a practical city dweller; he weighs about twenty pounds, is twelve inches at the shoulder, should be longer than he is high and can be any color but white. He does not belong to the Daschshund family, but there is some talk that in his blood are bits of Keeshonden, Schipperke and Norwegian Elkhound. He can chase his ancestors back to 1107 A. D.—Chase Herendeen

The Happy Tragedist

Breaking all rules for writers of tragic drama, Lillian Hellman likes people, big parties, parlor debates, even Hollywood

by SIDNEY CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

WHAT is tragedy? Tragedy is the mask on the right side of the proscenium on the stage of the Little Theatre in Oneonta, Mo. Tragedy is the Muse with the sour puss, the one named Melpomene. Tragedy is the Greek drama, the Russian drama, one-third of Shakespeare, all of Ibsen, and anything written in the United States by a first-year graduate of the Kinnetka Correspondence School of the Drama. Tragedy is also written in the United States by Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Clifford Odets, and Lillian Hellman.

Tragedy is written by brooding spirits. The ancient Greeks undoubtedly did a lot of brooding and the Russians are possibly the best brooders in the world. As far as the Greeks and the Russians and one-third of Shakespeare and all of Ibsen are concerned, the casual poet put it correctly—no brood, no tragic mood.

To Americans it is reassuring to realize that of the four most eminent practitioners of the art of tragedy in this country we have two who follow the great tradition. Eugene O'Neill must walk the sand flats of Cape Cod or California and hide himself from all men before he comes up with a six-hour adaptation from the Greek, or with nine plays pitched on the very edge of doom. Maxwell Anderson is not so addicted to perpetual solitude. He is sometimes seen in public, and, once or twice in the last few years, in the vicinity of Broadway. But most of the time he prefers his country retreat near Nyack, New York, in the company of a few carefully picked court favorites. Anderson and O'Neill, for so many years our proudest contributions to the drama anthologies, are thus brooders and creatures of solitude in the grand style. They move alone, they are obviously melancholy men, they live in onyx towers in California and Nyack, they detest Hollywood, and over the midnight oil they may conceivably fan their mottled brows with a raven's wing. Eminent limners of tragedy on the stage, they are tragedians in private life. Had they lived in a more elegant era—say the era of Booth—they too might have worn black cloaks. It sometimes seems a shame that the third and fourth members of the tragic foursome are not more like O'Neill and Anderson. In a word, the third and fourth members do not conform.

Clifford Odets is gregarious, talkative, and a popular figure in the night life of New York and Hollywood. Although his plays are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, he is, personally, no shrinking violet. He is no brooder.

The fourth tragedist, Lillian Hellman, breaks all the rules of the great tradition by having been born a woman in the first place.

There have been very few female writers of tragedy in the history of the stage and even the few brave souls who tried their hands at the art with some success have been proved by later generations and more enlightened critics to have been anything but writers of tragedy. (They were writing melodrama all the time!) It is a brittle thing, this line of demarkation between tragedy and melodrama, and Miss Hellman herself has a few words to say on the subject, but it is a fact that of all the female playwrights in history none have earned a place on the top shelf. They may have been aiming as high as Hamlet but they never got any closer than Little Eva. Thus, Miss Letitia Crewes, "the Sweet Singer of Joplin," (1813-1870) may have considered herself one with Shakespeare when she gave a little play to the world. It had more homey sentiment than the Euripides' *Electra* and it certainly had more tears in it than *Hamlet.* But latter day critics have decreed that Miss Crewes's masterpiece, which was extremely popular in its day and which was called *The Drunkard's Dream,* is not really tragedy of the great tradition. Thus it has fared with most aspiring female tragedists—until now. In a word, if we are to rely on the judgment of some of our better critics, Lillian Hellman now stands where no female playwright has ever stood—smack-dab before the portals of immortality.

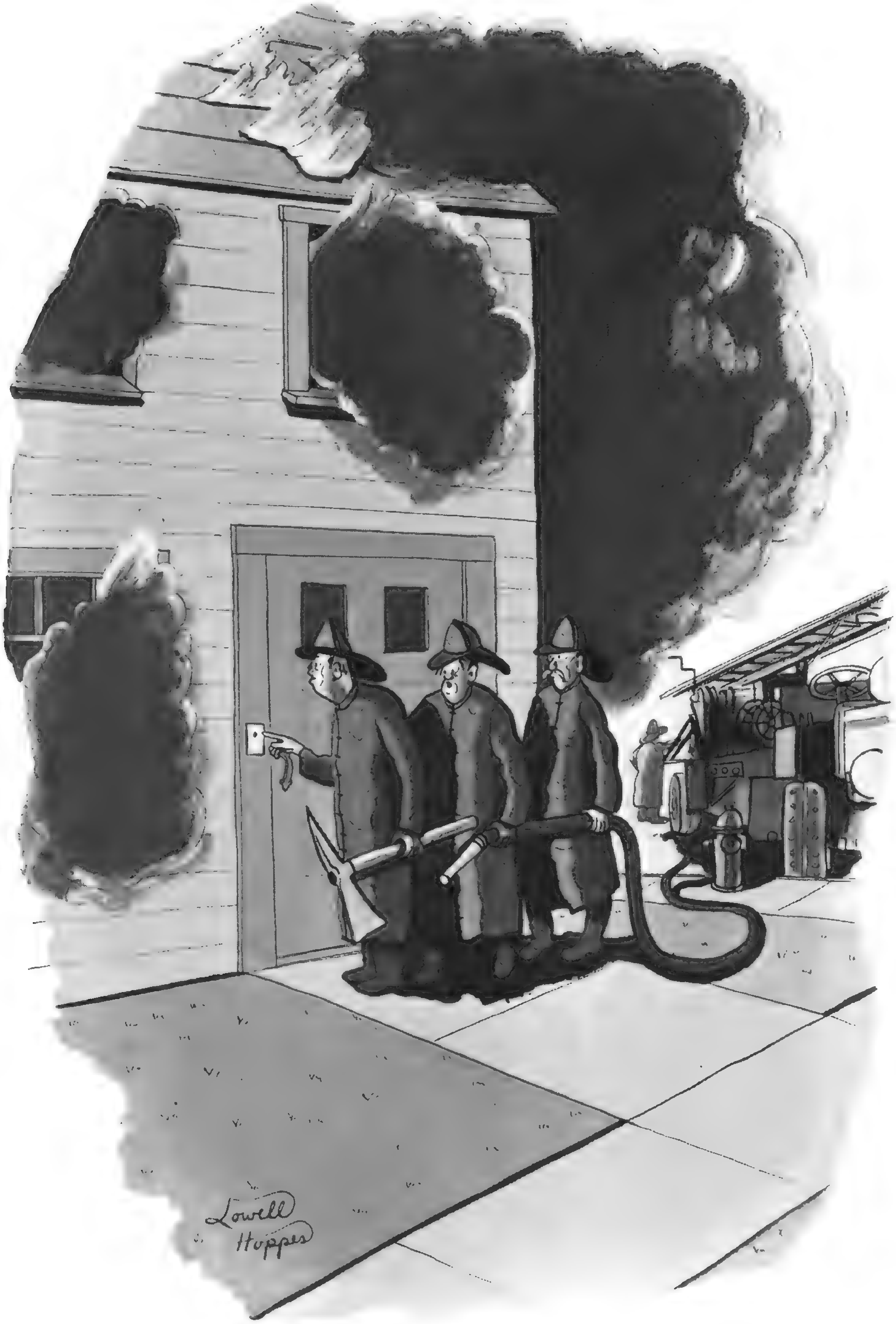
And yet, she does not conform; she has no use for panoply. She is not a brooding spirit.

For one thing, she plays an excellent hand of poker. She prefers playing with men, and men like to play with her because—as one member of the Inside Straight and Flush Club put it—"she doesn't play cards like a goddam woman." Miss Hellman likes people, parties, tall drinks, and parlor debates. She has a place in the country to which she often retires, to recuperate rather than to brood. It is by no means a towerish kind of place, ivory or onyx. It was made for company. It sits on high rolling land of which approximately half is in fields and half in woodlands, with bridle paths running all over the place. An artificially created spring-fed lake, eight acres of it, with three islands, runs to a depth of nine feet. Besides the main residence there are a six-room-and-bath steam-heated caretaker's cottage, two guest houses with baths, a game house, barns, stables, and poultry houses. Miss Hellman bought the place with a portion of the profits from *The Little Foxes,* her second hit.

She does go into the classic kind of retirement when she is writing a play, but when she relaxes she pulls all the stops out. She is a member of more socially conscious organizations than a press agent can count and she likes Broadway. She also likes the out-of-doors. Richard Maney, who has publicized all of her plays, will swear on a stack of libel suits that she once went fishing for tuna in

Continued on page 182

"Well, do you want to go and see Charles Boyer or do you want to stay here and make a fool out of yourself?"


Lowell Hoppes

"Ring again!"

Lesson of a Cockfight

Their show had folded in Miami, and he told her what they needed to put their dance act over again was a new routine

by BENEDICT THIELEN

FICTION

FROM their room, because it was one of the cheap ones, there was no view of the ocean. It was at the back of the hotel facing a court which all day long and until late at night was filled with the clatter of dishes and the rising smell of cooking. The hot sun was now shining directly into the court and from its position the man standing at the window could tell that it was after two o'clock. He had just got up a few minutes before and the sun hurt his eyes but he continued standing there, his back to the room. From behind him came the anger-taut plucking of the woman's voice and as each word came out he could see, even without looking at her, the shape of her mouth forming it. He saw the words come out of her mouth and felt them running over his shoulders and down over him, as if they were a steady gush of some cloudy liquid in which floated particles that clung as they passed to the purple brocade dressing gown that he was wearing.

". . . how you ever expect to get anywhere, drinking, and talking to me like that in front of all those people, it's no wonder we can't get an engagement, Miami's a small place after all, you got to remember, and . . ."

The words kept flowing over him, sticking to him, as he stood there without moving, his eyes almost shut against the glare of sunlight from the court. He could feel his body under the brocade dressing gown stiffening, resisting the flow against it of the thick clinging words.

"Why don't you *say* something?"

Her voice rose and his hands in his pockets curved and clenched into fists. He started to turn around, quickly, to speak but then caught himself and with his back to her saw the look which his silence engraved on her face, feeling his silence like a keen instrument in his hands, cutting deep indelible lines.

"Just because I talk to a gentleman at the bar and because I go and have one dance with him you think you can go and . . ."

He turned slowly round and looked at her. The rouge which she had just put on her face had not yet been blended and smoothed so that two bright round spots showed on her cheek bones, giving her face a grotesque look like the face of a doll. The sunlight that was reflected from the court slanted hard and hot across her face and cast deep shadows. Her face looked old, but she was not old and beneath it her throat looked full and round and white and her body too looked firm. That was one thing, he thought, about being a dancer: their bodies at least stayed in good shape.

"You acted perfectly childish." She gave a short laugh. "Jealous! You! God, I have to laugh!"

He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said, "it does seem sort of hard to understand. Now that I think of it." He glanced down at her and as he saw the deepening anger in her face he felt suddenly calm and, somewhere inside himself, pleased.

"Yes," he said slowly, tasting the words on his tongue and closely watching the expression in her eyes, "Yes, after all why should I be? What's a bitch more or less in my young life?"

He saw her take up the hand mirror and rise slightly from her seat. He took a step toward her and his hand closed over her wrist. He stood looking down at her, half smiling, feeling the strength of his hand curving on her wrist. He felt her body become tense as she tried to rise from the chair and with his other hand against her chest at the base of her throat he pushed her slowly back. Just above his fingers he saw the white roundness of her throat. It and the position of his hand against it made him think of something in the past. He could not think what it was but he knew that it was pleasant and for a few moments in the silence of the room he stood there almost dreamily, listening to the hush of the still air and feeling this pleasant intangible memory.

Then he let both hands drop to his side and turning around walked back to the window. Her words rushed forth again but this time he did not mind them. They flowed around and past him.

". . . saying you'd beat up the guy and them all but throwing us out of the place. A fine reputation we'll have around here, a fine chance to get an engagement and . . ."

He stood there for a time longer, then he turned round again and said, "Drop it, Lucille, will you? And listen, Lucille, one day you're going to start riding me once too often. Once . . . too . . . often. See?" He went over to the washstand and turned on the hot water tap. "We better go get some breakfast now. You'll feel better when you've got something inside you."

"I don't know how you expect to go on like this," she said. "The money isn't going to last forever."

"You want me to find us an engagement today?" he said, beginning to lather his face. "Now? This minute? Sunday?"

"Every day is Sunday with you," she said.

"Is it my fault if the joint where we open folds after two weeks?"

"No, but . . ." She looked around the room and her voice sounded suddenly tearful. "Oh God, Ray, I get so sick of living in dumps like this. Remember when we stayed at the Roney-Plaza?"

She brushed the back of her hand across her eyes, then got up, took a blanket off the foot of the bed and spread it on the floor.

He turned round and looked down at her. She was lying on the blanket starting to do her limbering exercises, raising first one leg ceiling-ward and then the other. She had

Continued on page 143

"Pardon me, but it's customary to wait until after the ceremony"

You're in the Army Now!

Goldbricks weren't news to the sergeant but what could he do with this lanky Georgian who confided that drilling made him tarred?

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

THE young medical lieutenant at the regimental infirmary shook his head. “You here again, Bradley?”

“Yes suh. I feel right poorly this mornin’, lieutenant.”

“What's wrong now?”

“Well, I hurt all up and down, and then I hurt a little crosswise also.”

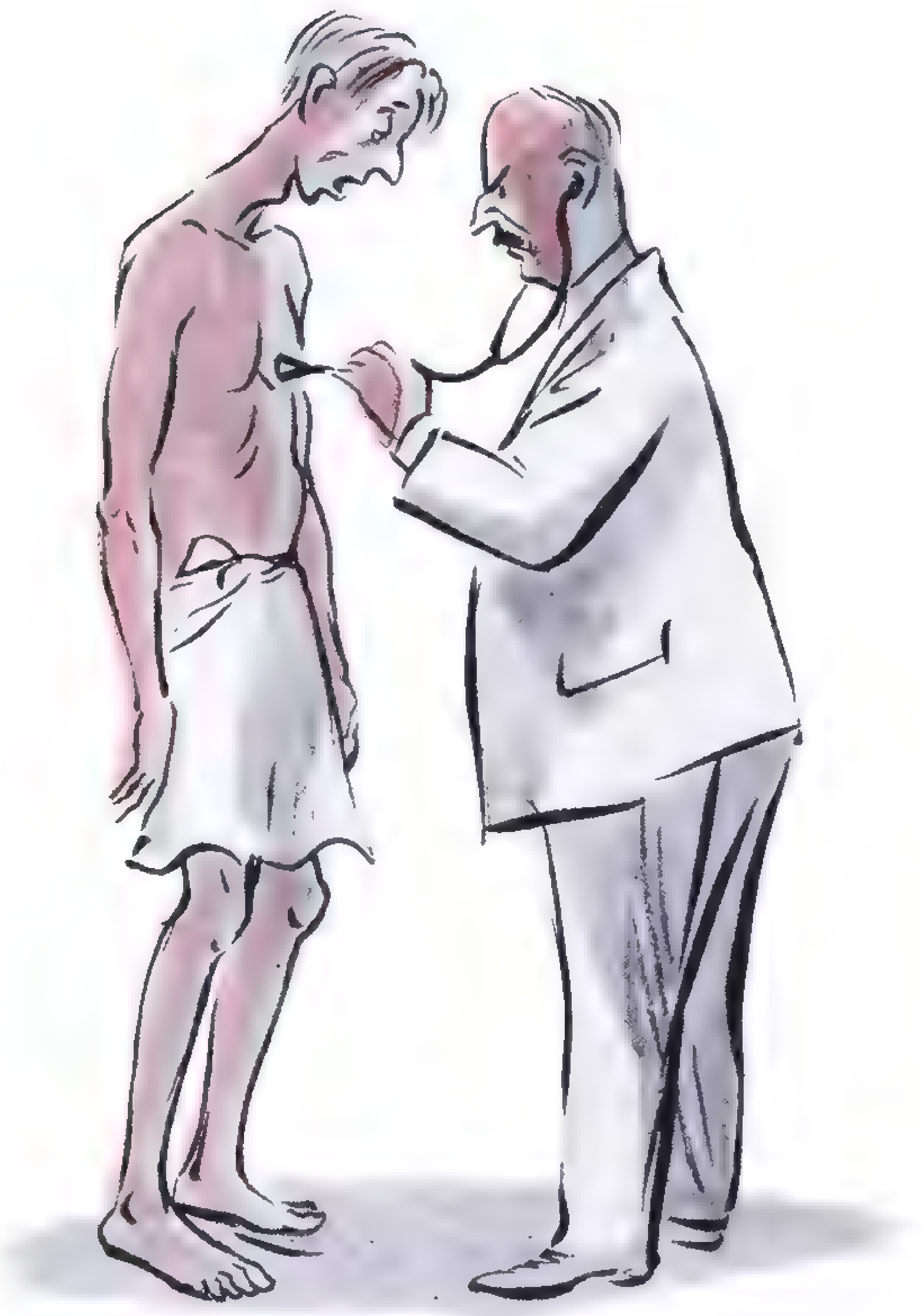
The doctor explored about the tall sallow recruit's person with his stethoscope, tapped his lungs, made him hop on one foot, asked him to cough, took his pulse and temperature. Then he scribbled a prescription on a blank. It was for a mild physic. “I can't find anything at all the matter with with you, Bradley. The corporal in the dispensary will give you a couple of pills to take. Here.”

“Yes suh,” said Bradley sadly. “That's exactly what all the doctors tell me.” He hunched his pale shoulders forlornly as he took the slip of paper from the medical lieutenant. “Seems mighty queer, suh.”

“What seems queer?”

“Seems queer you cain't find nothin’ wrong with me. Ever’ time I take a right smart of a piece of exercise I hurt somethin’ intolerable.”

“Where do you come from, Bradley?” asked the doctor, looking up.



“I was born in southern Georgia, but I lived with farmin’ kinfolks some o’ the time in Tennessee and some o’ the time in Mississippi. Then come along this yere draftin’ law an’ I figured to take up in the army for a spell, Uncle Sam bein’ sort o’ persistent about it.”

“Well, as far as I'm concerned, you're as healthy as a mule. I'm returning you on report for duty. All right, next man.”

“Yes suh,” muttered Private Bradley resignedly. “Nevertheless I ache in my bones somethin’ fearful. I got a humor all up and down me. Could be I got a rare-like disease the curin’ men ain't never heered of yit.”

The lieutenant glanced up from the sink where he was washing his hands. “I think you've got what medical science calls a case of galloping inertia,” he told the tow-headed Georgia boy. “In other words, you're unconscionably lazy. In other words I suspect you're a goldbrick, Bradley. The next time I see you up here on the sick call I'll make it castor oil.”

“I cain't hep it if I'm tarred all the time.”

“Tarred?”

“Yes suh, Lieutenant. Tarred. T-i-r-e-d, tarred.”

“Report back to your first sergeant for duty,” the lieutenant grunted his dismissal. “Tired soldiers are his headache. Next man.”

Private Bradley reported himself back to his first sergeant, as ordered. “I don't reckon that doctor gentleman figures to know whatall ails me,” he complained.

Sergeant Edwards put aside the company roster he was working on. “Drilling with the rest of the men sort of tires you out, I gather,” he murmured solicitously.

“I weary awful easy on the drill field.”

“Your rifle gets pretty heavy, I suspect.”

“Seems like it sags me down after totin’ it a brief spell. It shore does,” Private Bradley admitted.

“Feet get blisters? Legs want to buckle up? You sweat too easily?” went on the first sergeant.

“Y'all know more about my humor than that there lieutenant man at the Infirmary, Sarge, I do declar.”

“The army wants everybody to be happy and contented, Georgia,” said Sergeant Edwards. “We never think of asking anybody to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves. We're just like one big happy family, my boy. Why didn't you come to me sooner and tell me how you felt?”

“I reckon I didn't think of it.”

“If drilling tires you out, we want to know it. I'll see that you're assigned to some light pleasant duty until your full strength and vitality returns. Come with me, Bradley.”

Before Georgia could be sure of what was happening to him he had been turned over by Edwards to the mess sergeant. “Here's a new lad for you, Sergeant Sweeney. Drilling gives him unpleasant sensations.”

“Ah, you don't say! What's your name, lad?”

“Private Bradley. Ever'body calls me ‘Georgia.’”

“Well, and we're mighty, mighty happy to have you with us, Georgia. Glad to make your acquaintance.”

“I've promised to assign him to some congenial duty that would not overtax his delicate constitution,” observed Sergeant Edwards.

“Ah, now, and you've brought him to the right place.” When the first sergeant had gone Sweeney turned to the recruit. “We'll nurse ye back to health, I don't doubt, in short order. Git over to the sinks and start wallopin’ them greasy pots, me fine goldbrick, and I don't want to see your mugg again until every last one of 'em shines fit to blind a man with sunglasses on.”

“That's a right proud stack of dirty pots,” said Georgia, rather hurt.

“Stop wasting me time with chatter, now. In fact if I even hear ye singin’ at your wurrk I'll have ye court martialled for violatin’ the Thirty-ninth article o’ war, which states that ye kin be hung for anything I kin think up to accuse ye of.”

At nine o'clock that evening Sergeant Sweeney went back into the kitchen and found the lanky southern boy still bent over the sloppy sinks dreamily swabbing the gluey pans. “Minds me o’ fishin’ in Robinses Crick to home,” he told the mess sergeant dolefully. “Catfish git t’ eatin’ off the bait quickern man can fix it on. Same with these pots. Seem like these yere cooks keep dirtyin’ up pots and ladles a sight fastern I can wash 'em, Sarge.”

“Take your time, me lad,” Sergeant Sweeney advised him sweetly. “When ye finish up, go git a fine sound sleep, because the shift ye belong to goes on duty at three a.m. in the mornin’.”

At supper time the next day young Bradley stood in melancholy splendor in the center of a mountain of dirty pots and pans, still swabbing away dolefully, whilst the cooks bellowed for cooking utensils. The sergeant, after mess, collared his newest KP and hauled him into the orderly room. “Tis not me usual practice to look a gift horse in the mouth,” he told Edwards coldly. “But do ye want the company to eat from now on, or don't ye?”

“Well, for the sake of argument I'll say yes.”

“Then keep this case of animated suspension out o' me kitchen, for otherwise I'll be cookin' me hash in cardboard fryin' pans and boilin' me spuds in lily cups." Sweeney hurried away before any further discussion of the merits of the business could ensue.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to take you before the company commander, Bradley. You're rapidly developing into a military headache. Come with me."

Edwards knocked on the captain's door. "Come in," Captain Hitchcock called.

The captain's frown deepened as his first sergeant acquainted him with the southern draftee's peculiarities. "I cannot countenance indolence and sloth in my organization, young man. What seems to be the matter with you? Don't you like the army?"

"I like it tolerable, suh."

"Then why do you shirk your duties? What makes you so lazy?"

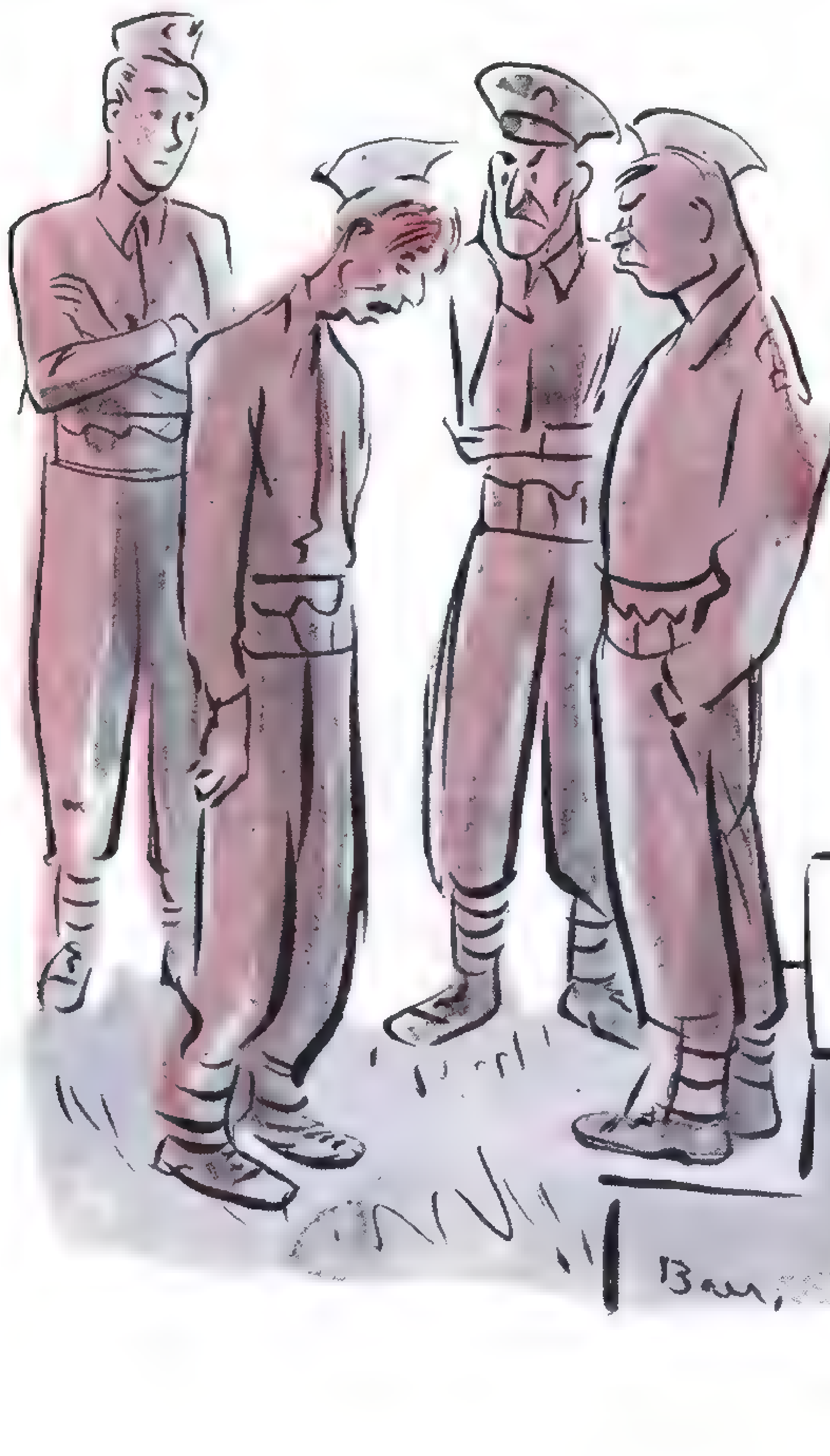
"Could be I ain't well."

"Nonsense. These reports from the Infirmary say you're in perfect physical condition. Hmmm," the captain pursed his lips. "What about the Fourth Platoon, sergeant?"

"Yes, I think it'd be a good idea to let Smoot take him in hand, sir. It's worth a try."

At that very moment Sergeant Smoot was holding forth to the three corporals who staffed the Fourth Platoon, Corporals Corky Smith and Ortwingle, old soldiers like himself, and Corporal Harrison Hyler, erudite selectee whose promotion Smoot himself had recommended on the ground that a brain was sometimes a useful complement to a brawn.

"It is somehow a genius hidin' away in some place in this here army which when any dirty work is got to be done all he can think of is to put it on me," Smoot lamented. "One day I am picked out to hunt for spies around airoplane hangars, another day I am placed in charge of a children's nursery full of kids. The next thing I know I will be ast to speak to a mothers' club or something on the subject of How The Army Done Me Good. Now here is this Fourth Patoon, into where they keep assigning all the screwbugs and—"



The company clerk came into the squadroom with Georgia in tow. "Sergeant Edwards is putting Private Bradley in your platoon, Smoot. Take 'im away."

"How are y'all? Ever'body calls me 'Georgia.'"

A certain cynicism born of experience spread visibly over Sergeant Smoot's features. "Well, what's wrong with you, soldier? There is never been nobody ever assigned to this here patoon that there wasn't something wrong with them—not even me."

"I tar right easy," Georgia admitted blandly.

Corporal Hyler translated. "He says he tires rather easily."

The platoon sergeant waved his head from side to side mockingly. "Let's make it a game to see if you get tired of me quicker than I get tired of you."

"I don't tar of folks," explained Georgia unsmilingly. "I got a right smart likin' for people, I do declar."

Corporal Corky Smith interrupted:

"Is that accent real, or is he jist makin' it up as he goes along?"

"I'll give you a couple of men to haul your bunk and equipment over here," said Sergeant Smoot. Georgia nodded and moved away vaguely, like a day-dream photographed by slow motion camera. "Well," said Smoot to his corporals, "I guess we have got another one of them problem recruits in the Fourth Patoon."

Said Ortwingle, "Don't place him into my squad, Sarge. Remember, I got Quackenbush, who is the guy which I have to give a bath to personally with my own hands twice a week."

"And I got Dopey McClusky," said Corky Smith. "Don't forget that."

"I figure I guess you're elected, Hyler," said Smoot. "You're the brains of the outfit."

"Considering the sort of chaps they've been assigning to us of late, I don't imagine we can be disconcerted by one who merely tires easily," said Corporal Hyler. "In any event, I'll study his weaknesses, whatever they may be, and make them the subject of discussion after drill tomorrow."

"Do that," said Sergeant Smoot.

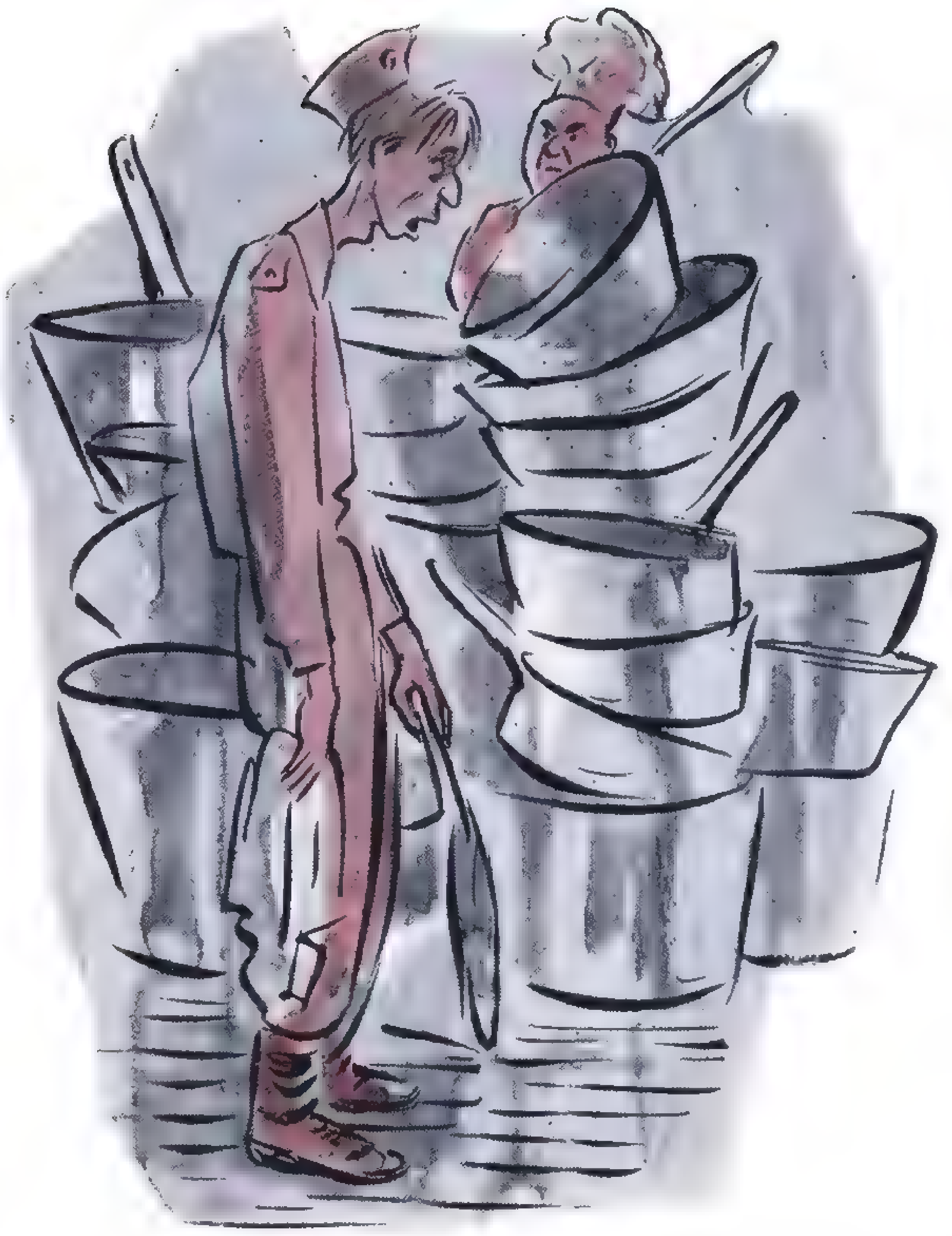
After drill the following afternoon Corporal Hyler, while he removed his sweat-stained uniform, made a brief observation. "It's my conviction," he told his fellow-N. C. O.'s, "that Private Bradley would slow down a blitzkrieg by our forces more effectively than a thousand enemy tanks. I am convinced that whatever side this Georgia boy is on, the other side is almost bound to win."

"Well, what's the matter with him?" Smoot demanded.

"He has his verbs mixed up."

"Verbs? What verbs?"

"He doesn't tire easily, my friends. That is a misuse of a respectable verb. That boy starts out



being as tired as it is possible for any human to become. Like the hands of a clock, he manages to travel from point to point, but you can't see him do it. I will match him as an immovable object against any irresistible body you care to bring around. With Bradley in the army it's a waste of time to think in terms of Total War."

"Won't he drill?"

"With Georgia in my squad," said Corporal Hyler, "the word 'drill' takes on a subtle new meaning it never had before. He drills, yes. But he's infected the men with his lethargy, to say nothing of his Confederate accent. When I stop and look around for my number eight man, he's standing alongside Georgia saying, 'I think the corporal means for you-all and me-all to execute a left turn, I do declar.'"

"As bad as that?"

"We're like a phantom squad of soldiers who've been killed in battle and don't know it yet."

"Is it possibly," asked Corporal Corky Smith, "that he ain't got any esprit de corpse? You remember how when we went out on them maneuvers we made everybody in the Fourth Platoon get some esprit de corpse even if we had to punch them in the eye to learn 'em it?"

"You," called Sergeant Smoot in no gentle voice as the lanky Georgia came in from the washroom. "Come over here."

"Mind if I jest set down lightly on the aidge of this yere bunk?" Georgia inquired complacently. "My feet ache to about as far up as my shoulder blades."

"You are bustin' my heart, soldier—wait a minute until I cry a couple or three crocodile tears." Sergeant Smoot turned a cold glance on his obstreperous recruit. "We are used to various specimens of nuts and goldbricks and wise guys in this here patoon, see. So if you would like me to take off my chevrons and go out behind the barracks with you, I will be delighted to prove who is the patoon commander around here."

"I don't know what y'all are drivin' at,"

Continued in center of page 177

Ring of the Cash Register

Manhattan's boxing monopoly, more than the draft, is killing the sport for the glove-hungry patrons of the hinterlands

by JOSEPH TRINER

• SPORTS •

Professional boxing is down for an eight count! Today's boxing ring is the ring of the cash register.

Historians of the sport have recorded critical periods when only drastic action saved boxing from temporary, but total, eclipse.

Twice the sport in the elementary stages of its modern form was kept alive by legislation from within.

Jack Houghton drew up the basic London Prize Ring Rules in 1743 to give boxing status as a scientific sport and save it from extinction by campaigners.

The Marquis of Queensbury rules, adopted in 1872 and becoming general in 1889 after John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought the last of the bare-knuckle title fights, for the second time provided boxing with an advanced and fundamental code that preserved the sport in popular favor.

Now boxing again is on the ropes. The dollar sign has slugged it below the belt. Boxing has been kept answering the bell for a new round more by the talent, enthusiasm and hope of the boxing writers than by justifiable rating of major boxing as a competitive sport.

The game today has two serious weaknesses.

One is the dearth of boxing material. That will not be a lasting defect. In army camps, at naval stations and on battleships, fine instruction by experienced and conscientious men is developing a potentially great corps of boxers among physically and mentally superior specimens of American youth.

But the other grave peril in American boxing may destroy the game as a leading professional sport before the boys get out of the service to furnish more extensive expert competition.

That peril is the Mike Jacobs monopoly in big time boxing.

This monopoly will kill major boxing just as certainly as professional baseball, football, golf and tennis would not be able to survive if the vast majority of their most attractive contests were held in New York City for entirely financial reasons.

Mike won't give up his monopoly. He has box-office control of the earnings of champions and contenders.

As long as the State Athletic Commission of the State of New York remains isolationist in its attitude toward the National Boxing Association there cannot be co-operation between the two in the best interests of the sport. If the New York Commission were not isolated but allied so its rulings would be acceptable to the boxing governing organizations of thirty-five other states then Mike would have to listen to the rulings of the National Boxing Association.

Boxing commissioners of other states can sympathize with the New York commissioners. Often high officials of a state urge state commissioners to secure a so-called championship fight that the commissioners regard as a miserable example of mismatching and not a valid sporting event. The political powers, however, see the prospect of additional revenue to the state and money drawn in from beyond the state's borders.

This kind of pressure is diminishing, according to evidence I heard from state boxing commissioners when I was president of the National Boxing Association. You will notice that men named as state boxing commissioners in late years have been of exceptionally high standing in business or professional fields, and of temperamental qualifications that protect themselves and the public against ways that are dark and tricks that are vain in pugilistic commerce. Considering the expediencies that often dictate political appointments the caliber of sportsmen comprising the National Boxing Association is highly reassuring to boxing fans. No amateur or other professional sport is governed by men more earnestly devoted to service to the athletes and to the sports-loving public.

In placing outstanding business men, who also classified as ranking boxing fans, on state boxing commissions I believe that Illinois did the best job of pioneering when the late George Getz and Sheldon Clark were made members of the Illinois State Athletic Commission by the late Governor Horner. When the late Henry Horner was governor of Illinois he discussed with me the matter of appointing a Republican as a member of a Democratic administration's state athletic commission. The objective was to make the commission beyond question a body for conscientious and competent supervision of sport rather than to cheapen and weaken its effect by making it primarily an item of politics. Governor Horner was a veteran student of politics, and was well aware that at times politics had burlesqued the sports aspect of boxing commissions.

Getz was a multimillionaire coal man. Clark has been for many years a top executive of the Sinclair oil interests. I was chairman of the Illinois Commission for eight years and while I had many occasions to be concerned about the business sacrifices I made in commission work, I was constantly reminded—by their performances, but not by their words—that Getz and Clark were giving to boxing fans in Illinois a fair and honest job.

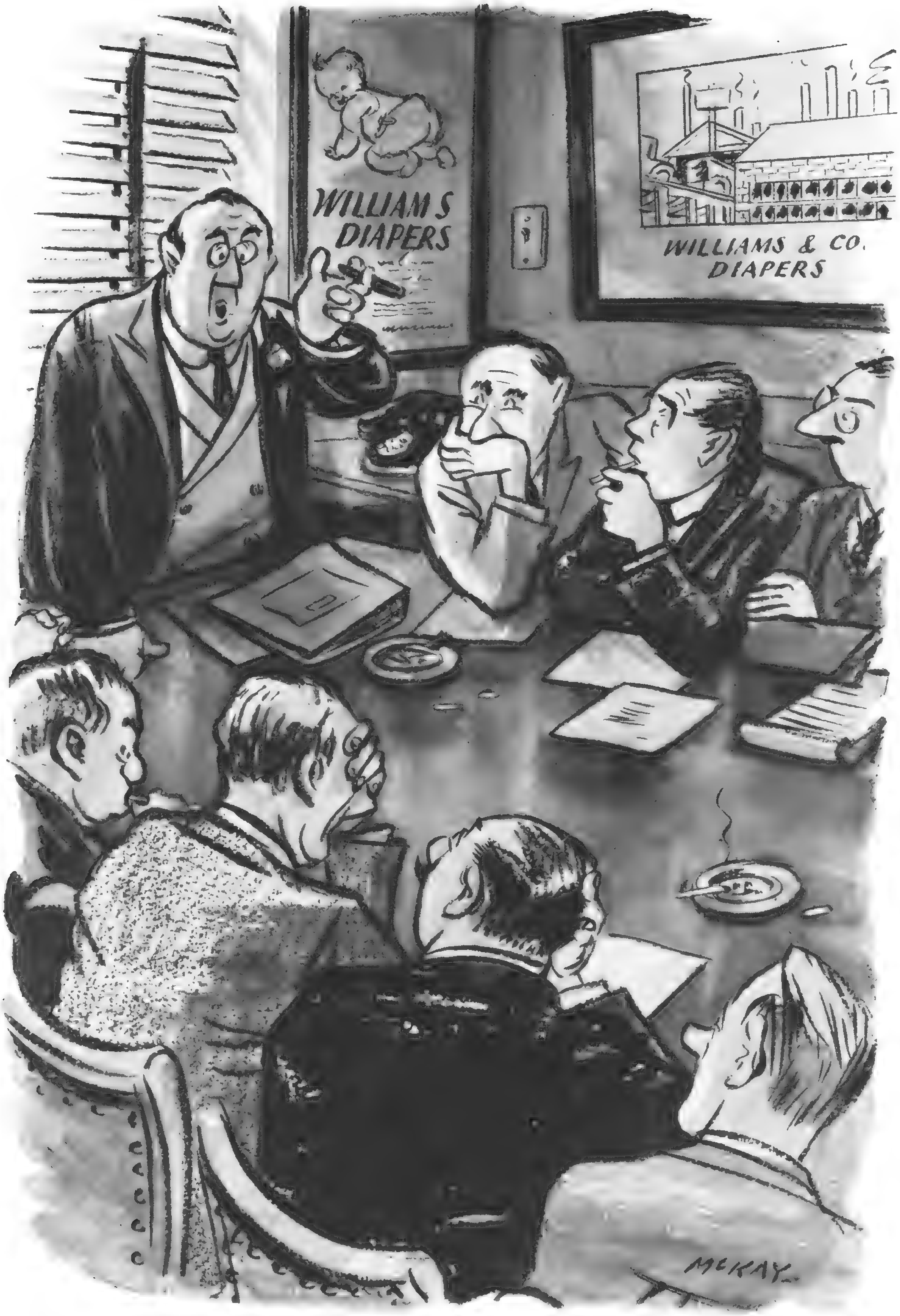
Under conditions such as prevailed in Illinois I doubt if even our Mike could profit from his monopoly to the extent that he would were he to give his promotion genius national expression instead of confining its outlet mainly to New York.

Neither the largest outdoor fight crowd nor the largest indoor fight crowd was as-

Continued on page 132

QUARTERMASTER

"When do we get to meet the hostesses?"


WILLIAMS
DIAPERS
WILLIAMS & CO.
DIAPERS
McKAY

*"There must be some way the Army can use our diapers, gentlemen—
are there any suggestions?"*

At the Way Station

The father and son were Finns, with the wind-beaten faces of migrant workers and the dignity that is inherent in peasants

by **MARTIN SAVELA**

FICTION

"WE CAN wait," the boy said. "There is no hurry."

"Ja, there is hurry," the father said. "They will be fitting out the crews for the boats. The blue ice breaks up in April. And the jobs do not wait."

"We have time. We can stay here overnight and in the morning you will feel better."

"Ja, in the morning I will feel better. I am tired. The day was hot. So . . . yes, we can do that."

They had climbed down off the train where they had been riding in the blinds when it had stopped at the junction to take on water and they had stood beside the tracks until the train had started and gone on. The father was not sick, he had no pain, but all of a sudden he felt weak, tired and sleepy from the heat of the day and the noise and speed of the train. So they climbed down when the train stopped in the forest clearing. They looked around and saw the spur of track that curved away from the main line, rusty from long disuse, the water tank, the weathered gray way station with its broken windows and rotting planks and the woods around. The train moved again. It disappeared into the woods.

"What place is this?" the father said.

The boy did not remember. He had traveled this line many times before but he could not remember ever having seen the way station.

Well, he said to himself, you pass by lots of places without noticing. To the father he said, "It's some junction, I forget the name. Something Junction."

"They don't use it much any more, that's plain."

"No, I guess that spur leads to some lumber town that's dead now. Lots of them in this neck of the woods."

He shouldered his blanket-roll and started to walk toward the way station.

"Come on, Pa," he said.

But the father stood there listening. It was getting on toward dusk and the cool wind that had come up was blowing along the tree lofts, shaking the leaves. It seemed to him that there was some other noise but no it was just the wind, only the wind. You could not feel it on the ground yet. You could hear it soughing lightly in the leaves.

"Come on, Pa," the boy said.

"Ja. Ja."

He started to walk but his legs felt heavy and he had to make a conscious effort with each step as if he were just now learning how to walk, first lifting one foot and then the other. They went up to the way station. The rotten planks boomed out hollowly underfoot. The door was not locked and they went in. It was a small room with benches along the walls and a pot-bellied stove over in one corner. There were caulk marks on the floor. The father sat down near the window, closed his eyes and leaned his head back comfortably.

"Do you want to eat now?" the boy asked.

"No, I'm not hungry," he said. "It isn't that I feel sick or anything like that. It's just that I don't feel like riding on the trains during the night. I just want to sit here for a while."

He kept his eyes shut while he was talking.

"In the morning you will feel better," the boy said.

"Ja, in the morning . . ."

The boy sat down and took a tin of beef out of the blanket-roll and when he was through eating he rolled a cigarette and smoked it slowly, blowing the smoke up toward the low ceiling.

They were Finns, thick-bodied men of middle height with the ruddy, wind-beaten faces of those who are on the road, but their clothing was neat, their faces, their eyes, were not sullen, and there was something left of an original peasant dignity. They were not hobos but workmen who followed seasonal occupations and now that it was spring they were on the way from the northern forests to the Great Lakes ports to ship on the freighters.

"Do you hear that?" the father said suddenly. He sat up and turned to look out of the window. "Is it a train coming?"

"No," the boy said, "it's nothing."

"Listen, I feel better now. If the train stops we will take it."

"There is no train," the boy said.

But the father was not listening.

"We must take it! We have no time to waste, sitting here. The blue ice is broken, the slush ice is gone, the vessels will be fitting out and the jobs don't wait. We must be on our way betimes or . . ."

He was up on his feet and already moving toward the door when his legs gave away and he stumbled and slumped down to his knees slowly with a look of amazement coming over his face and said, "What the hell! . . ." in a weak and frightened voice. The boy helped him up. They went back to the bench.

"You had better stretch out," the boy said.

The father lay back and stared at the ceiling, saying nothing. His face was gray under the dark stubble of beard that covered cheekbone and jaw. His hands kept clenching and unclenching. His breath came lagging. It faltered. Then it came steadily again. The boy stood there. He did not know what to say or do. After a while he turned to go out but just then the father spoke calmly.

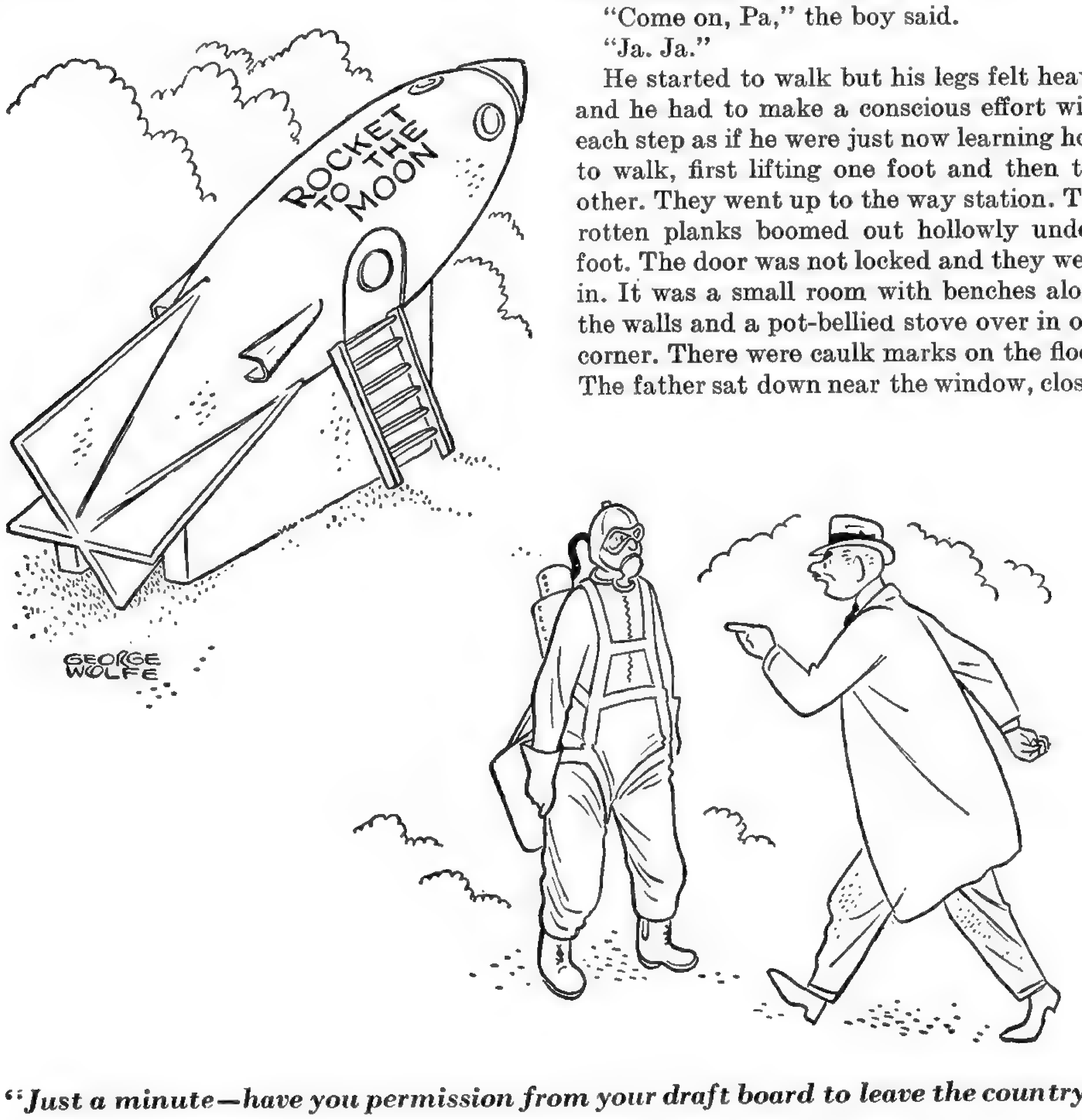
"I am not sick. The day was hot and I am tired. I will rest for a while and in the morning I will feel better."

"Yes," the boy said.

"In the morning we will start out."

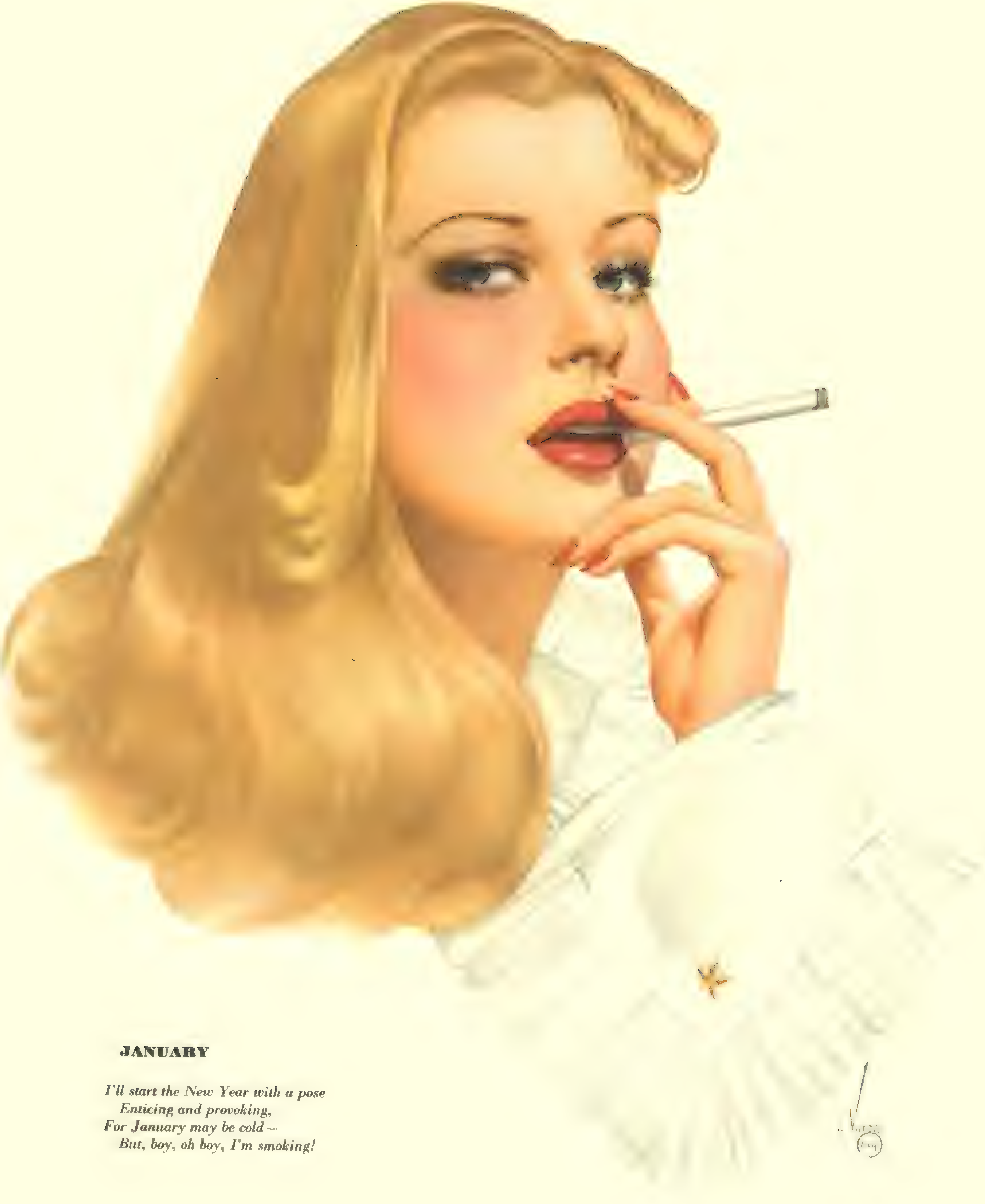
"Yes, in the morning."

The boy went outside. It was dusk, a few



"Just a minute—have you permission from your draft board to leave the country?"

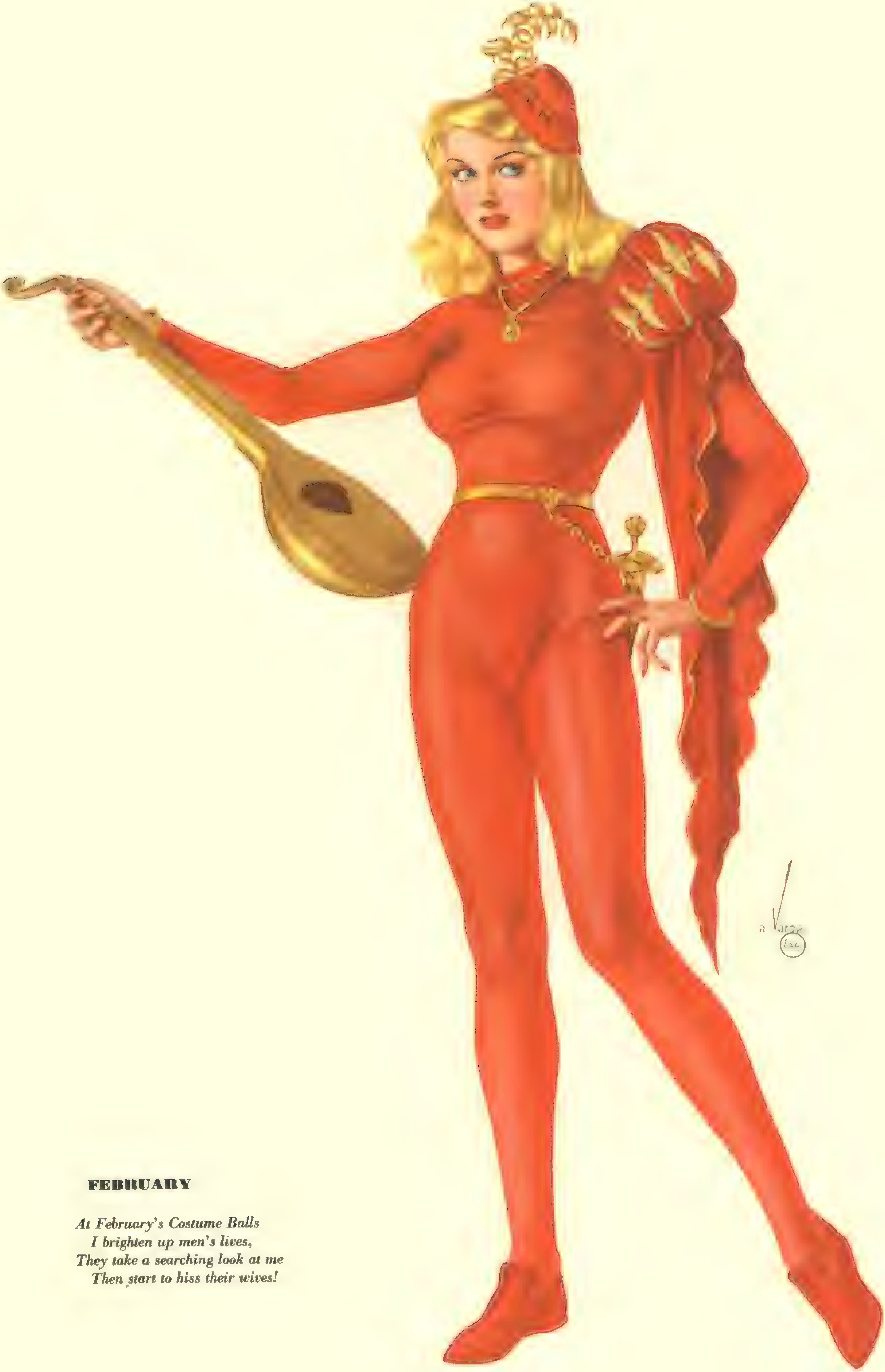
Continued in center of page 174



JANUARY

I'll start the New Year with a pose
Enticing and provoking,
For January may be cold—
But, boy, oh boy, I'm smoking!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

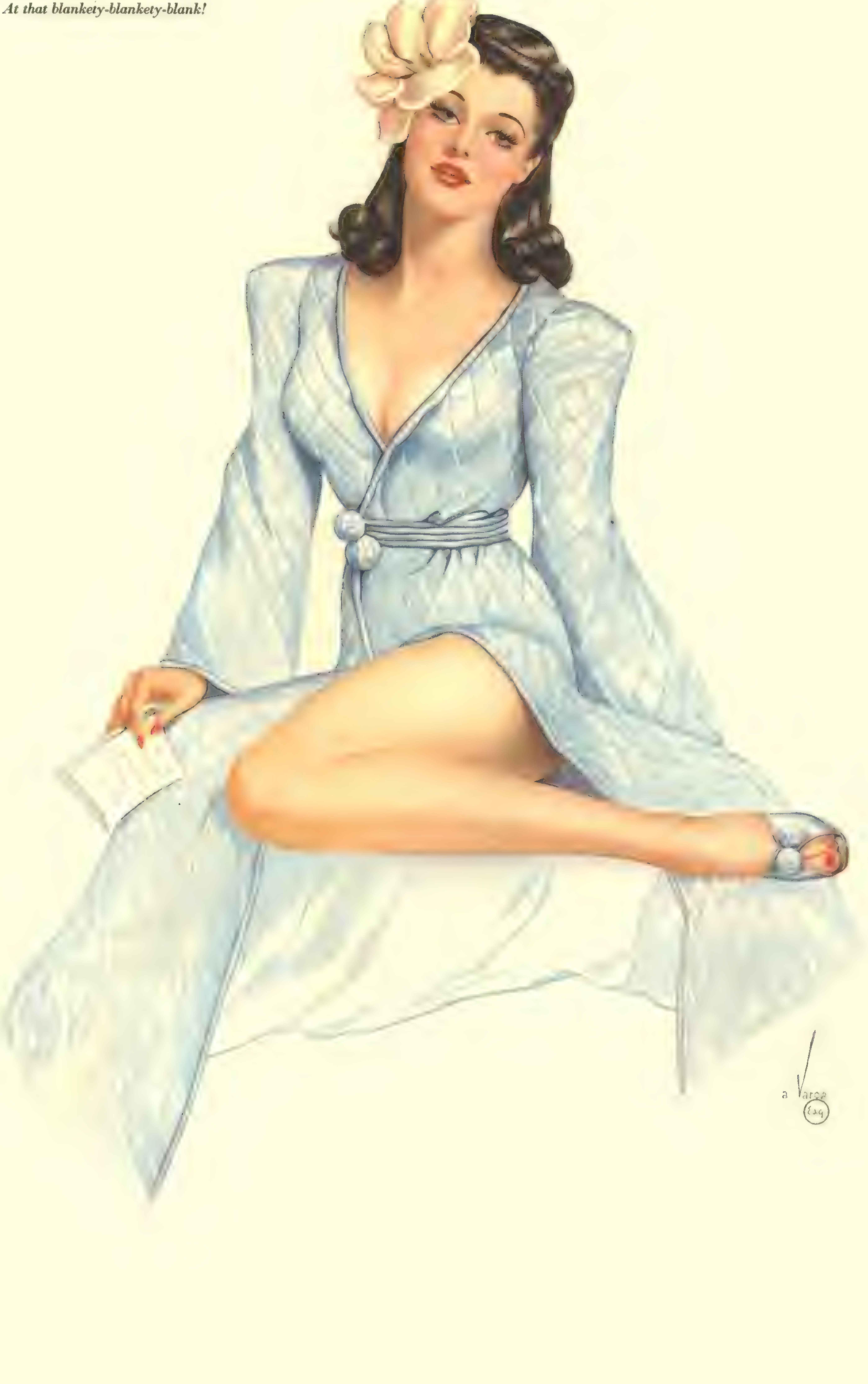


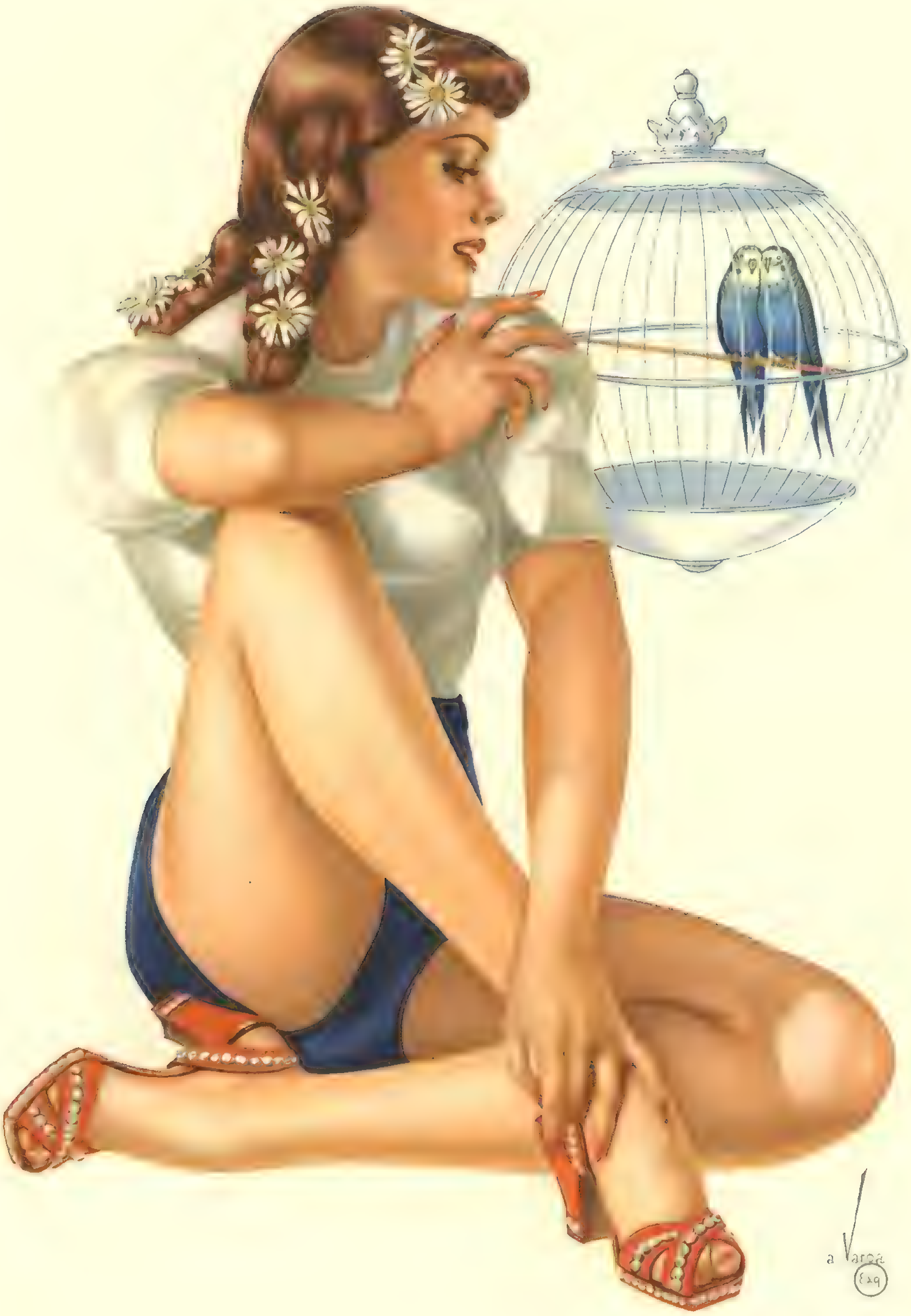
FEBRUARY

At February's Costume Balls
I brighten up men's lives,
They take a searching look at me
Then start to hiss their wives!

MARCH

March taxes all my patience
  For Daddy's such a crank,
You ought to hear him swearing
  At that blankety-blankety-blank!



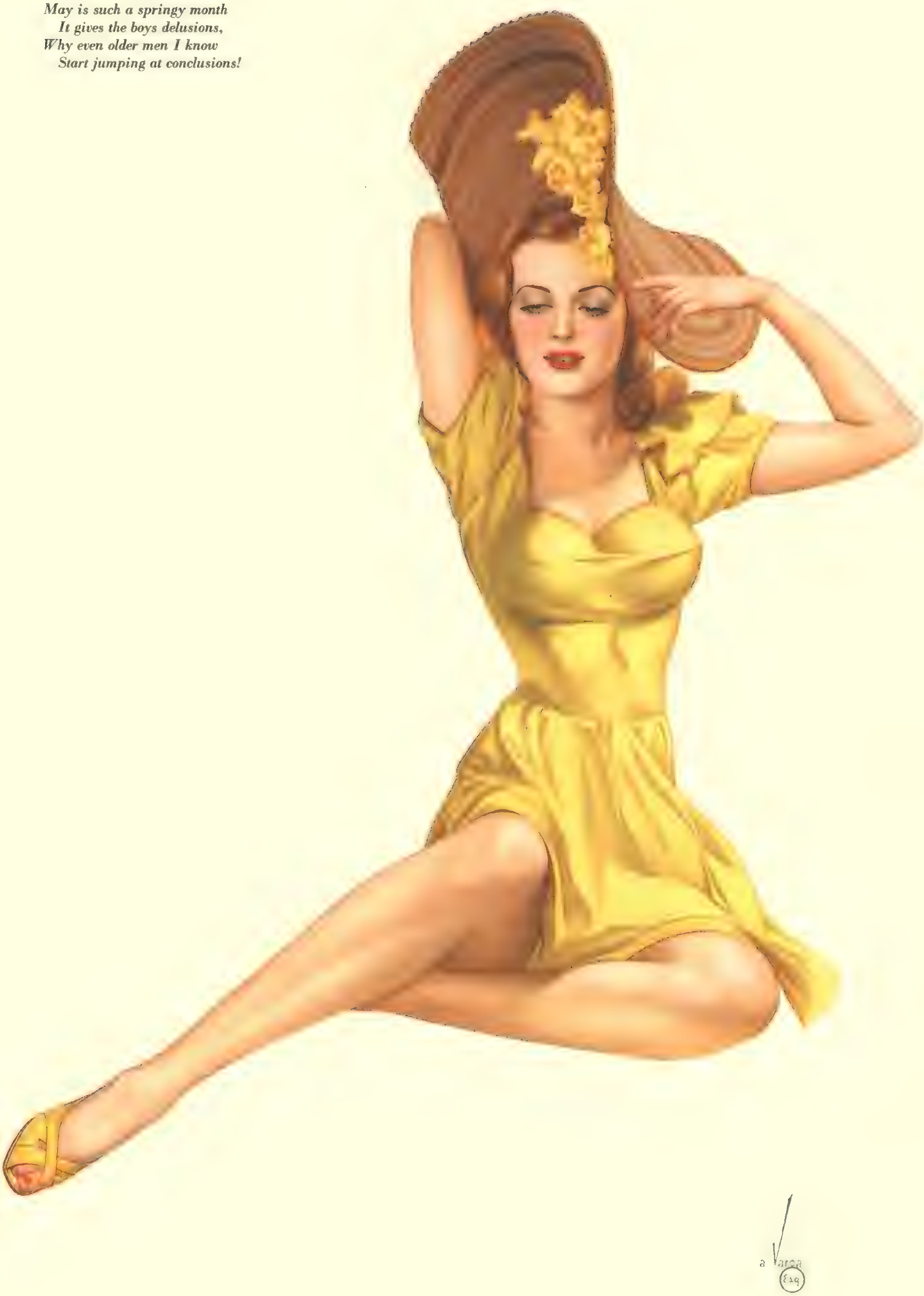


APRIL

April is a charming month—
The sap is running free,
I hope a very wealthy one
Starts running after me!

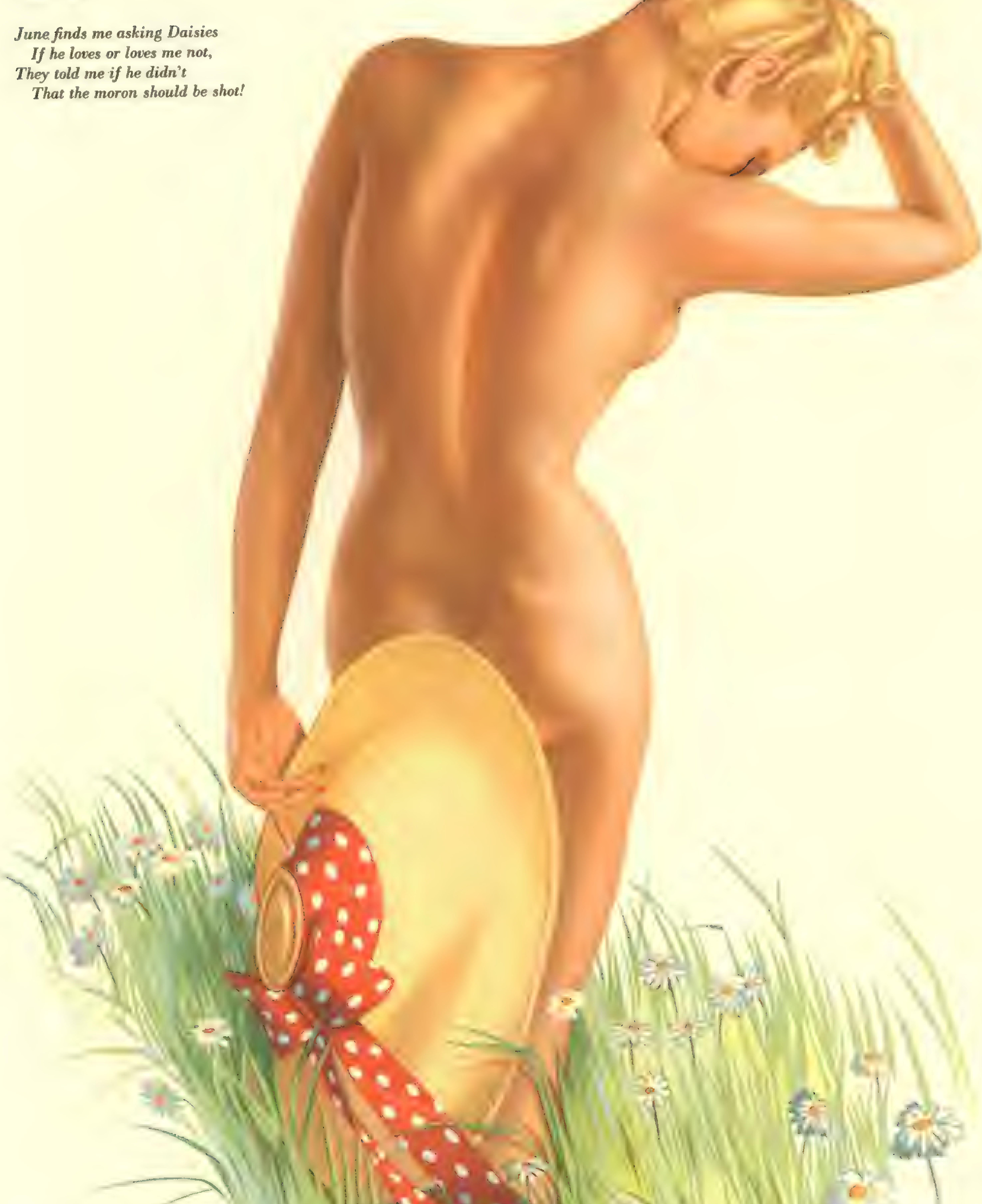
MAY

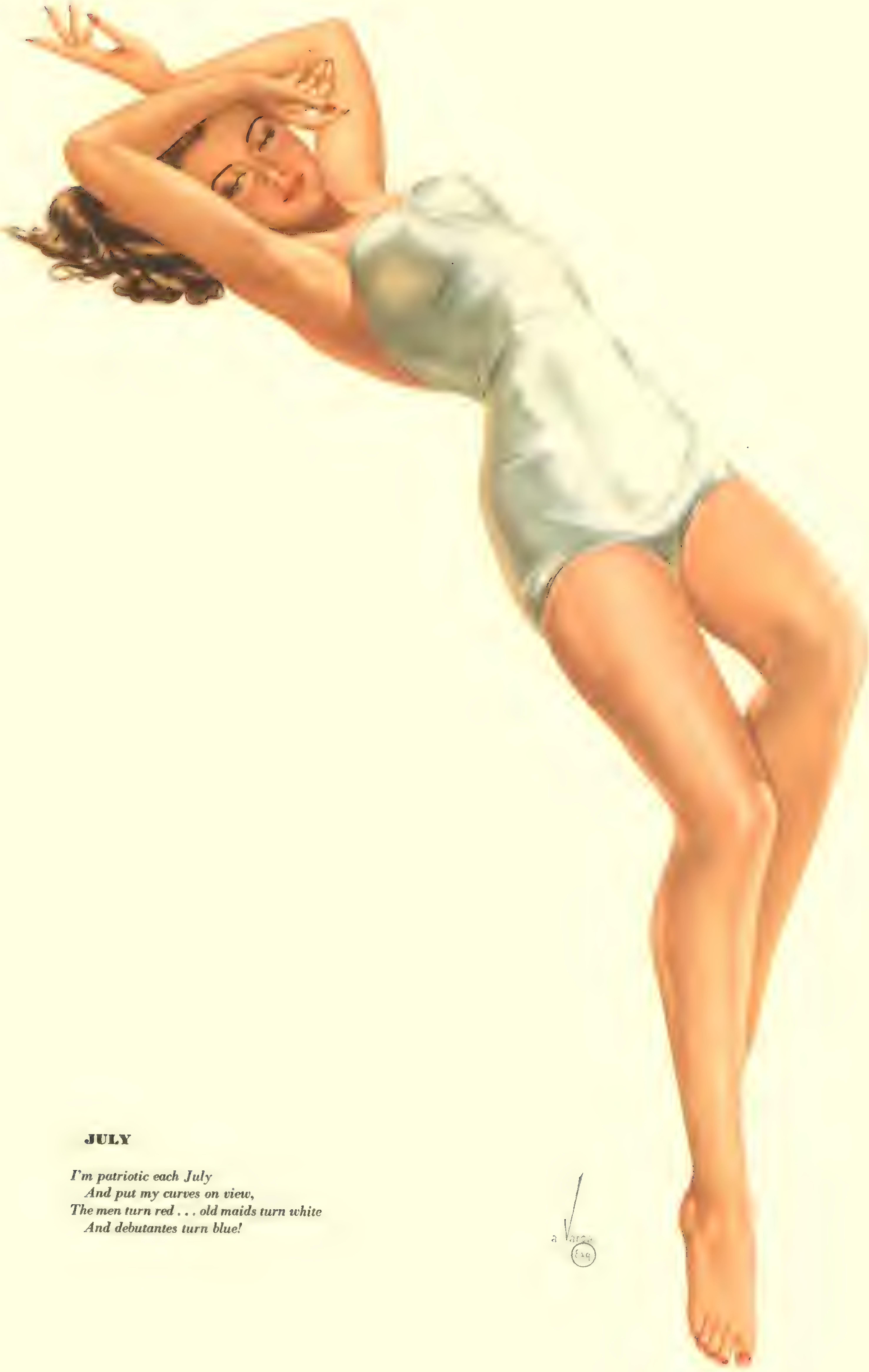
May is such a springy month
It gives the boys delusions,
Why even older men I know
Start jumping at conclusions!



JUNE

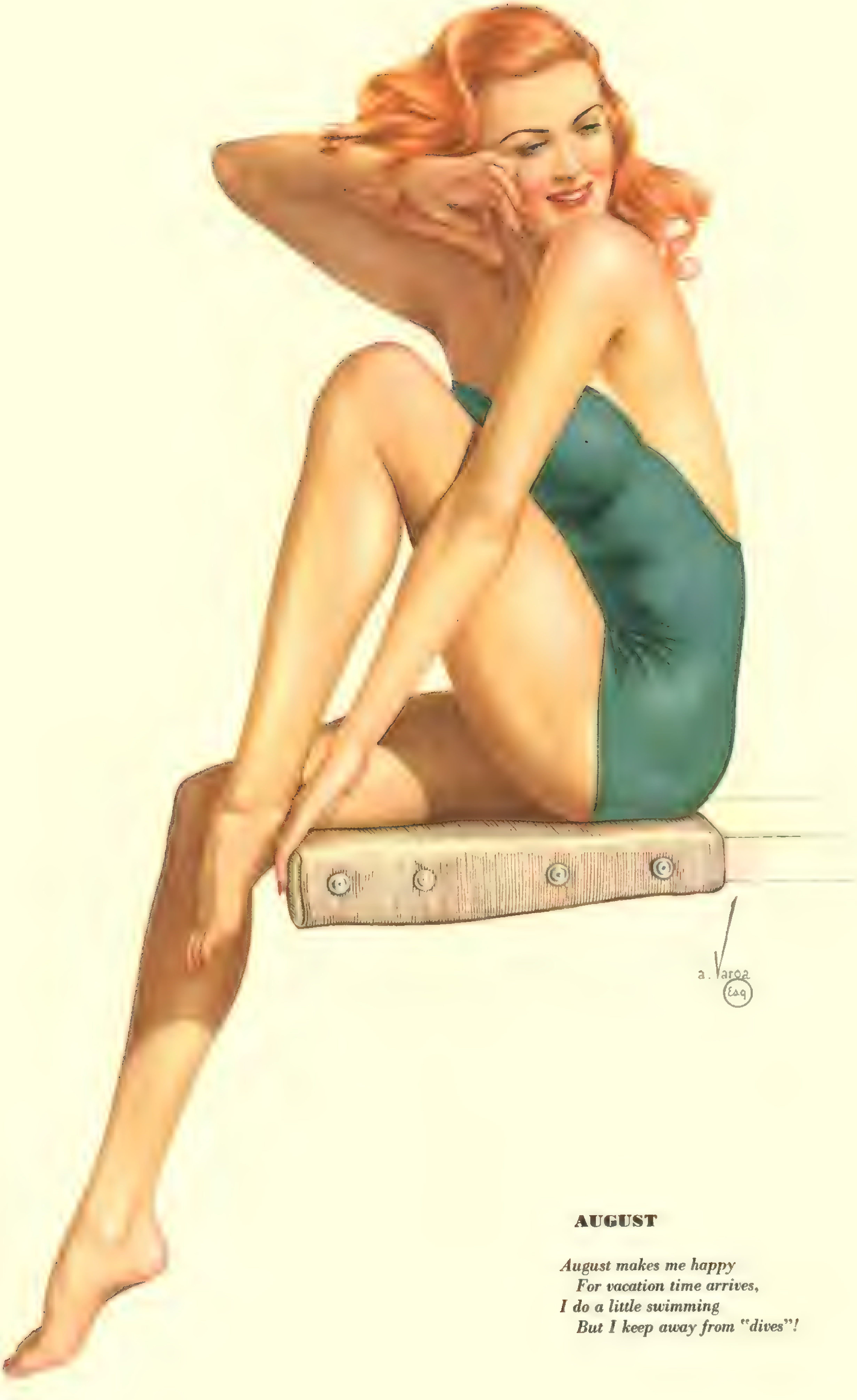
June finds me asking Daisies
If he loves or loves me not,
They told me if he didn't
That the moron should be shot!





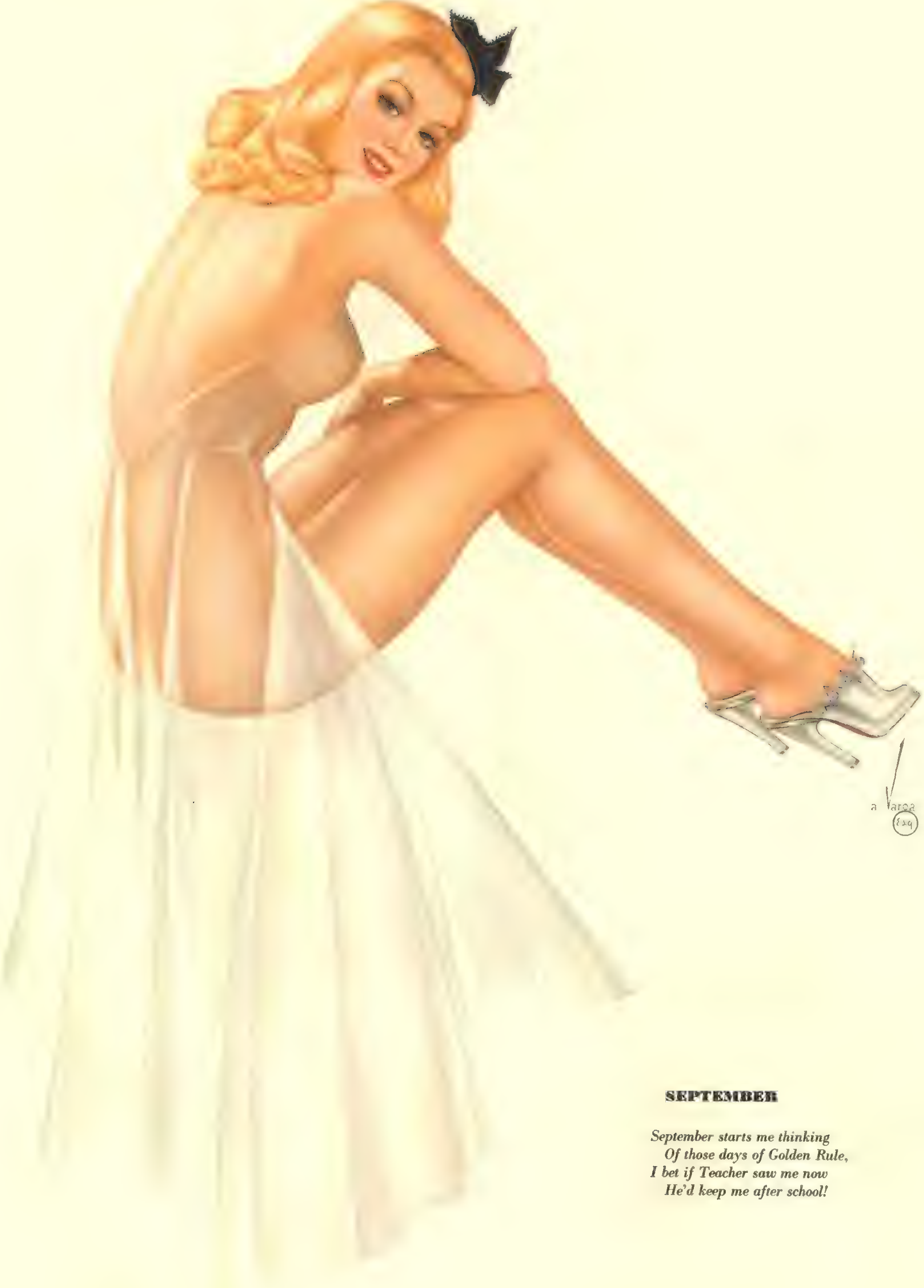
JULY

I'm patriotic each July
And put my curves on view,
The men turn red . . . old maids turn white
And debutantes turn blue!



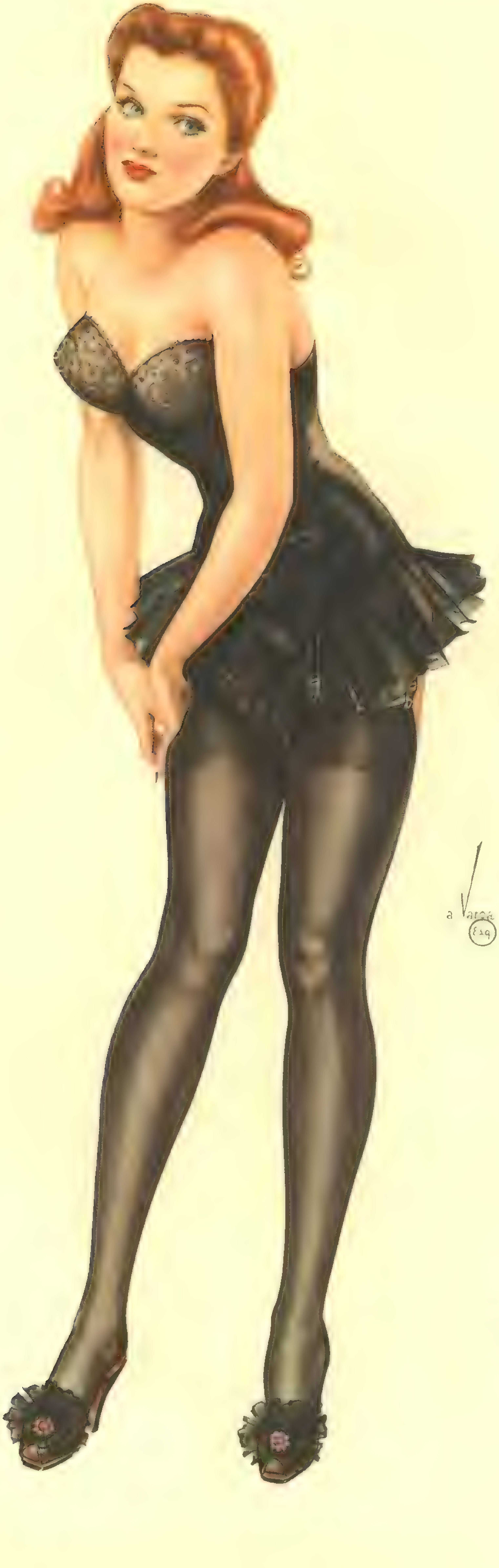
AUGUST

August makes me happy
For vacation time arrives,
I do a little swimming
But I keep away from "dives"!



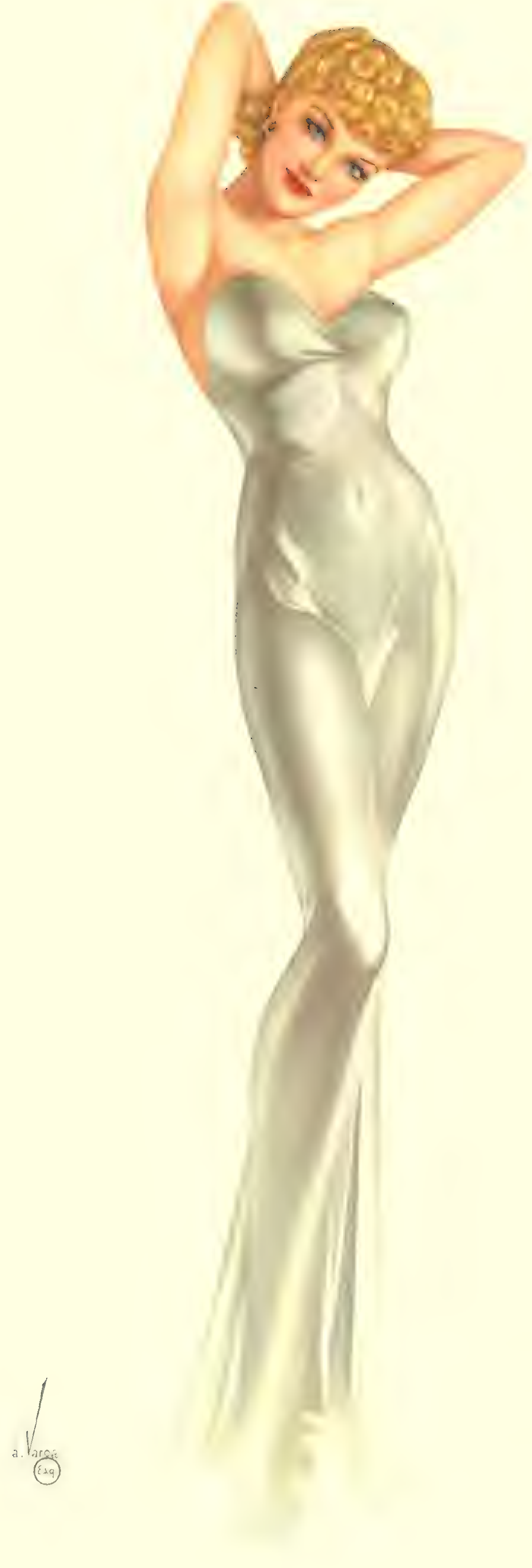
SEPTEMBER

September starts me thinking
Of those days of Golden Rule,
I bet if Teacher saw me now
He'd keep me after school!



OCTOBER

October features football plays
From which I'm not exempt,
You ought to see the passes
That those college boys attempt!

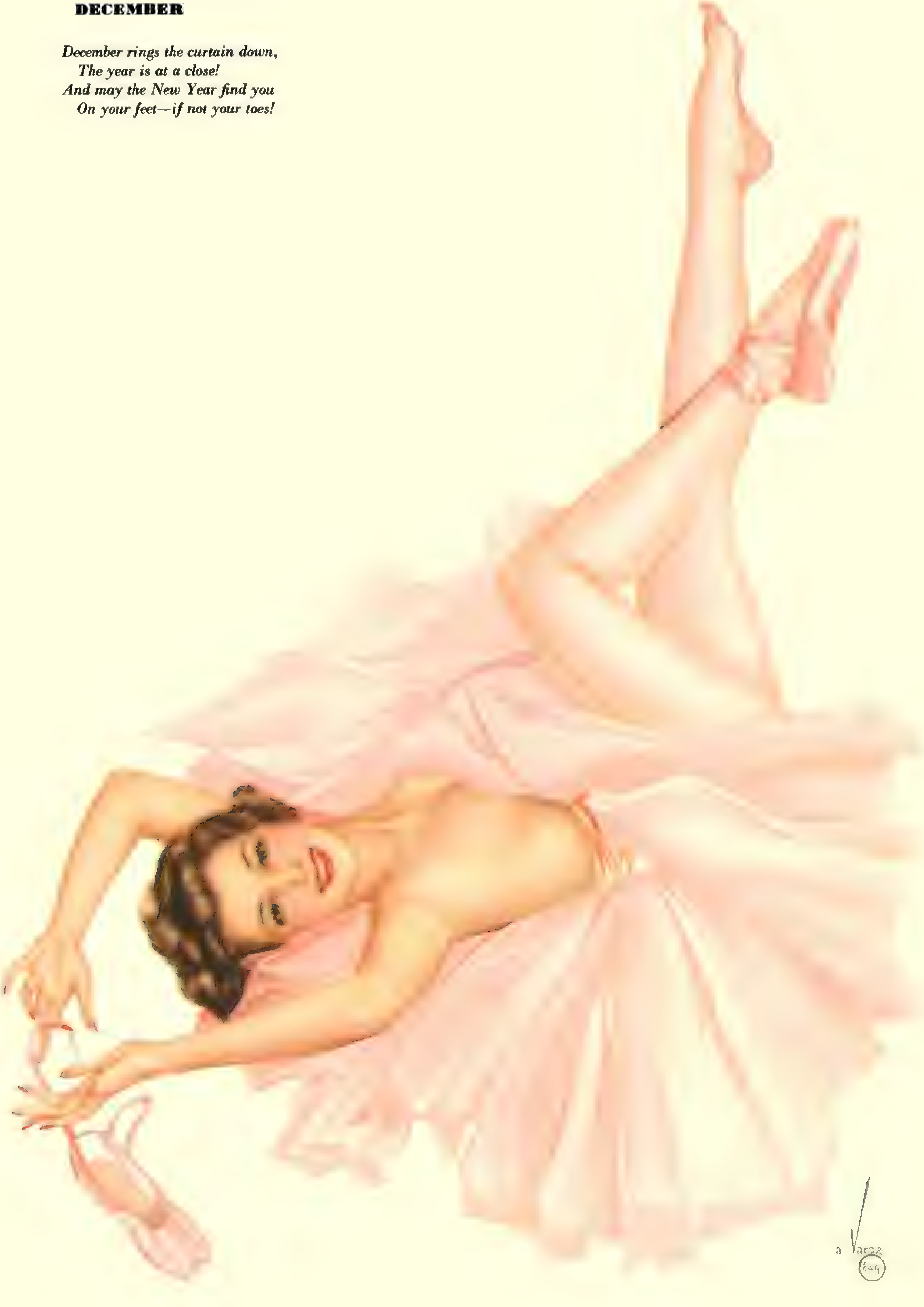


NOVEMBER

November makes me thankful
That my curves have lots of zoom,
Men offer up Thanksgiving
When I walk across a room!

DECEMBER

December rings the curtain down,
The year is at a close!
And may the New Year find you
On your feet—if not your toes!



Columnists' Fifth Column

After a look at what is known as café society, your reporter concluded that even the columnists couldn't be duller

by CURT RIESS

SATIRE

I DIDN'T want to do it. And it was only after a fight that I consented. I just didn't want to be a columnist. Not me.

I've been a police reporter in Chicago at a time when it wasn't fun to have any connection with the police in Chicago. I have covered most of the Londos wrestling bouts. I had to report some of the speeches of Hitler and some of Mussolini's thrown in for good measure. Yes, sir, I can take plenty. But I didn't want to be a columnist.

I hardly recognized the boss. He had aged twenty years in the six months I had spent in London. He was a badly worried man. "I didn't think I would live to see the day that my paper had to publish a gossip column," he said.

"But it's rumors. It's not what happens, it's just what people say. It isn't news," I protested.

The boss shook his head sadly. "My bankers tell me news is what people read. And people today read what other people say about . . . other people. Of course, important people; not just anybody . . ."

I had a few drinks around the corner at Joe's and considered the situation. How did one go about getting those so-called news items? I hadn't the slightest idea.

Now don't get me wrong. I am an old hand at the game. I was the one who interviewed Al Capone. I was the guy who knew every time in which round Carnera would win—before he knew it himself. I was the one who got the news through those damn dumb Franco censors. I knew all the ropes.

Café society. I didn't know what it meant, and neither did Joe. Though Joe knew, or thought he knew, that it was something that had been invented by two newspaper men who were now fighting about who said it first. "If you want to call them newspaper men," Joe added, his face bland as ever.

I figured maybe it was something big, something with a kind of organization. It was mentioned so often that it ought to have had some kind of Propaganda Ministry.

"All those dames and guys staying up every night must be in pretty good condition," Joe observed. "Otherwise they couldn't stand it."

"Maybe they have some kind of training camp," I remarked hopefully. They should have had, at that. But I never found the address.

So I finally had to do it. I had to go to a night spot. "It's easy," Joe consoled me. "Just don't be frightened."

When I tried to enter Twenty-one, the doorman said in what I'm sure he thought was a polite voice that the place was full. At the same time he let others pass. He knew them, and even smiled at them. Almost.

I showed him my press card. He shook his head. I tried to slip him ten bucks. He just frowned.

I was by no means the only one who tried to get in and failed. There were at least two dozen men and women in evening clothes who did everything they could to influence the doorman and make friends with him. Some offered him worldly goods—a car, an ermine coat for his wife if he had one, a baseball autographed by DiMaggio. Some clamored that they knew Mr. Soandso or Mr. Suchandsuch, and that a table was reserved for them.

They didn't make any impression. The doorman pretended not to hear. After all, he couldn't answer everybody.

I waited a while, and when his back was turned to me I slipped in. I almost made it. As a matter of fact, I really saw the inside of Twenty-one. I saw at least fifteen tables with nobody sitting at them. But there was a rope, and there was a headwaiter who just shook his head.

Now, you know I didn't want to become a damn gossip writer in the first place. I could have gone back to the boss and said, "Now look here, chief, I'm sorry about this, but . . ."

But I'm a sport, see? I'm an American citizen, see? Nobody can tell me that I can't get in here, that it's verboten, see? And I started to pull some strings. I went to the police department. The commissioner was an old friend of mine. He looked doubtful, but he said he would try his best. It wasn't good enough.

I got myself a letter of introduction and went to Albany. The Governor listened and looked doubtful. He said he would try his best. But it wasn't good enough. I talked to some Representatives and two Senators, and they said they would introduce a bill in Congress. They did, too. As far as I know, it's going to be reported out of committee some time around 1943.

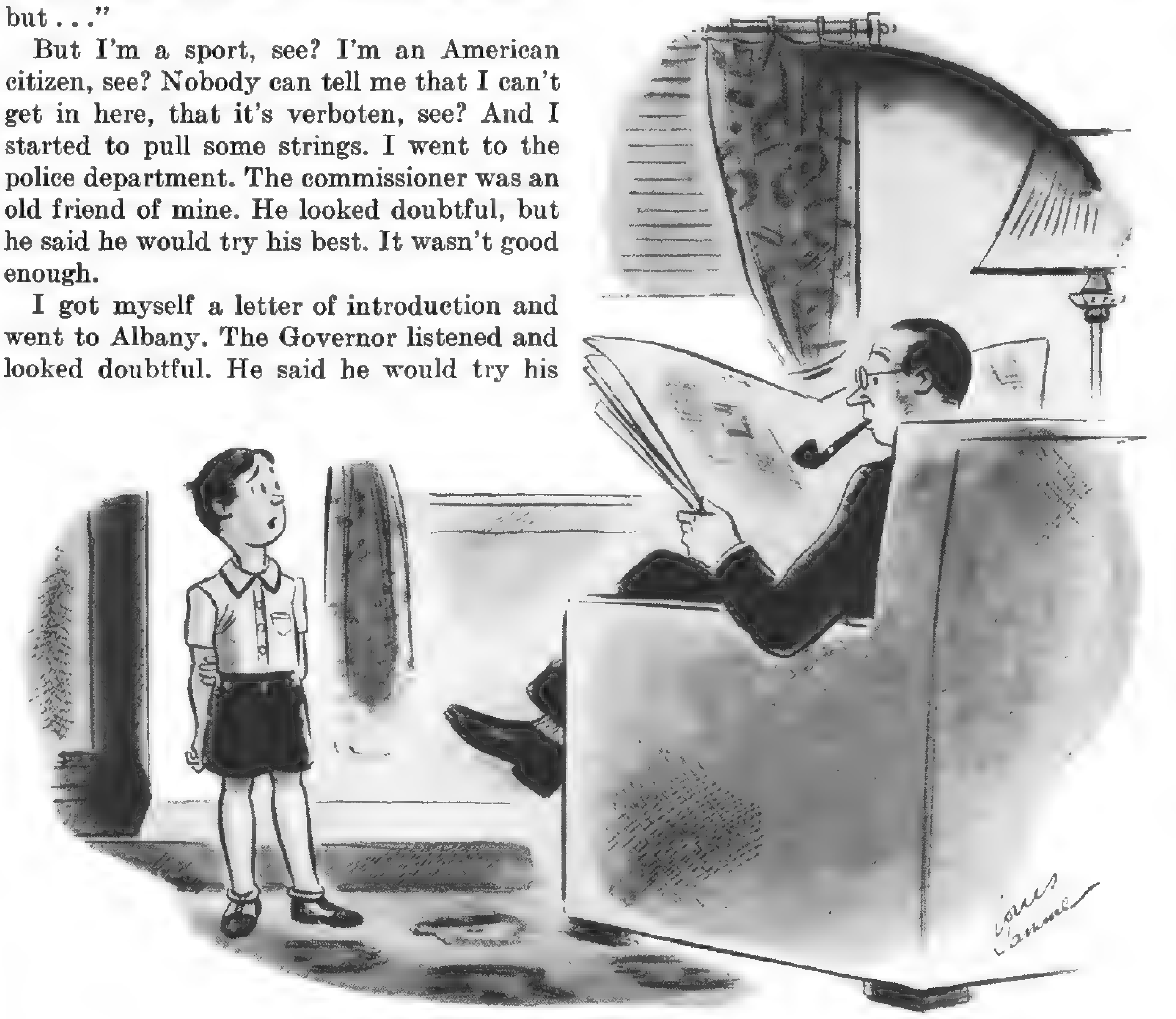
Then I really got in. I really entered Twenty-one. I really walked in and got a table and sat down. Just like that.

Well, it wasn't just like that. I was standing in front of the place, wondering what to do and feeling rather gloomy. In the background somebody shot himself. It was a man who for nine and a half consecutive weeks had tried to get in. Nobody paid much attention.

"It shouldn't be allowed," a young woman in a mink coat wailed. Nobody paid any attention to her. It was only her third week. Nobody can be bothered with such greenhorns.

And then I saw Alice. Alice used to be a Ziegfeld girl—let me see—twenty years ago. Alice asked me why I was standing there instead of coming in. I told her. She said she could fix it up. She could, too. Her boy

Continued in center of page 183



"Is it true, Father, all the terrible things Mother tells me about the pollen, bees and flowers?"

Bombs Over Broadway

The Axis could raise plenty of hell around New York with its flying forts, catapulted flying boats and its new long-range bombers

by **ROBERT W. MARKS**

• MOTORS •

THE time has come when anything can happen, anywhere—and seem no more unexpected than the flow of coffee through a little spout at the Automat. Paris, the free, blithe, capital of the world, has become an elastic concentration camp; the collapse of classical physics has been followed by the collapse of classical security and order.

New York may be bombed tomorrow; it may even have been bombed before this goes to press.

This is an incredible idea. And here, in the heart of New York, where young laughter is at this moment flowing from the night club across the street, it is doubly incredible. But we who have grown to accept the impossible as nothing more than a schoolboy's cantrap, must realize that we are living in a world in which the senses are not to be trusted; and that a feeling of security is often the madness gods create in those they would destroy.

No one who sipped Pernods on the Rue de la Paix, a few years ago, can quite believe that eternal Paris has fallen; neither can they accept the notion that this traditional stronghold of freedom and logic, should now be a place where death walks the streets in leering pursuit of the things men live by.

But these are plain facts; and, if anything, they should demonstrate one stark thing: danger is no longer where your senses perceive it. It is where the hard logic of military mathematics declares it to be. And the data of this logic hold that it is here and now.

The Axis has four new bombing planes capable of flying from Europe or Africa to New York and back, non-stop, and carrying a good complement of bombs. These planes might any day be put to lethal use. Submarine raiding has already begun, to hamper the delivery of American war supplies to the Allies; air raiding on focal points of the sources of supply is scarcely beyond reason.

Suppose we look at the possibility figures:

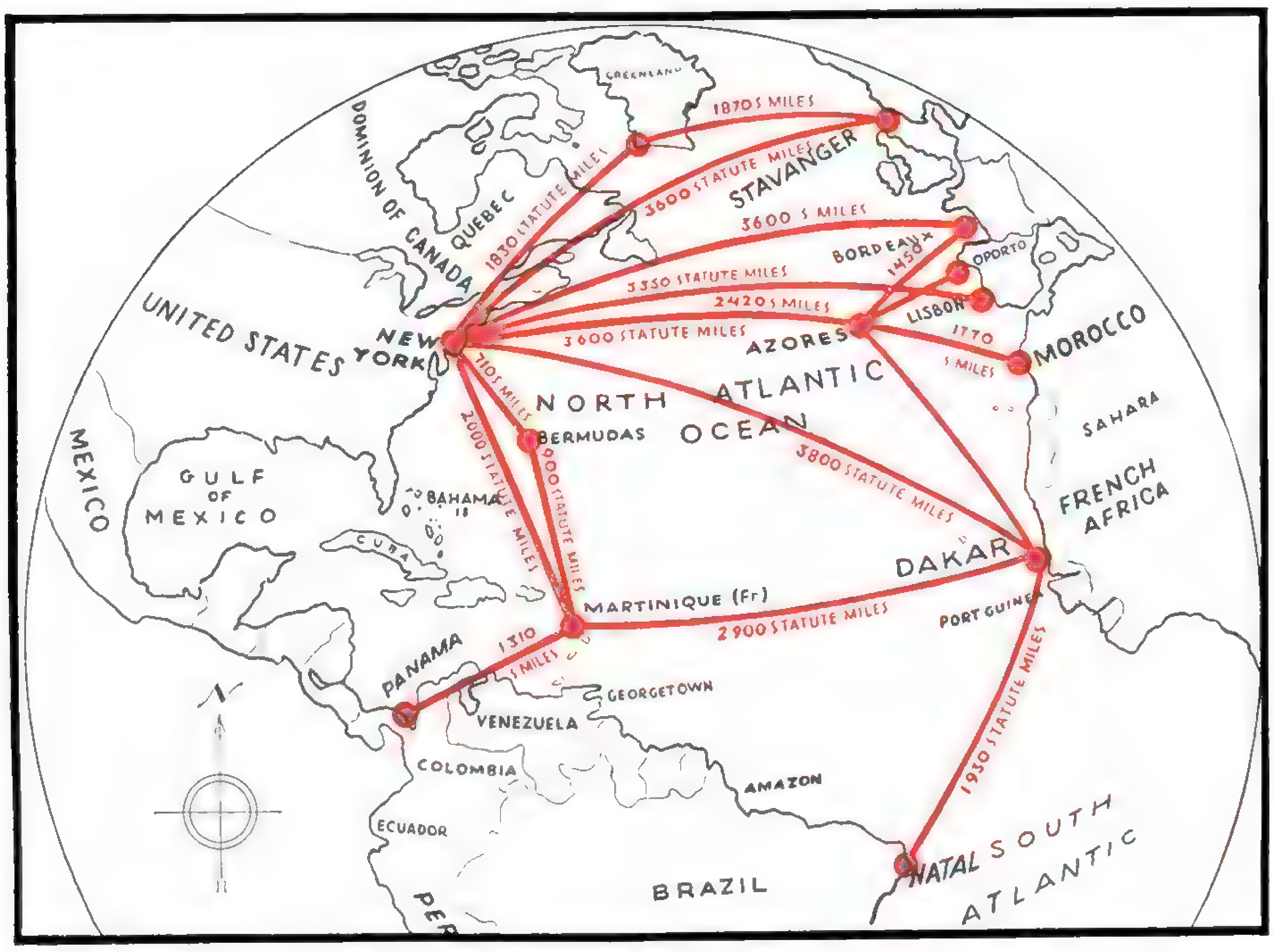
The new Heinkel He 177, powered by four 1,450 h.p. liquid-cooled Mercedes-Benz engines, has a range of 7,000 miles, carrying a 1,000 lb. bomb load; 6,000 miles with a 5,000 lb. bomb load; or 5,000 miles with a 10,000 lb. bomb load.

The new Junkers Ju 88, powered by two 1,050 Junkers Jumo motors, has a range of 5,000 miles with a bomb load of 1,000 lb.; 3,000 miles with 5,000 lb.

The Dornier Do 26, powered by four 600 h.p. Junkers Jumo Diesel motors, has a range of 5,000 miles, with a 1,000 lb. bomb load; 2,500 miles with a 10,000 lb. load.

The big weight-lifting Italian Savoia Marchetti S.M. 82 Canguru, powered by three 860 h.p. Alfa-Romeo motors, has a range of 7,000 miles with a 1,000 lb. bomb load; 5,000 miles with a 10,000 lb. bomb load.

Now look at the map. Consider bombing first, the hard way: by direct flight. The distance from Brest, in Occupied France, to New York is 3,320 miles. The new Heinkel He 177 and the Savoia Marchetti S.M. 82 Canguru bombers could both make this trip, carrying half a ton of bombs, and return to Europe—non-stop.



Lines of direct bombing routes to New York from Europe and Africa

But a more favorable strategy is available via Dakar. The trade winds, forgotten since the days of clipper ships, blow in clockwise direction around an oval—from Dakar to New York, and back again to Stavanger, Norway. Dakar is 3,830 miles from New York, only 510 miles farther than the distance between New York and Brest; and the trade winds blow at an average of 15 m.p.h. during the late summer months.

A tail wind of 15 m.p.h. for a 40 hour flight, at, say, 180 m.p.h. is equivalent to a 600 mile plus in range. A possible 25 mile tail wind would increase the He 177's range to 8,000 miles, a range great enough to include the trip from Dakar to New York, then New York to Stavanger, with 510 possible miles left over.

The Savoia Marchetti's range would be extended to 8,150 miles with a 15 mile tail wind; 8,650 with a 25 mile wind. These machines, incidentally, have been flown regularly across the South Atlantic, from Dakar to Natal, last year. The pilots are seasoned.

But there is nothing in the books that calls for the hard way. Secret bases could be set up in Martinique, 2,000 miles from New York; or Greenland, 1,830 miles away.

Nazi intrigues in South America are an old story by comparison; they make the E. Phillips Oppenheim thrillers look like bedtime stories. These planes could take off from Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Costa Rica, or Salvador.

The saintly-looking senile Pétain has turned everything French over to Hitler, with the possible exception of the French plague. It is scarcely unreasonable to assume that he will stop at air bases in the French colonies in this hemisphere.

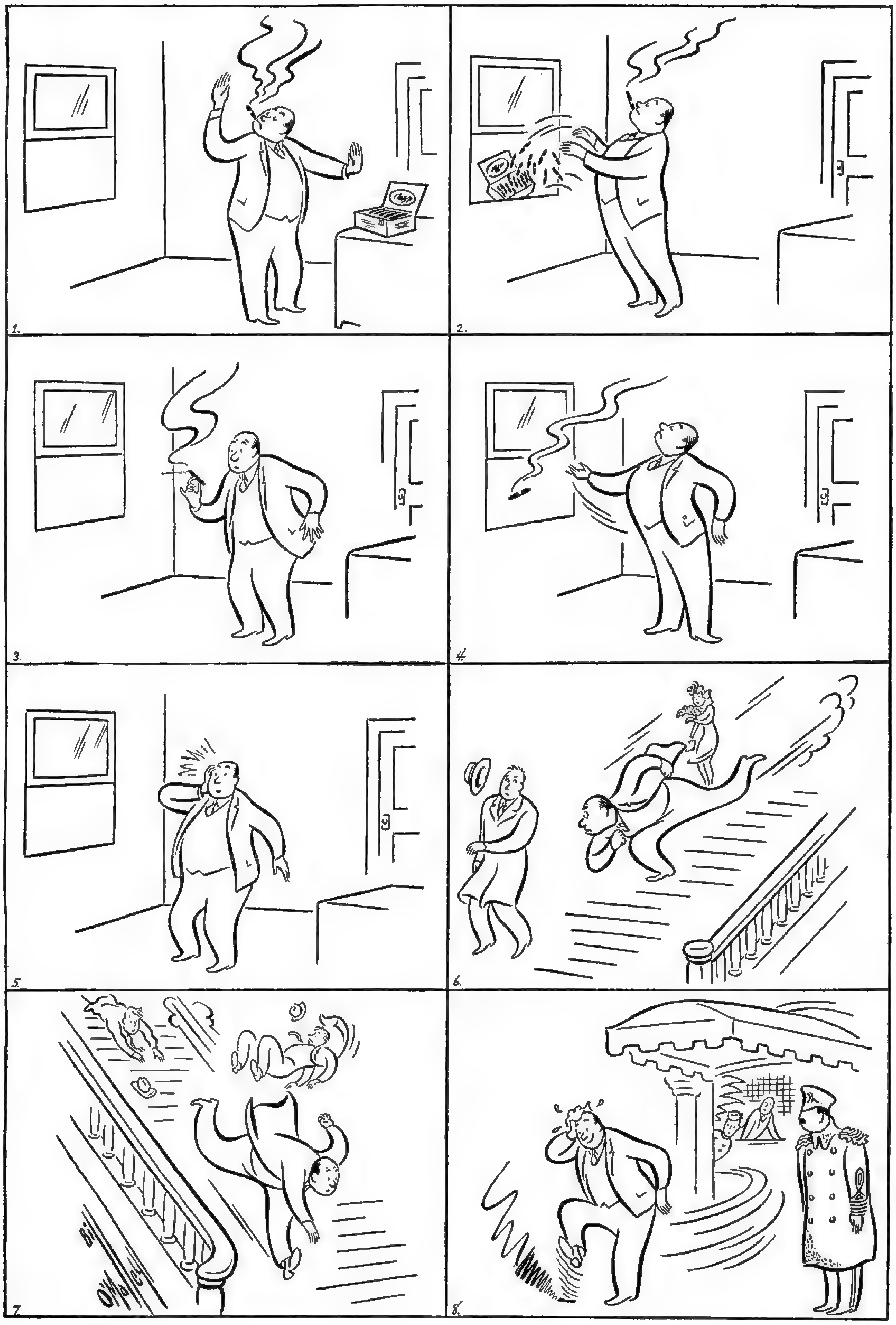
Aside from all this, there is the matter of catapult-launched flying boats, using them on the route between Bathurst, Gambia, and Natal, Brazil.

Heinkel catapults were set up on four ships: the *Westfalen*, the *Ostmark*, the *Friesenland*, and the *Schwabenland*. These catapults could launch flying boats, weighing, loaded, up to 45,000 lbs.—and launch them at speeds up to 100 m.p.h.

But even these, like the old Roman testudos, are ancient history. Today, any reasonable ship could be fitted out as a base ship, carrying modern catapult apparatus behind a façade that would suggest anything from a Chinese junk to a repository for Dr. Beebe's bathysphere.

Such "Q" ships could operate from South

Continued on page 133


1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
Bill O'Malley
8.

The Esquire Sports Poll

American League wins again over National, while Jack Dempsey outpoints Joe Louis in nation-wide survey of public and experts

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪ SPORTS ▪

ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL

I

Do you rate Joe Louis as great a fighter as Jack Dempsey? Yes ☐ No ☑ 62.16%

II

Do you believe that instead of another kick-off at the start of the second half of a football game, play should be resumed under the same circumstances where the ball came to rest at the conclusion of the first half? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 63.87%

III

Do you believe the center-jump should be restored to basketball? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 60.23%

IV

Do you regard experience as a greater asset than sheer youth at the crux of a tense championship contest in any of the major sports? .... Yes ☑ 93.49% No ☐

V

Does a single outstanding Big Name star draw you to an athletic event as often as the mere game itself? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 55.99%

VI

Do you think that every man up to 45 or 50 years of age should participate in some sport or take regular supervised physical exercise for the sake of his health? ..... Yes ☑ 89.50% No ☐

VII

What per cent do you think skill rates in a fisherman's success (the remaining per cent being classified as luck)? .. 53.22%

VIII

Do you think the average golfer gets as much benefit out of the game from the standpoint of physicial exercise and enjoyment as he puts into it in the form of "grief" and physical exertion? .... Yes ☑ 75.88% No ☐

IX

Do you think that horse race betting in states where it is legalized at tracks should be legalized at state licensed and supervised "bookie stores"? .... Yes ☑ 54.40% No ☐

X

Which of the two major leagues, the American or the National, plays the better brand of baseball, in your opinion? American League 70.76%

In making Esquire's Sports Poll for January, a third classification was added to the sports editor and public groups of Esquire's first national query.

Athletic directors of universities and colleges were polled in a third class. We added this classification, rather than grouping the directors and sports editors in order to see how the school sports authorities' votes would check against those of the writers and the public.

In one question of the Esquire Sports Poll for January, athletic directors differed from the sports editors and the public. The school authorities registered a 53.58 per cent vote against legalizing horse race handbooks. Athletic directors were with sports editors in returning a majority against restoration of the center-jump to basketball—something the public favored by a 51.08 per cent vote. The athletic directors were with the public in voting a majority for the game rather than the star as the strongest factor in drawing them to an athletic event.

Two of the questions were the old reliable debate subjects which, in some circles run ahead of politics, religion, and war as topics of controversy. The American and National League baseball rating, and the Jack Dempsey-Joe Louis respective merits were tossed into the poll as a result of Esquire's innuendo that the help might stay around the office working instead of running out to learn whether pet bartenders had received psychic flashes bearing on the two most popular sports arguments. Dempsey won the Esquire poll decision over Louis.

The National League took another beating, as in the World Series, from the so-called Junior League when the ballots were counted up in the inter-league rivalry. In comparison with the 70.76 per cent registered in the voting, the American League in World Series play enjoys a victory percentage of 63.16 per cent with 24 World Series triumphs to 14 defeats, and of the nine mid-summer All-Star games, the younger league has won six, for a 66.66 percentage. Thus the public estimate jibes very accurately with the actual playing competition of the two wheels.

The World Series hereafter may be played for the benefit of the Landis office and a cash bonus for higher ranking clubs in the two leagues inasmuch as the American League has been awarded by Esquire's poll, playing superiority over the senior circuit.

However, just to be contrary, the leagues probably will disregard the appraisal made by sports' higher intellects and continue the World Series. Now for Round One:

QUESTION I

Do you rate Joe Louis as great a fighter as Jack Dempsey?

The public	**No 62.96%**
Athletic directors	**No 66.08%**
Sport editors	**No 57.46%**

Many a neat punch was thrown in comments volunteered on this question. Louis drew demerits because from his adversaries could be assembled a quorum of fistiana's foremost all-time bums. However, Louis' camp pointed out that he met all available talent, and that Dempsey had sedulously avoided Harry Wills.

Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen. University of Kansas basketball coach and for ten years chairman of the Kansas State Boxing Commission, gave authoritative weight to the majority backing Dempsey when he took pen in hand and wrote:

> I saw the Maxie Baer-Carnera fight and the Joe Louis-Maxie Baer fight. The reason why I picked Dempsey was because of the fact that Dempsey could take punishment and he could deal it out as effectively as he could absorb punishment. While Joe Louis was hard to hit, it has been the opinion of a great many followers that he had a semi-glass jaw. I have always been of the opinion that Louis's left is as quick and as dangerous as a cobra's thrust, but I do not believe that he could have taken Dempsey's battering in Jack's palmiest days.

Gene Sullivan, St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Press*, pointed out that:

> The frequency with which Louis has fought has had a tendency to cheapen his record. Tex Rickard built Dempsey into a superman by spacing his fights and resorting to ballyhoo.

J. W. Begala, Kent, Ohio, opined:

> Joe Louis to me is a little too mechanical. He follows the trainers' advice too closely. Dempsey was a more colorful boxer. He fought his way out of predicaments, which is more appealing to the average fan.

Bill Kinney, Rock Island, *Argus:*

> Jack Dempsey fought his "bums" in training camps and not in so-called "championship" floperoos.

For the minority report, **Henry Kinney,** Beckley, West Virginia, *Post-Herald*, contended: "Regardless of your personal feelings in regard to Louis, you have to rate him as one of the greatest fighters who ever lived and every bit as good as Dempsey." **R. G. Lynch,** Milwaukee, *Journal*, injected another personality into the picture when he wrote: "I think Dempsey would beat Louis. Tunney would always beat Dempsey; and Louis would beat Tunney."

George D. Craig, Rhinelander, Wisconsin, *News*, in giving Dempsey the nod, wrote: "Because Dempsey's 'killer instinct' practically radiated from the ring, few people really appreciated what a fine boxer he was. His left hook was murderous, could thread a needle, and make Joe Louis' hook look more like an ordinary swing. No better proof is available than his fight with Firpo. A brawl is the thought foremost in everyone's mind—but check on the films of that fight and you'll see some of the prettiest lefts ever thrown."

Paul A. Schrader, Toledo, *Times*, should satisfy one group of partisans with his statement that: "The Dempsey of Toledo (July 4, 1919) was the greatest fighting machine of all time," while the others should be equally pleased to know that **Harry Hess,** Bangor, Pennsylvania, *News*, thinks just as decidedly that: "Joe Louis is the greatest fighter, the greatest boxing champion of all times!"

QUESTION II

Do you believe that instead of another kick-off at the start of the second half of a football game, play should be resumed where the ball came to rest at the end of the first half?

The public	No 51.04%
Athletic directors	No 71.62%
Sport editors	No 68.95%

The majority as usual voted for status quo, with sympathies extended to teams making a goal line stand as the half waned, and thereby earning a new lease on life. Others wanted the kick-off retained because it offers chances for a long spectacular run. Some felt that there was injustice done a team making a goalward drive, only to be robbed by the hands of the clock.

Jack Kenney, Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*, covered this one from nearly all angles when he wrote:

> This is a bombshell that has become quite a discussion point in the East. So far as I can determine, the mob still wants the second-half kick-off, despite the many mournful cries that ascend when the first-half gun snags the home team on the enemy two-foot line. For after all (as the boys in the backroom will tell you) baseball innings end with three men on the hassocks, and boxing rounds end with one of the brutes on the rug sound asleep on an "eight" or "nine" count—saved by the bell!
>
> It's a factor in sport—the *breaks!* Glory be to Peter, let's keep some of that element in the games we follow. The games came up into public popularity for their queer quirks and tenseness, and if football rules are changed any more, the public may say, "To Hell with it! Let's find a bar somewhere to kill a couple of Saturday afternoons!"
>
> Finally, suh, as a sports editor some seventeen years in the business, I've always had a fixed personal opinion that the best and most spectacular feature of any football show is the good ol' kick-off, where the ball is free and in a few moments every player is a potential hero; where the gang is spread all over the lot and the stage is set for a real sensation, whether it develops or not.

Ray Barth, Monroe, Wisconsin, *Times*, reminded that:

> Because of the present football ruling which calls for a kick-off in the second half, excitement very often increases (for the spectator) in the last minutes of the first half. The frantic play of the last minutes adds to the fans' enjoyment. What could be better than that?

Dana X. Bible, University of Texas football coach, was in favor of the present set-up with the kick-off, as were most of the grid men, including: **Jimmy Phelan,** Washington; **Andy Kerr,** Colgate; **"Tad" Wieman,** Princeton; **Tom Lieb,** Florida; **Marty Brill,** Loyola of Los Angeles; **Tom Stidham,** Marquette; **Bernie Moore,** Louisiana State; **Glen Harmeson,** Lehigh; **Don Peden,** Ohio University; **Charles Dorais,** Detroit; **Harry Mehre,** Mississippi; **Russ Oliver,** Culver Military Academy; **Ray Oosting,** Trinity; **Moray Eby,** Coe; **Wally Marks,** Indiana State Teachers College; **Laury Apitz,** University of Louisville; **Ossie Solem,** Syracuse; **Francis Schmidt,** Idaho; and **Frank Thomas,** Alabama. Coach **De Ormond McLaughry** of Dartmouth favored the new idea, as did **George Little,** Rutgers; **Wib Henry,** Washington and Jefferson; **Clarence Overend,** Carnegie Tech, and **H. Jamison Swarts,** Pennsylvania.

Dick Cullum, prominent football writer for the Minneapolis, *Daily Times*, voted for dropping the second-half kick-off, with support from **Ed Wray,** St. Louis, *Post-Dispatch;* **Bob Johnson,** Spokane, *Chronicle;* **Bus Ham,** Oklahoma City, *Oklahoman;* **Tom Laird,** San Francisco, *News;* **George Bertz,** Portland, Oregon, *Journal;* **Bob Saxton,** Cincinnati, *Enquirer;* **Dale Stafford,** Detroit, *Free Press;* **Tait Cummins,** Cedar Rapids, *Gazette;* and **"Roundy" Coughlin,** *Wisconsin State Journal*, Madison, Wisconsin. Sports editors opposing the suggestion included **Clyde McBride,** Kansas City, *Star;* **Zipp Newman,** Birmingham, *News;* **Leo MacDonell,** Detroit, *Times;* **R. M. Hitt, Jr.,** Charleston, South Carolina, *News & Courier;* **Jake Wade,** Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer;* **B. A. Bridgewater,** Tulsa, *World;* **Bob Wilson,** Knoxville, *News-Sentinel;* **Bo Leiser,** San Francisco, *Chronicle;* **Everett Clay,** Miami, *Herald;* and **George T. Davis,** Los Angeles, *Herald & Express.*

QUESTION III

Do you believe the center-jump should be restored to basketball?

The public	Yes 51.08%
Athletic directors	No 62.84%
Sport editors	No 58.03%

One interesting suggestion that seemed worth considering was to "rotate the center jumping players as the batting order in baseball." This might offset the string-bean reach in the game. In some sections the center-jump has never been abandoned. Many believe that the center-jump should survive in the high schools, at any rate.

John J. Gallagher, director of athletics at Niagara University, who voted "definitely" yes on his ballot, supported his judgment with the statement:

> I think that the center-jump should be resumed in basketball. I realize that there are more basketball coaches in favor of continuing its elimination, and undoubtedly the majority should rule. However, when the center-jump was eliminated many smart plays went out with it. Although it was tough on the center to leap up high on all center-jumps, it gave an approximate 14-second rest to four of his team-mates. It is true that the college player has learned to pace himself over a 40-minute period but the poor high school kids, especially the young ones just starting, have not sufficient experience to judge pace. This constant action may not have an immediate effect on his heart and the other vital organs, but I wonder if the same can be said ten years hence. The spectators seem to like the new game, but those who have played basketball would like a few seconds to reflect on a good scoring play and possibly talk about it to the person seated alongside. This is impossible under the new style as I have seen baskets scored against teams within 5 seconds after they themselves had scored. I personally feel that it will be a long time before the center-jump is resumed, if it ever is; but I hope that men like you will help keep alive the controversy.

R. M. Kolf, Wisconsin State Teachers College, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, took the other side, saying:

> I am thoroughly in favor of keeping the center-jump out of basketball. If the powers that be think the game is too fast, slow it down by having the team scored on put the ball in play at the center line on either side. Nothing is more unfair in the field of sports than having the team with the big center get the first chance to score each time.

The basketball coaches themselves were not in agreement over the center-jump. Among those preferring its return were **Dr. "Phog" Allen** of Kansas and his own former star, **"Dutch" Lonborg** of Northwestern; **George Veenker** of Iowa State, and **Marshall Diebold** of Carleton. On the other side of the fence approving the new style were **Ward Lambert,** Purdue; **Doug Mills,** Illinois; **Paul Hinkle,** Butler; and **Ralph Jones,** Lake Forest.

QUESTION IV

Do you regard experience as a greater asset than youth at the crux of a championship contest in the major sports?

The public	Yes 91.62%
Athletic directors	Yes 94.40%
Sport editors	Yes 94.46%

Apparently the old saw: "Youth must be served" has lost its teeth!

John D. Elam of Alton, Illinois, called his shots, as follows:

> In baseball I would say both experience and youth play an equal part. In football or basketball I will take youth. In wrestling, experience. In boxing both are equally important, and as a whole in any line experience plays a big role. That's why I answer "yes."

Roscoe D. Bennett, Grand Rapids, *Press*, voted no, qualifying his position with the remark:

> In a contest where physical endurance is vital—like tennis—give me youth. In a contest where quick-thinking and right-thinking—boxing—everything else equal, give me experience.

Robert Howard Nichelson of Larchmont, New York, was with the majority for the intelligent reason as he stated, that:

> Experience is a greater asset in the crucial moment of an important athletic contest than youth. The veteran can generally adjust himself in the "clutch" so that he gives his best performance, while the youth usually outdoes himself in the effort to win. He becomes slightly panic-stricken in most cases.

Wake Bridges of the Hickory, North Carolina, *Record* observed:

> Last year Vernon Gomez, thirty-one, of the Yankees told his bosses he was not washed up and that they should give him another chance. They listened and kept the veteran southpaw. Gomez led the American League with 15 games won and 5 lost in 1941.

QUESTION V

Does a single big name star draw you to an athletic event as often as the game itself?

The public	No 61.05%
Athletic directors	No 60.83%
Sport editors	Yes 51.62%

Some pointed out that Bobby Jones set golf's championship gate records, and others noted that Joe DiMaggio proved the star magnetism during his consecutive game hitting streak when he drew thousands through the turnstiles.

Russ Davies, Elyria, Ohio, *Chronicle-Telegram*, voted "no" on his ballot, and then proceeded to turn right around and talk himself right out of it. He wrote:

> This is very much controversial. My answer is "no," but I'd certainly debate the point plenty if the event, say a football game, featured Grange with Illinois and Illinois was weak, or Michigan with Harmon and Michigan happened to be weak. In a case like that, it would mean Grange and Harmon were the attractions, not the Illinois or Michigan teams. The same would pertain in other sports, such as baseball—Feller with Cleveland, DiMaggio with New York, etc. Come to think about it, perhaps the answer to the question should be "Yes!"

Among those registering negative votes were **Charles Young,** *Knickerbocker News*, Albany, New York, who declared: "The game's the thing. No sport could exist with big names only!" and **T. F. Flynn,** Northampton, Massachusetts, *Gazette*, who said as a

Continued on page 151

Hypnotism Grows Up

Two psychologists, working independently, have proved that respectable people will steal and attempt to kill under hypnosis

by **S. S. TOMILSON**

• ARTICLE •

Murder, seduction and major operations are successfully performed under hypnosis, "usually reliable sources" report. Three of every four people have never witnessed hypnosis, ninety-nine of every hundred have never been hypnotized themselves, but nearly everyone has ideas about the black art, a recent questionnaire disclosed. But what are the facts? Ask the psychologist! But which psychologist? They too turn up with theories and even facts to suit their special tastes.

James Esdaile, an English physician, performed the first operation under hypnosis, working in a native hospital in India, in 1845. It is a matter of record that he performed thousands of operations in this way, including several amputations. He claimed his patients showed no signs of pain, no change in pulse or dilation of the pupil. Shortly afterward ether and chloroform were discovered and Esdaile was forgotten. There are, however, occasional reports even today of minor operations and childbirth under hypnosis. Modern psychologists feel that Esdaile's claims are a little too good to be true, pointing out that even under ether, the patient is securely strapped to the operating table, and not infrequently is heard to moan when the internal organs are being cut, particularly in the case of the gall bladder.

Skeptical, hard-headed Psychologist Sears determined to settle the question once and for all. Since everyone knew that good hypnotic subjects *said* they felt no pain, Sears trussed his hypnotic subjects up with all the gadgets dear to the experimental psychologist. The slightest flinch of the skin was recorded on a smoked drum affair, known as a kymograph. Any variation in breathing was also recorded on the same drum. Any change in the pulse rate was also recorded. Finally, they were put in circuit with a psychogalvanometer, which recorded any change in the electrical resistance of the skin. Now he could see for himself what the body thought about the electric shock he gave them. First he shocked them in the normal waking state. The gadgets seemed to be recording an earthquake. Now for the crucial test! The subjects were hypnotized, and the same shock given. There was a little commotion in the instruments, but decidedly less than the pandemonium a moment before. Sears had to admit there was something to this hypnosis business after all, but exactly what, he wasn't sure. There was no flinching, and no change in breathing, but these were partly under voluntary control. The pulse rate and the electrical skin resistance which no one could control were somewhat affected by the shock in the hypnotic state, but less so than in the normal state. Like most scientific investigations, this one opened up more new problems. Apparently it isn't a black and white affair.

Hypnosis certainly does something mighty mysterious to the human body, but doesn't do it a hundred per cent perfect.

"He gets the ball—then you forward pass him!"

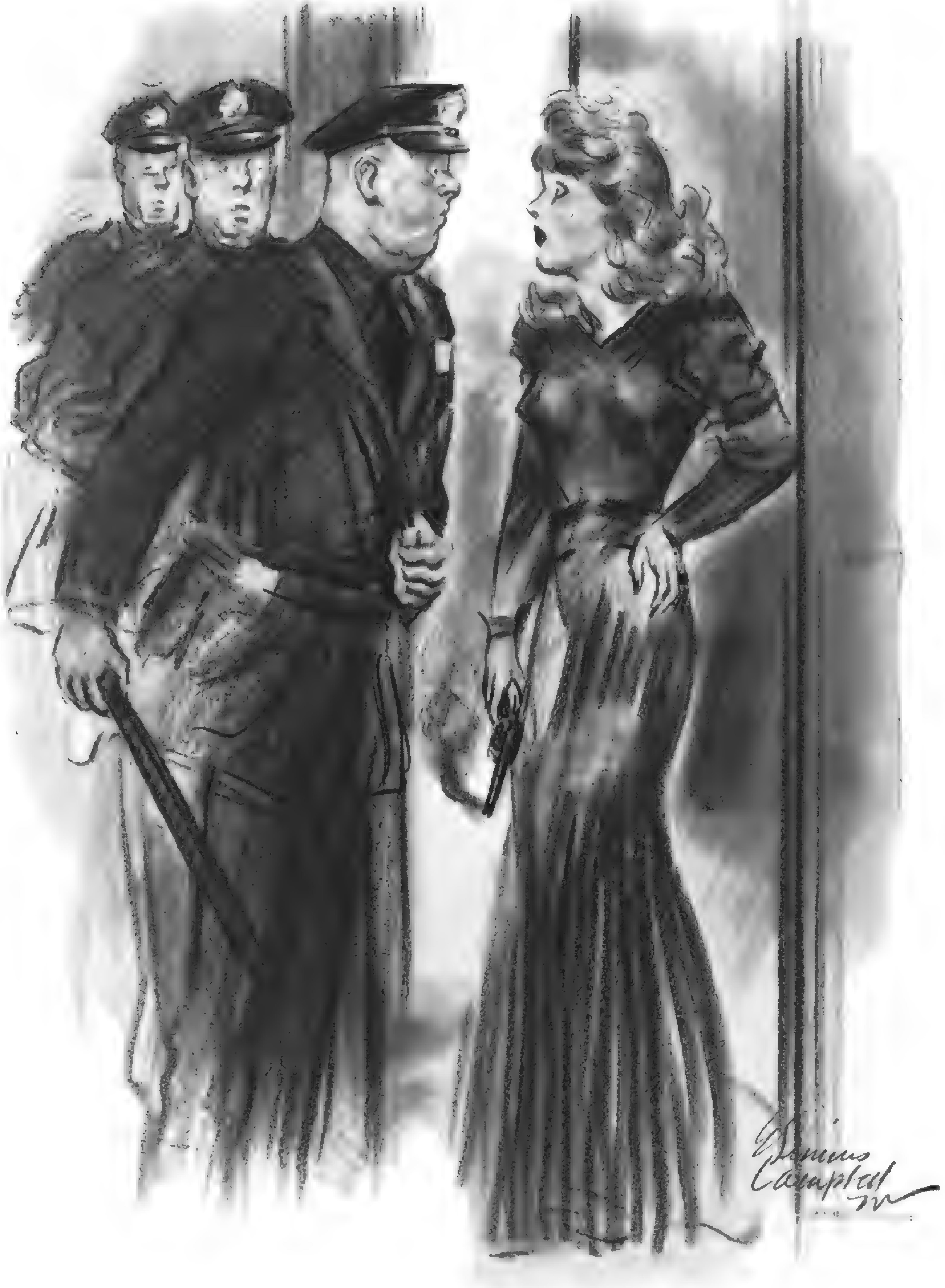
Enthusiasm about hypnosis, like women's skirts, has had its ups and downs. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the sky was the limit. With the twentieth century came the experimental psychologist and his brass instruments, and a debunking crusade against hypnosis and hypnotists. The year nineteen forty-one finds the pendulum beginning to swing back again. In the past year, there have come reports from two psychologists, working independently, debunking the debunkers. Both have been able to make otherwise respectable individuals steal, and attempt to kill, under the influence of hypnosis. There had been reports of this in the nineteenth century, but French Psychologist Janet pooh-poohed the whole business, slyly demonstrating that a hypnotized woman armed to the teeth with a rubber dagger would leave the lecture room littered with corpses. But suggesting that she take off her dress before these bodies lying in their own blood, the lady suddenly had a fit of hysterics.

Psychologist Rowland was unconvinced. From physicists he took the newly developed invisible glass. He divided his laboratory in half, using the invisible glass as a wall. Was it really invisible? On one side of the glass he put a hammer. On the other side he worked on a gadget. Colleagues were summoned to look at his apparatus. Casually the visitor was asked to fetch the hammer. In every case the unsuspecting innocent was rewarded for his helpfulness with bumped nose and bruised shin. Tempers were cooled by the magic word "science."

Behind the glass, Dr. Rowland seated himself in a comfortable Morris chair, and began to read the newspaper. His assistant brought the first hypnotized subject into the laboratory through a door at the other end. The assistant in full view of the subject, poured sulphuric acid into a glass. Then he dipped a strip of zinc into the acid—result—a very impressive burst of hot steam. "Did you know that sulphuric acid is very dangerous, that it will burn the skin, blind the eyes?" The subject was impressed, nodded he knew. Then the subject was directed to look at Dr. Rowland. The subject recognized his teacher behind the newspaper. "Throw the acid in his face," was the inhuman command. The subject took the glass slowly into his hands, hesitated. The command was repeated. Trembling, the subject threw the acid, buried his face in his hands, unable to look at what he had done.

If the hypnotized subject would hurt others, would he also hurt himself? To test this another subject was used in the same room. This time a large diamondback rattlesnake was put behind the glass. The snake had been starved, and in no mood to be a guinea pig,

Continued on page 193



"Thank Heaven you're here—I think something dreadful has happened to Carl!"

Does Xmas Get in Your Hair?

We waive our masculine by-line just this once for a piece of advice that only a frail could divulge, on gifts for women

by SARADA MURLIN ROBBINS

•ARTICLE•

At christmas beats the feminine heart with hopeful expectancy. You've seen flashes of it in the weeks past. Now comes the feverish prayer, muttered through anguished lips, "Dear God, this Christmas, let him give me the right gift!" It's serious business, this gift-shopping, and is responsible for annual epidemics of gooseflesh, giant size, and frost-bitten metatarsals. I've seen men turned to stone at the insidious rustle of tissue paper. I've seen captains of finance shudder, and strong men quail at the sight of tinsel ribbon and cavernous white gift boxes. Greedy, those boxes. Something must be whipped up to go into those boxes, and not just *any* something. It has got to be the right something, for the right somebody, or you might as well crawl in and pull the lid over your remains. Furthermore, a Christmas gift, feminine gender, is extremely exacting. You must father it, personally, as you would your own child. You can't push off the job on your secretary. You can't even consult the little woman about it. Alone and unflinching, you must go out into the world and Buy Something. You must shoulder your way through a standing army of Amazons, and arrive at the right counter. There you will decide, gravely and competently, whether Aunt Hildegarde would really prefer that knitted bedjacket to a quart of Napoleon Brandy.

Knowing what women want is my stock in trade, for I am a personal shopper in one of our larger marts of finery. When I want to be lofty, I refer to myself as a Gift Consultant. So, here I go spilling trade secrets, while you draw up a chair.

First, decide just whom you are shopping for. That "whom" is the unknown quantity. Do I hear a chorus of "Amen's"? Solve the identity of "Madame X" and you've bagged the answer. Is she a waxen Camellia in a Lucite bowl? Make it a gift of glamour. Women clamor for glamour. Something in fur, like a silver-fox muff, if you can swing it, or even a faultless lesser-jewel, such as amethyst, topaz, or zircon. If you give her a stone, don't make it too large, that is, larger than a dinosaur egg. Just remember, she expects to show off your gift, so keep it visible.

If she's a Larkspur in the Backyard Garden, don't be deceived. She still wants glamour. All God's girl-chillun want glamour. But her idea of it is different. A real gold bracelet, or a gold locket. Lookit, lockets are back! Nohting synthetic or spurious. Just honest, unashamed real gold. She would settle for sterling, also. A beautiful compact, thin as a little French pancake (no liquor sauce), an evening bag of discreet composition (no sequins), a furry white Parka hood to wear a-sleighing, or mammoth crystal bottles for her dressing table, will set you to thinking. We're just throwing you word-thoughts. You supply the associations. Or do you expect Esquire to do your hoodwinking for you?

DON'TS FOR AMATEUR SANTAS:

Don't give her a check, and let it go at that.

Don't give her a merchandise certificate, mumbling something about not knowing her size. You ought to!

Don't order flowers extravagantly by telephone, and later on inquire, "What kind did they send?"

Don't give her a bit of whimsy, if she's a down-to-bedrock person. But don't be too practical.

Don't send your secretary out to shop for her. This is risky, and you know why.

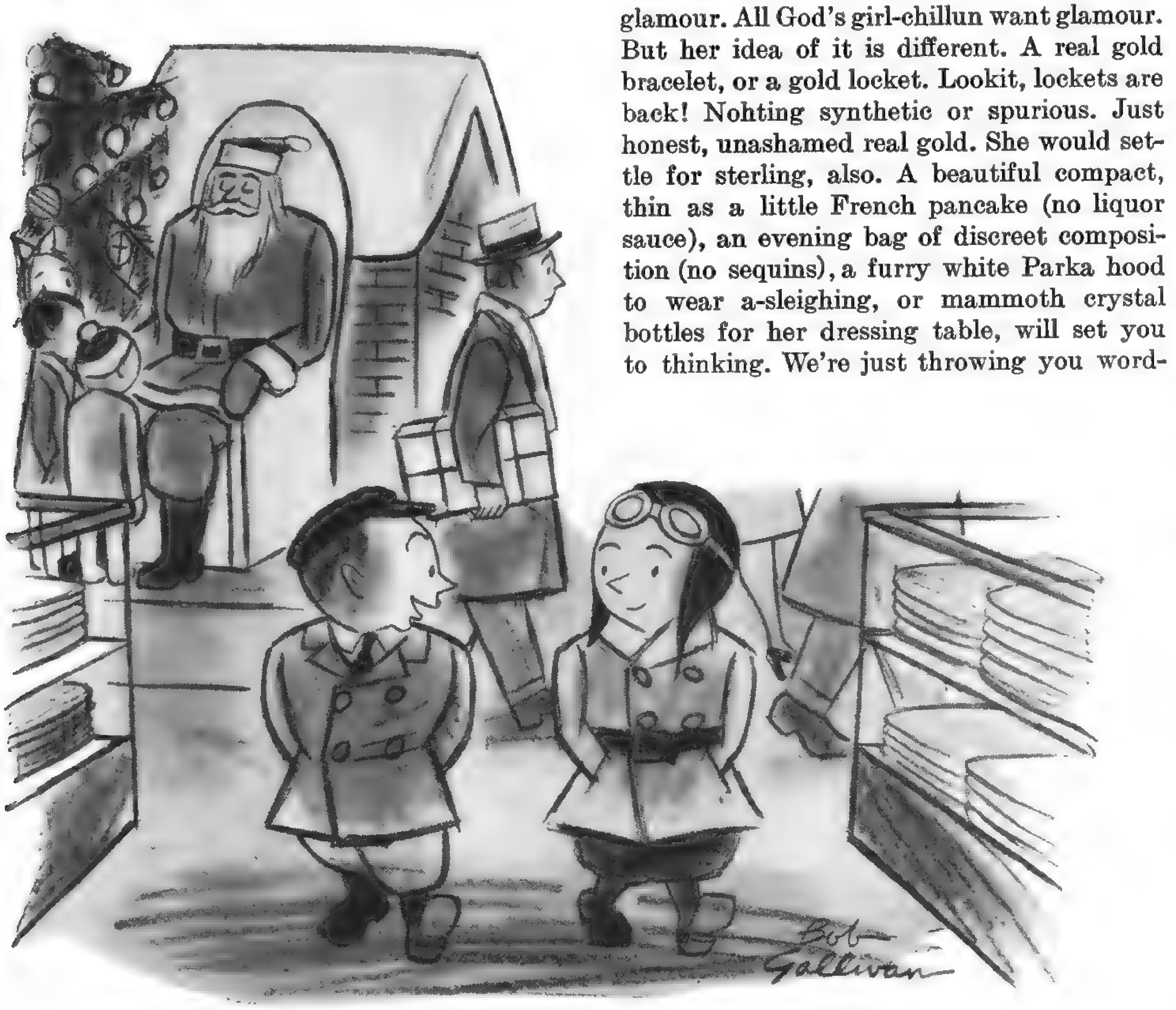
Don't give her a cook-book if she's not strong on cooking.

Don't give her an anonymous gift from an unknown shop, if she's a label worshipper.

Don't give her a twenty dollar nightie if you haven't paid your insurance premium.

Don't spend twice as much on your family as you do on hers.

Don't wait until the last moment on Christmas eve to buy her gift. Go now, while stocks are complete.



"I think we had that guy believing he was Santa Claus"

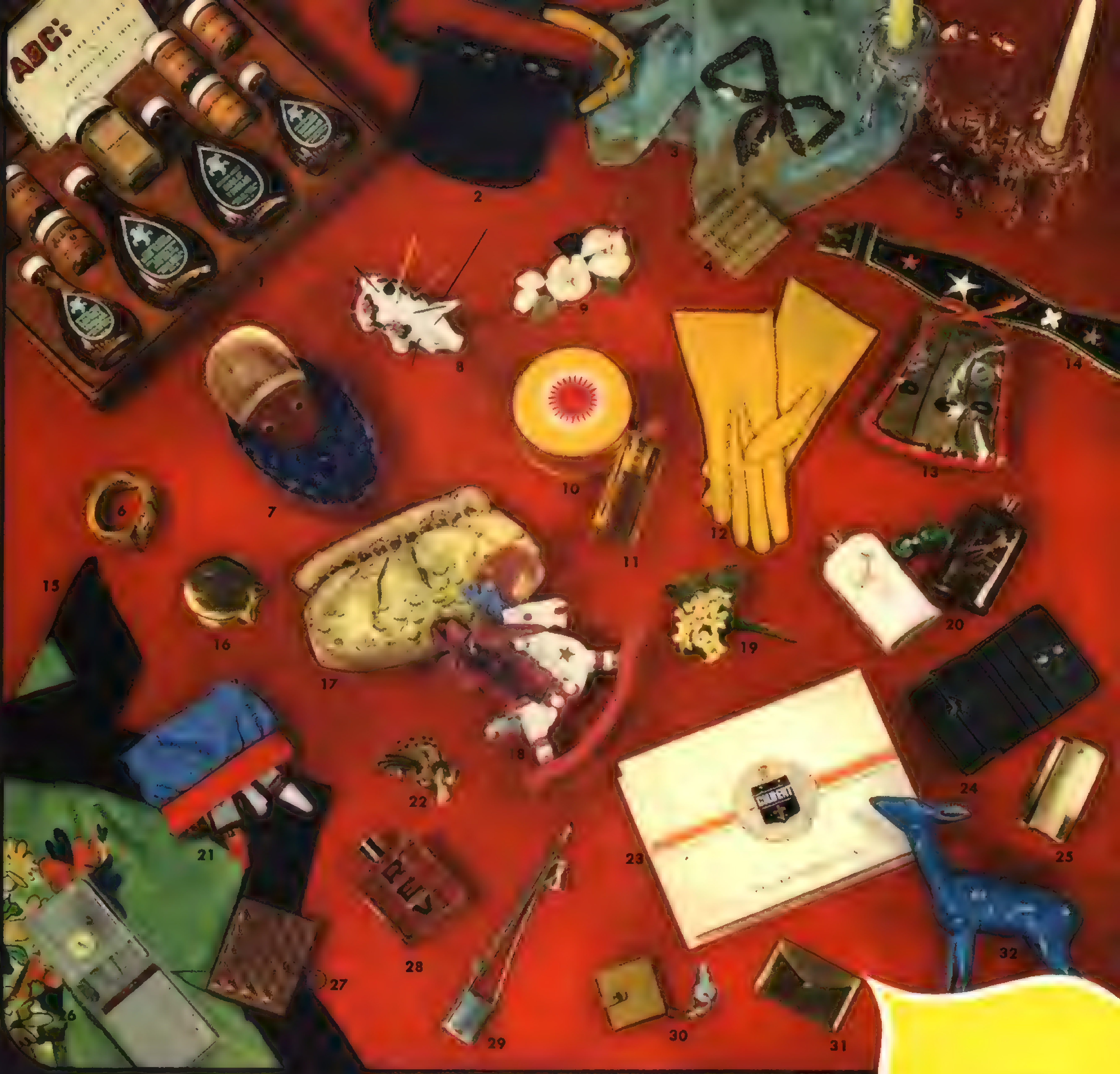
If you are a swain whose approach is stymied, Christmas is your Savanna. The right gift can put her in a mistletoe mood, and change her gr-r-r-r to pur-r-r-r. The right gift is often the one bound with sentiment, wrapped in imagination, sealed with emotion. Did anyone ever tell you, lout, that women are emotional creatures? They loathe the perfunctory gift. The flowers you ordered by telephone, the gargantuan box of bonbons, designed for an houri, are not very subtle, you know. But to her, even a trinket can be a treasure, if it carries some sentimental meaning or association, such as your grandmother's watch-chain transformed into a bracelet. If your grandmother didn't have a watch-chain, or never knew the time of day, there are still rhinestone stars to hang thickly on a bracelet or a lapel ornament, each star symbolizing those that hung in the sky the first time you took her out and drove by the lake and plighted thereunto each your troth. I tell you, women are wacky for that type of sentiment. There ought to be priorities on it, it's so scarce.

The modern Wise Man concentrates on a girl's special interests and hobbies. If she's furnishing a small apartment, make a contribution in the form of a good etching or two, to help her look at. Perhaps an assortment of good wines will bring further invitations to dinner. An amusing bibelot, such as a musical cigarette box, often provokes conversation among her friends. "Yes," she'll beam, "It was a Christmas gift from Llewellyn, the dear boy." Providing the darn thing

Continued on page 170

$1 to $5

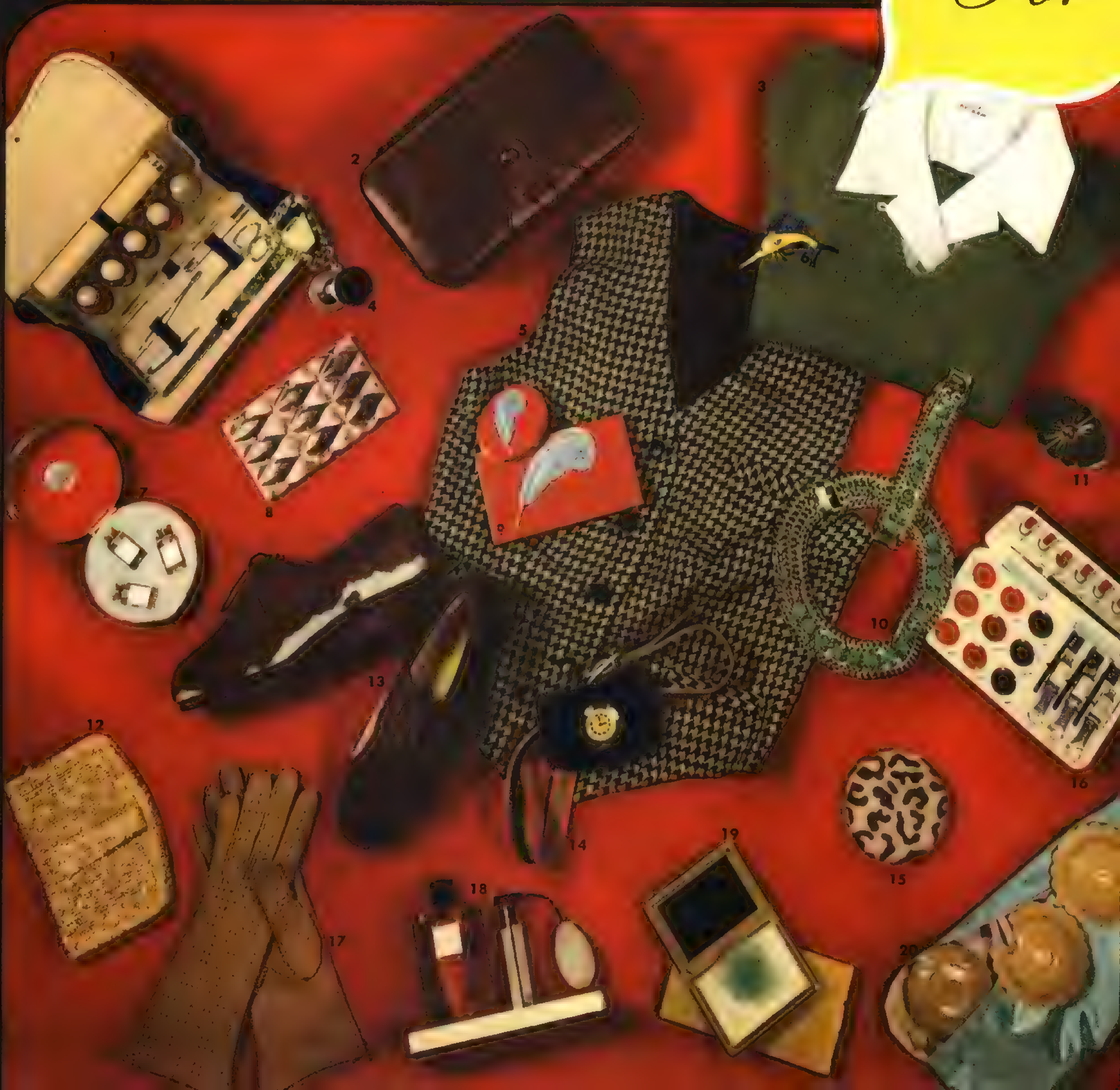
1 Herb and spice set
2 Golf belt with pouch
3 Sequined chiffon hankie
4 Gold multi-mesh vanity
5 Glass candelabra
6 Gold finish bracelet
7 Whale presents soap
8 Relish pig
9 Shell flowers
10 Dusting powder and
11 Cologne "Yankee Clover"
12 They're pigskin
13 Stockings ring the bell
14 Alpine design belt
15 Hand-painted silk square
16 Fish design vanity
17 Brocade evening bag
18 Hobby horse "Cyclamen"
19 Shell flower ornament
20 "Suivez Moi" is follow me
21 Traveling manicure kit
22 Costume pin
23 We've tasted them
24 Bill and change purse
25 Combination lighter and case
26 Transparent utility billfold
27 Fine pigskin cigarette case
28 Lush cologne "Bewitching"
29 Lighter and snuffer
30 Pigskin key and coin case
31 Portrait envelope
32 Ceramic fawn



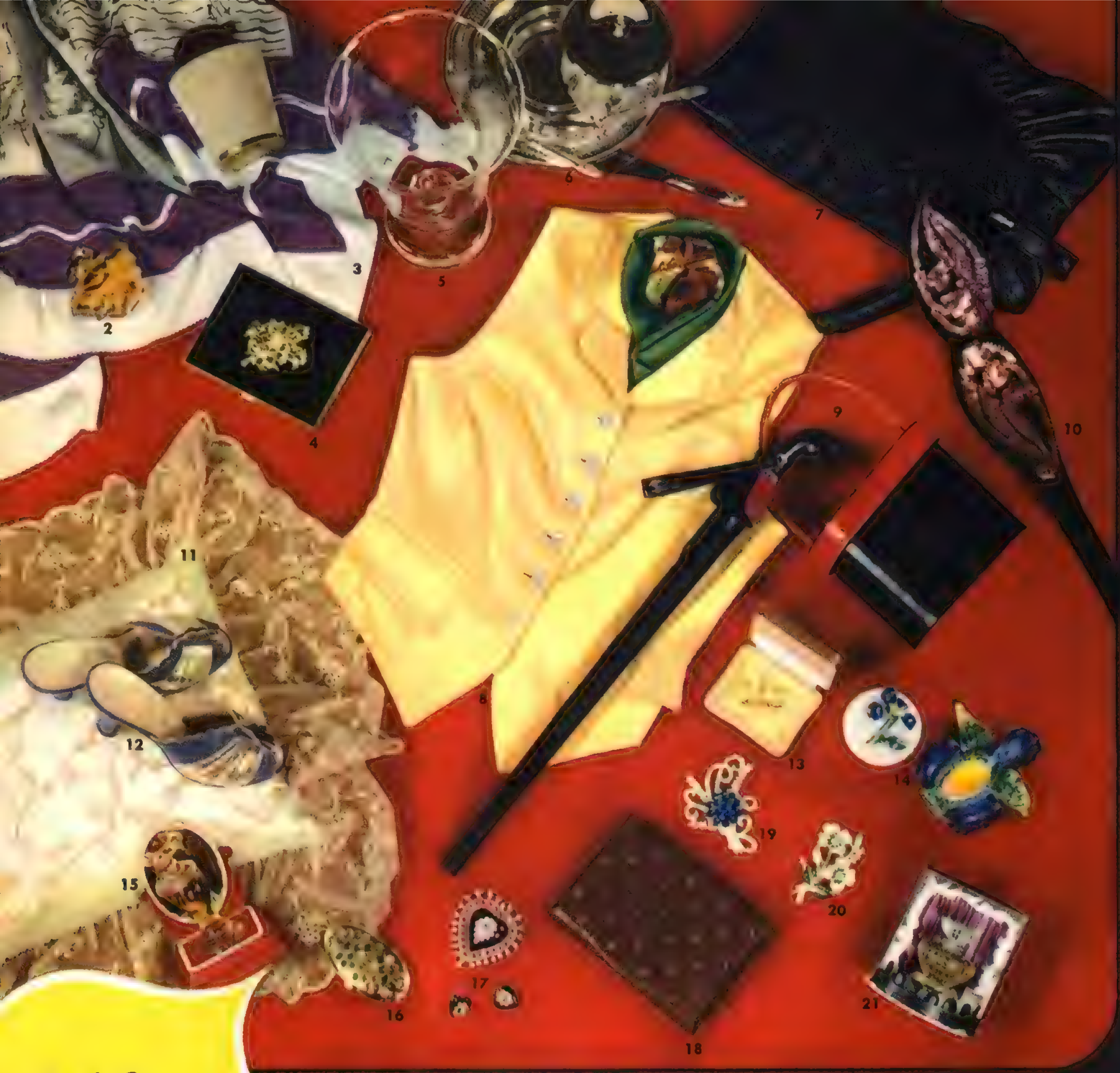
For

$5 to $10

1 Graceful tips
2 For odds and ends
3 Shetland sweater and dickey
4 Personalized bracelet
5 Checking sports time
6 Sailfish pin
7 Tzigane, Possession, Ardente Nuit
8 Stone-studded cigarette case
9 Smart paraphernalia
10 Touch of antique
11 Studded vanity
12 Gold mesh evening bag
13 Lined baby-calf shoes
14 Belt with pouch and watch
15 Fur covered vanity
16 Amusing make-up set
17 Combination wool and pigskin
18 "Gardenia"
19 Wafer thin cigarette case
and vanity
20 Soap set



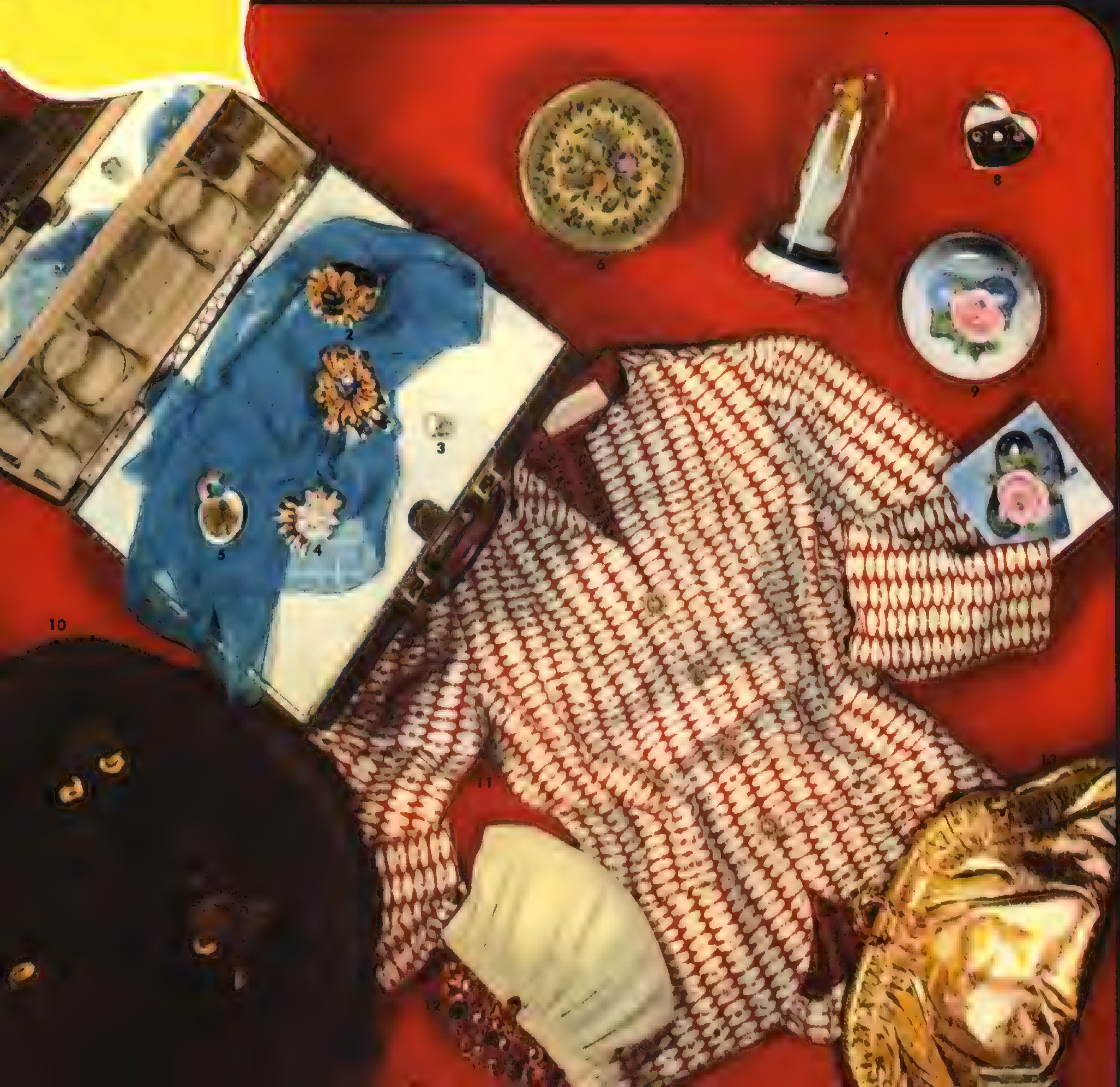
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY
BY LEON DE VOS



$10 to $25

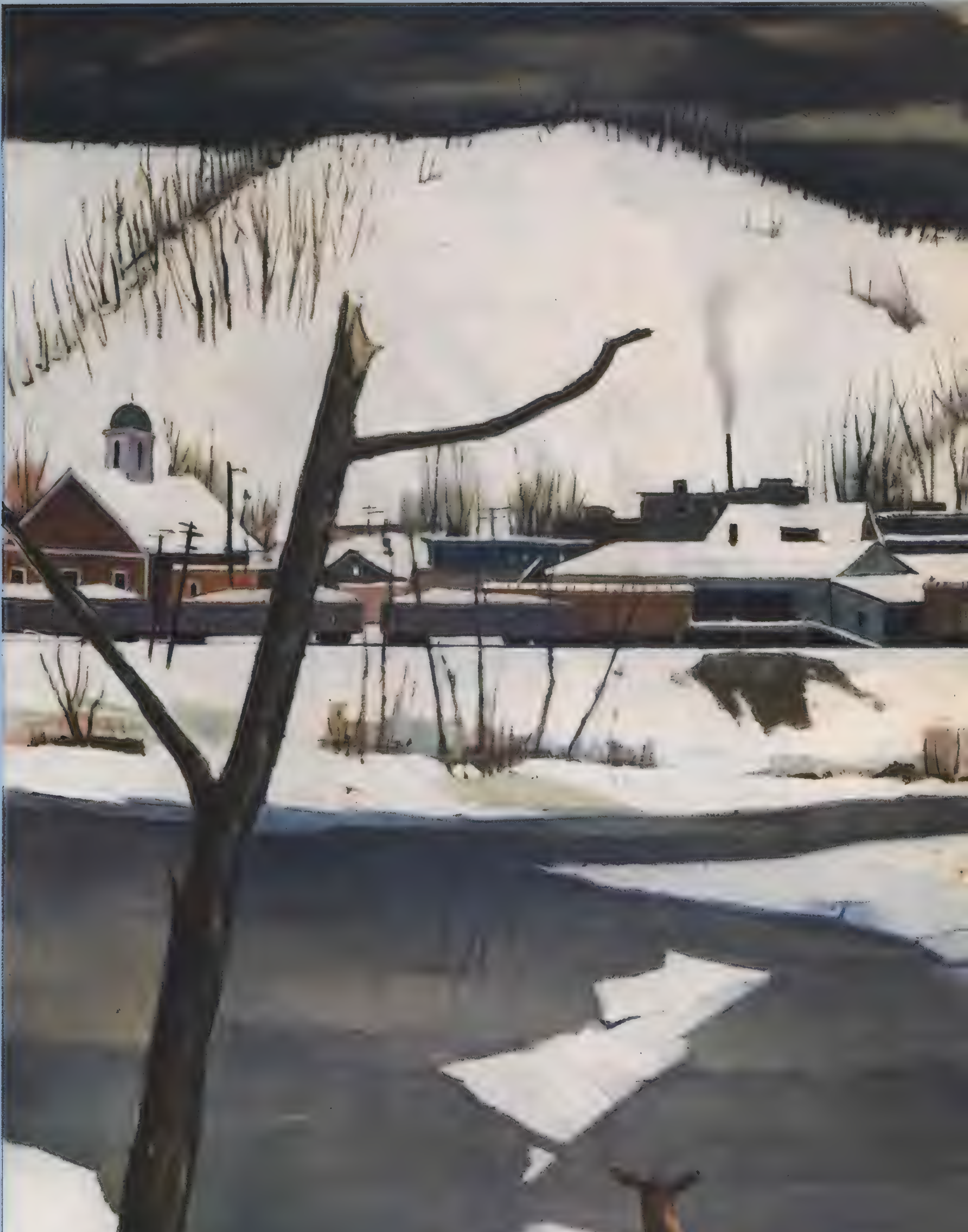
1 "Lady in the Dark"
2 "Transparent"
3 She wants a huge scarf
4 Evening carry-all
5 For connoisseurs
6 Sterling silver cheese set
7 Large bags, the trend
8 Sporting waistcoat
9 Umbrella and bag set
10 Sequin belt
11 and 12 For the boudoir
13 Love birds
14 Fire enamel smoking set
15 "Ecarlate"
16 Glittering vanity
17 Pin and earrings
18 Leather cigarette box
19 and 20 Bright pins
21 "Opening Night"

Her

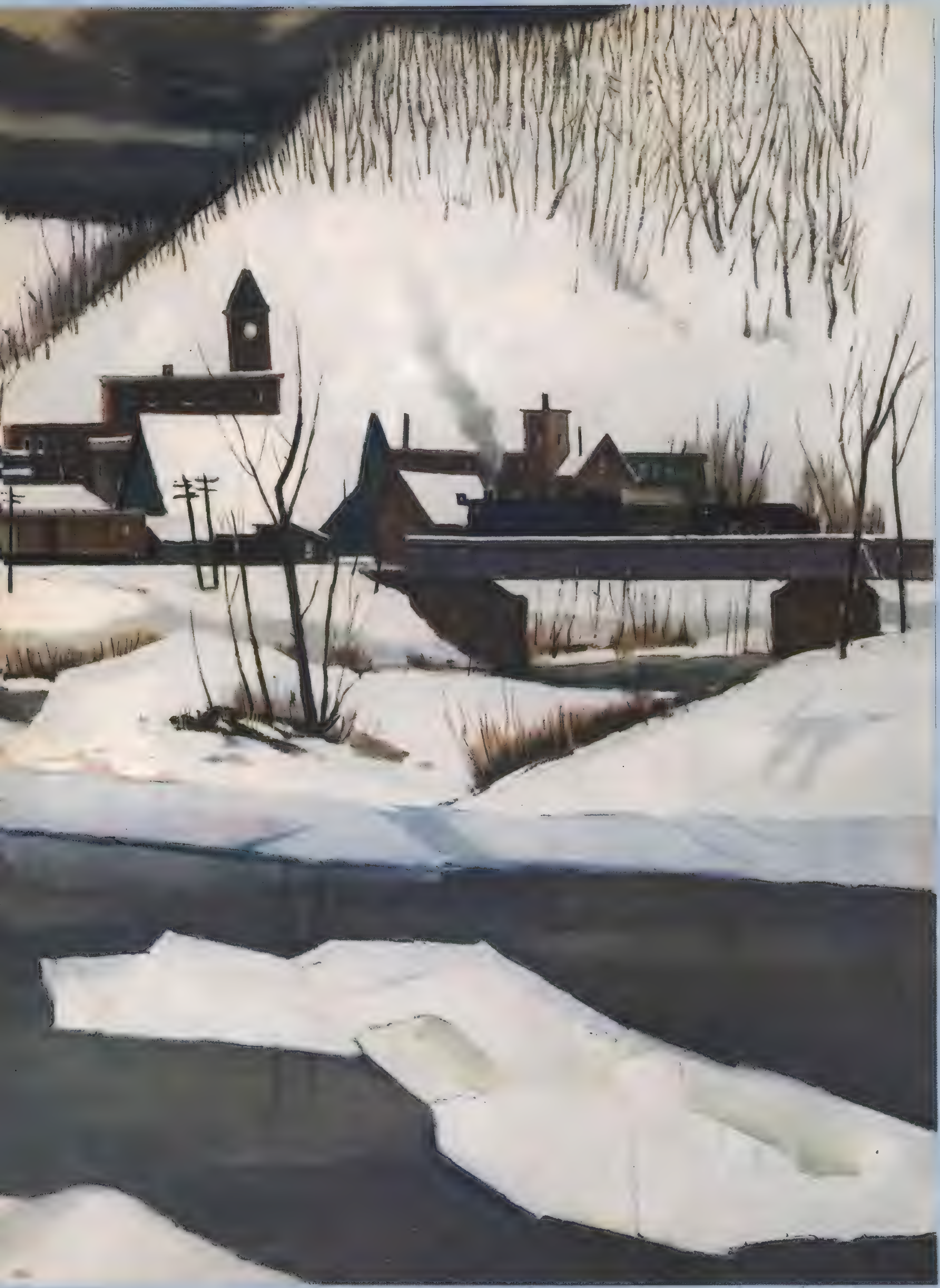


$25 & up

1 Fitted make-up case
2 Aquamarine, ruby and gold bangle and brooch
3 Ring to match
4 Moonstone and ruby gold flare
5 Padlock lighter
6 Petit point bon bon box
7 "It's You"
8 Ruby and diamond vanity case
9 Enamel ash tray and cigarette box
10 Hudson Bay sable scarf
11 Silk metal evening jacket for glamour
12 Beaded evening bag
13 Gold kid bag


PAUL SAMPLE

Winter Visitor



COURTESY OF FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK CITY

by Paul Sample

The Master of Vermont

Paul Sample likes painting the cold New England winter, perhaps because the frost stings his senses into sharper awareness

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

THERE are a number of contradictions in Paul Sample. He is a former heavyweight boxer who loves to play the flute. At the very college where today he is artist in residence and by that token and influence for the good, the true and the beautiful, he slept through an art appreciation course when a student. For thirteen years he made his living, or an approximation thereof, in Lower California and lived in Upper Vermont, twice crossing the continent annually between job and home. Desiring a career in which such factors as luck would play no part, he became an artist in these United States, in which luck plays too great a part. Youthful in his appearance and in his outlook, he has long loved to paint old men and old houses, although he has used children and animals in other compositions. Born in Kentucky, he has become for practical purposes a New Englander. Spending his formative years in the almost tropic region of Southern California and Arizona, he has become the painter of winter and of wintry landscape.

Even his predilection for the aged may be a facet of his love for the colder season. He is sensitive to the pathos of age because, although in the prime of life, he has himself passed through the valley of the Shadow and has lost a beloved brother. Perhaps he loves the winter of New England because its healthy frost stings his senses into a sharper awareness of the joy of being alive and kicking. He is young and inquiring, quiet and self-contained, seemingly certain and inwardly uncertain. He is both older and younger than his years. He seems to be a pleasantly superficial person, fully contained in the first view, and then he suggests unplumbed depths, which may not exist. He has covered a wide expanse of the earth's surface to find the best things are at home. The more one learns about Paul Sample the more simple and the more puzzling does he seem. He falls into the American pattern and then one suspects that there is another Paul Sample entirely. As an artist he is the American son of Peter Breughel the elder, with Grant Wood as a contemporary uncle. I suspect, but cannot be certain, that the eventful episodes and travelings of Paul Sample conceal, rather than reveal, the true and inner Paul Sample.

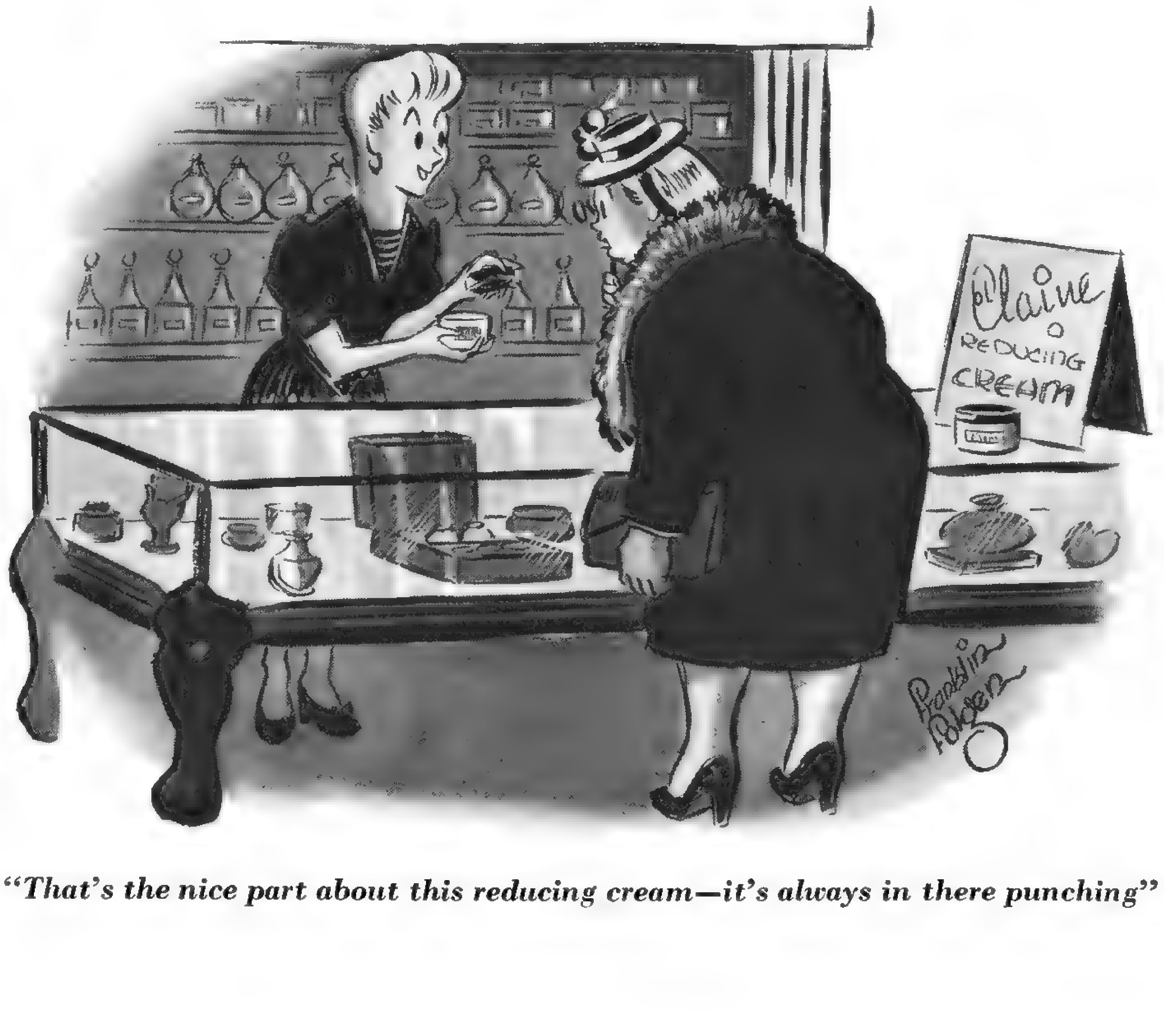
Anyway, the sailing hasn't been so smooth as that calm, handsome, ruddy face and self-assured bearing would lead you to believe, although now the buffets have become gentle swells and comparatively safe harbors in sight. Sample wanted to do something creative rather than go into business, for example; he wanted luck to play a negligible role in his life and he chose art, which can be a tough career even with a lot of luck on your side. Now the abiding rewards, as well as the creative satisfactions, are coming in and Sample can lean back now and then and contemplate that part of the course he has already covered.

To put it in an understatement, the person of Paul Sample puts up no hindrances to the career of Paul Sample. If you should see him first, you're going to be predisposed to see the best in his pictures, whether you're an art critic or not; if it's the pictures you see first, you're going to like him, too. His characteristic painting, to put it critically, is sober, sentimental and story-telling. To put it otherwise, his paintings are as kind to the camera as he is; both man and art are equally photogenic. His paintings are pleasant to look upon, both in the original and in the reproduction. Paul Sample makes art a kind and pleasing thing, even if not a mighty, tormenting and compelling thing.

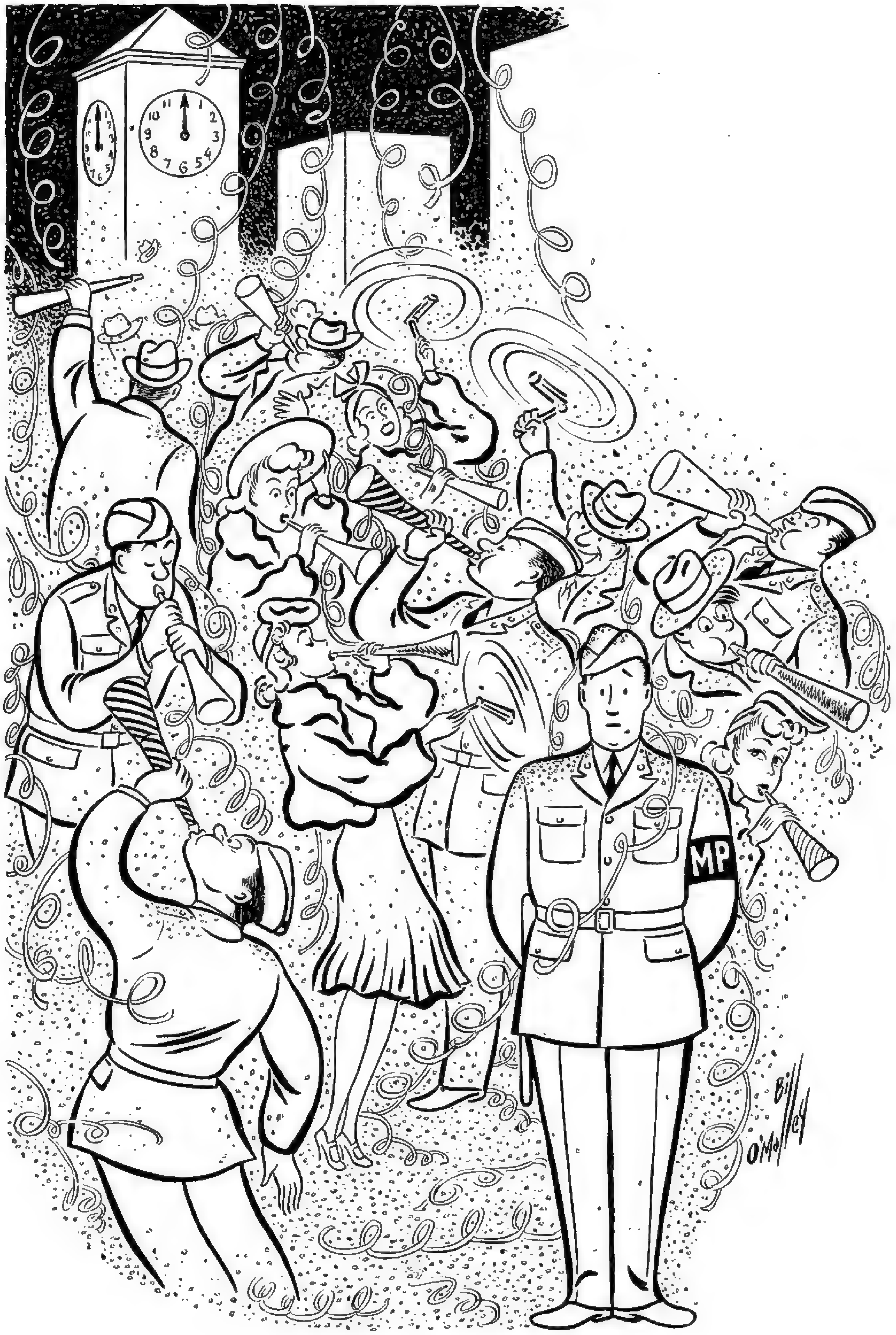
Only in one painting of Sample's are eager collectors given a cold breath from the other side, a reminder of mortality, and perhaps for that reason that picture remains unsold. Representing a country auction in winter, with the late lamented looking down from Heaven, it is entitled *Matthew 6:19—Lay Not Up for Yourselves Treasures upon Earth*, a phrase which might be called the literary original of *You Can't Take It with You*. Explained the young woman at the gallery: "You can't expect collectors to go for that, because that's exactly what they're doing." Elsewhere, too, Sample has used a Biblical quotation for a title. The moralizing streak fits the kind of picture he likes to paint, pictures with symbolical overtones, and the moralizing streak, as he applies it, is not going to repel anyone. But he went through a stark period also, when he painted a theme like *Ward Room*, a picture which is rigid with the artist's own hospital memories up at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks. Nor are the Arizona themes, like *Miners Resting*, paintings of the ingratiating kind, like *Band Concert*, *Barber Shop*, *Janitor's Holiday* (acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art), *Politics*, *Noon at the Fair*, *Whiskey for Jim's Cold*. Sample has painted many themes, and in more than one way, implying either versatility or a struggle toward theme and style, so that this statement of his current creed must apply only to the work upon which he is at present engaged: "I like human beings. I don't care for landscape unless there are people in it, and the only human beings I'm interested in are those who do things with their hands."

Sample's boyhood may not have been good for his formal education, but it was fun. His father was an engineer who stayed in one place only so long as his job required. The family happened to be in Louisville in 1896 at the time Paul saw the light of day. What Paul liked about his father's engineering itinerary was that it was constantly com-

Continued on page 134



"That's the nice part about this reducing cream—it's always in there punching"


MP
Bill O'Malley

The Sporting Scene

Mentioning complications in the mauling careers of Beckwith and Franklin and the defense work of boat makers and colleges

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •

This untutored peasant, in going over some copy produced by savants who gathered for the University of Chicago's Fiftieth anniversary cerebral celebration, chanced upon a fascinating document.

It was the report of scientists who experimented with mice until they learned exactly what the management of Primo Carnera demonstrated conclusively some years ago. The scientists took some ordinary mice and matched them against a succession of push-over mice. After the ordinary mice had consistently beat the beejeez out of the push-over mice, the ordinary mice were matched against some toughies. The ordinary mice, which under normal bringing up would barely have been able to lick their upper lips, beat the tough mice by technical and actual KO's in record time.

In completing the experiment the scientists took ordinary mice and tossed them, without any build-up, in the ring with mice toughies. The toughies slugged the ordinary mice silly, and delayed not at all in the process. After several sessions of being defeated in ten and a fraction seconds from the beginning of the fights, the surviving ordinary mice then were thrown in against the push-over mice.

By that time the ordinary mice were so discouraged, dispirited and lacking in confidence that the scientist referees were holding up the dukes of the push-over mice as the winnahs and the new champeens, according to the scientific version of the Garden boxing announcer's established ritual.

It shows you what smart management can do for man or mouse in the prize ring.

It also might go to prove that there may be more of a tie-up between science and sport than is generally admitted in the higher intellectual realm of Chicago's Midway. But that can be skipped as so much has been written about the University of Chicago's retirement from football that a historian centuries hence might think that action was as significant as the huddle at Munich. As a matter of quite long known fact football at the University of Chicago was somewhat like the sex of a porcupine—of actual interest only to a small and feverishly enthusiastic group, mostly porcupines.

But the mice demonstration is being applied earnestly by certain sordid and wily scientists who think they have boys to succeed to the Joe Louis spot.

Development of the Louis heir is complicated by claims advanced for Messrs. Booker Beckwith and Lem Franklin. Messrs. Booker and Lemuel have hides of sable hue. This identification retarded their progress as successors to Louis for the very simple commercially hefty reason that even the proverbial flies would stay away from a fight between two Negroes for the heavyweight title.

The Louis managers and Mike the Monarch of the Manly Art of Self-Defense have been staunch champions of the color line. Except in the case of the so-called fight with the half-blind John Henry Lewis, great care has been taken by Messrs. Jacobs, Roxborough and Black in seeing that Louis' competition would be in the lighter flesh tints.

Consequently Messrs. Beckwith and Franklin have not been advanced entirely by the mice method of science, but have been compelled to climb onward and upward over the prostrate bodies of some rather vigorous and competent opposition.

Further complication in the mauling careers of Booker and Lem is certain. Regardless of the cautious employment of the mouse method of build-up by the managers of Beckwith and Franklin, one of the two contenders is going to be detoured by calculation rather than by clouting. It would not do while the heavyweight championship is the property of the Jacobs protectorate to have two Negroes meet for the title. That could only happen if boxing were a sport. Such a match would not be good box-office.

Beckwith and Franklin have established their legitimate claims to consideration by lusty and skilled performances before fight clubs that would not countenance such burlesques of competition as the Louis avowed finale against Nova. Some who complain bitterly about government high taxes paid $30 per for ringside seats from which to draw deep breaths of that stinkeroo which was ballyhooed as a competition.

Gene Kessler, Sports Editor of the *Chicago Times*, and a highly competent appraiser of fistic talent, rates Beckwith as by far the most promising heavyweight of the rather drab current category, with the slugging Senegambian Franklin as the only comparative newcomer approximating Beckwith in ability.

Kessler has a collector's keen eye for colored heavyweights. When Joe Louis was in the early stages of the mouse method of development, Kessler secured the Louis ghosting rights. Even Louis was puzzled at that time at Kessler's pick. "What for yo'll want to do writin' 'bout me?" Joe asked.

Louis' life story, syndicated world-wide after Joe became heavyweight champion, alone drew more than $10,000. That isn't boxing glove stuffing, considering how shy papers have been about buying athletes' ghost literature during the past few years.

Louis expanded vocally during his reign from a virtually monosyllabic lad to a person who contributed briskly to an interesting conversation. He listened especially well on sports radio shows and made known a surprising extent of sports lore.

This writer and others more qualified to

Continued on page 178

"The child next door wants to wager that he's quicker on the draw than you are"

Who Was Joe Miller?

Tracing so-called modern, sophisticated gags through Miller's renowned *Jests* to joke books dating from the 16th century

by ROBERT O. FOOTE

▪ ARTICLE ▪

℞

Humor, say philosophers, is the index of an era's sophistication. Because the present day laughs at broad jokes, it is inclined to fancy itself as tolerant; "modern" is the popular word. The stories we tell in mixed company would only have been whispered by grandfather to his barroom cronies. Ipso facto, we're pretty darn sophisticated. But are we?

Examine a case example: You see a cartoon—or will shortly when the gag men realize what they have been overlooking—which shows a young man getting out of a bed in which still reposes a lovely dame. The caption says "I think I'll get up and rest."

Now, except for the manner of its telling through the aid of a drawing reproduction process unknown to our ancestors, instead of completely by words as was necessary with them, that is the identical joke at which our forbears of two hundred years ago were snickering. Here is its exact wording, No. 164 in the now priceless first edition of *Joe Miller's Jests:*

"A Young Lady who had been Married but a Short Time, seeing her Husband going to Rise pretty early in the Morning, said, 'What, my Dear, are you getting up already? Pray lie a little longer and rest yourself.' 'No, my Dear,' replied the husband, 'I'll get up and rest myself.'"

Even then it was an old joke, like all of Joe Miller's, of whom more anon, as he would say. It is cited here merely as a single demonstration, among hundreds of possible ones, that the love of what the Puritan calls "dirty jokes" is firmly implanted in the Anglo-Saxon. The Jest Books which are treasured possessions of the great libraries were the Esquires and New Yorkers of the 15th, 16th, 17th centuries, until nasty niceness forced them onto the back shelves for more than one hundred years.

Those ancient tomes afford rewarding research to a man who, like the late Justice Oliver W. Holmes, finds the facts of life and the expression thereof rather amusing. Their study and the tracing of their relationship with the now happily emancipated laughter of the present has been the favorite relaxation of this writer for years.

While there is no record of any joke book having been compiled in English prior to the invention of printing, that innovation was applied to the service of laughter even before it came to the aid of piety. The first complete Bible in our language was that issued by Miles Coverdale in 1535; almost ten years before that, in 1526, there was issued the first jest book, called *C Mery Tayls.*

This *Hundred Merry Tales* (to translate its title into our spelling) is one of the rarest of all books, there are only two known copies. Great Britian possesses one, badly mutilated. The other is a perfect copy that reposes, or at least did before Hitler cut loose, in the Library of the University of Guttingen, which bears this legend on its title page:

"Emprynted at London at the Sign of the Merymayd at Powlys Gate next to Chepesyde. The Year of our Lorde MVCXXVI: the XXII day of November."

One fourth of its jokes would be unprintable, even by our relaxed standards. That is a fair approximation of the proportion of overly risque that persisted in the humorous literature of the following two hundred years. Yet examination of copies of that earliest jest book, which have reached this country, reveals that its conviction that marriage is an essentially comic matter to all but the victims, would easily pass current as keen wit in this day. Here is a specimen:

"A man asked his neighbor which was but late married to a widow how he agreed with his wife, for he said that her first husband and she could never agree. 'By God, quoth the other, we agree marvelous well.' 'I pray thee how so?' 'I shall tell you, quoth the other, when I am merry she is merry and when I am sad she is sad, for when I go out of my doors I am merry to go from her and so is she and when I come in again I am sad and so is she.'"

A fascinating perusal of many old jest books reveals that the early years of each succeeding century seem to have been especially fruitful in laughter. In 1526 came *C Mery Tayls.* In 1633 or thereabouts came John Taylor, the Water Poet, and Archie Armstrong, King Charles I's jester, to lend a terser and slightly cleaner tinge to the humor of the people. In 1739 came Joe Miller, to act as stepfather to all the earlier smiles. By about the middle of the 1800's appear Mark Lemon in England and Artemus Ward in this country, signifying a sad falling off in the soul of wit. In the 1920's there was a speeding up of sophistication in the humor of America and a return to the frankness of four hundred years previously.

Most of these old books are extremely rare and there is a constant search for them. Among the finest collection in America, though not segregated even there, are the handsome specimens of original John Taylors, Archie Armstrongs, Joe Millers and many others among the treasures of the Henry E. Huntington Library in California.

Archie was the most urbane of the early jesters. His stories told in 1633 and 1639 are not only an improvement in expression and point over those of earlier date, they also excel those which were perpetrated a hundred years later in the notorious name of Joe Miller.

There is a modern twist to much of Archie's humor. The popular gag of one favorite cartoonist of today, that of having a husband, or wife, thinking of something else all the time the other is engaged in telling a long-winded yarn, harks back directly to Archie's tale of:

"One making a long and tedious speech to a grave counsellor on the conclusion thereof made an apologie to excuse himself for being so troublesome; who gave him answer, I'll assure you, sir, you have not been troublesome to me at all, for all the time you were speaking my mind was of another matter."

Nor was the old humor too bawdy for present day adaption to the radio. Tonight when you tune in Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell carrying on their air-feud you will merely be listening to a rehash found in most of the old joke books for two hundred years: A famous artist and a distinguished doctor fell out about the single gate to their common garden. The artist nailed the gate shut, whereat the doctor commented that he did not care what the artist did to the gate, just so he did not paint it; leading the artist to reply that he would take anything from his friend, the doctor, except the latter's physic.

There were Farmer's Daughters in humor nearly four hundred years ago. Indeed, it is possible to trace with almost exactitude the time that she stepped into folklore. In that first jest book of 1526 is a story of a bridegroom who was forced to allow his bride to wait at the church, while at the instigation of the irate father of another sweetheart he made a pecuniary settlement upon the previous object of his affections. The point of the tale is that the bride, upon later wheedling the facts out of her new husband, proved herself above small reproaches. She was content to comment that the girl had been foolish to betray the affair to her father. She, the bride, had been carrying on, she said, in like fashion with a man-servant for a year but her husband was now the first person to whom she had ever made it known.

When the tale reappears a century later in Archie's Jests of 1639 (and much better told) the deceived sweetheart has become not simply the "mayd" she was in the earlier version, but a "Farmer's Daughter"—her first appearance as a stock character of ribald wit.

It took intense, but extremely captivating research, much burrowing into the treasures of ancient libraries for this inquirer to fix, even within a hundred years, that important date in the history of humor. Many men have gone honored to their graves for lesser achievements.

Once embarked, however, upon such a research project, no true student could let the matter drop. It went on and on, eventually bringing the conviction that the Elizabethans recognized the essentials of lasting humor exactly as we do. To every age its own language; to all the ages the same fundamental risibility.

Their primary conviction was that the fact of there being two sexes was quite a joke upon humanity; exactly the same imperishable joke to be found in the last issue of any smart magazine. Many of the jests of those gusty early Englishmen were sadly naïve. Their practical jokes, their execrable puns, their witty retorts, their puncturing of ostentation, take a decided sharpening up for modern taste, though it is being done daily, in print and on the air. But when they wanted a belly laugh they went to the relationship of the sexes, just as we do.

Whether or not we do it any better is a matter of opinion, taking into consideration the fact that our ancestors could not illustrate their jests. Here is one from which you may draw your own conclusions, Archie first committed it to print:

"A Scholar having married a young wife and being still at his book, preferring his serious study before dalliance with her; as she was one day sitting lonely, whilst he was reading, 'Sir,' saith she, 'I would with myself I had been a book, for then you would be still pouring over me and I would never, night or day, be without your attention.' 'So would I sweetheart,' answered he, 'so I might choose the book.' To whom she again answered, 'And what book would you wish me to be?' 'Sweetheart,' saith he, 'an almanack for so I might have a new one every year.' "

To trace the development of such tales, which now appear again as the "very latest—stop me if you've heard it before," is a rare delight. Most such yarns, particularly the bawdy ones, have been printed over and over, down the centuries. Occasionally a squawk is raised over joke-stealing. It is not actual theft, the joke always belongs to the last person who tells it, if he can improve upon it, so much the better. That, at least, was the admirable attitude of John Taylor in his *Wit and Mirth* published 313 years ago, when he said in his preface:

"Because I have had many of these tales by relation and hearsay, I am in doubt that some of them may be in print in some other authors, which I do assure you is more than I do know; which if it be so, I pray you to tolerate and let the authors make twice as bold with me at any time."

Since it is not the happy lot of all to be able to pursue from original source such an entrancing research as this, it would seem to be doing a distinct service at this point to offer some of the early versions from which matrimonial favorites have been drawn. So, slightly purified as to language, with the spelling modernized for ease in reading, here is, as the old title pages used to say, "A Choice Banquet of Jests:"

The Emperor Augustus, being shown a young Grecian who very much resembled him, asked the Young Man if his Mother had not been at Rome. "No, sir," answered the Grecian, "but my Father has." Joe Miller, 1739.

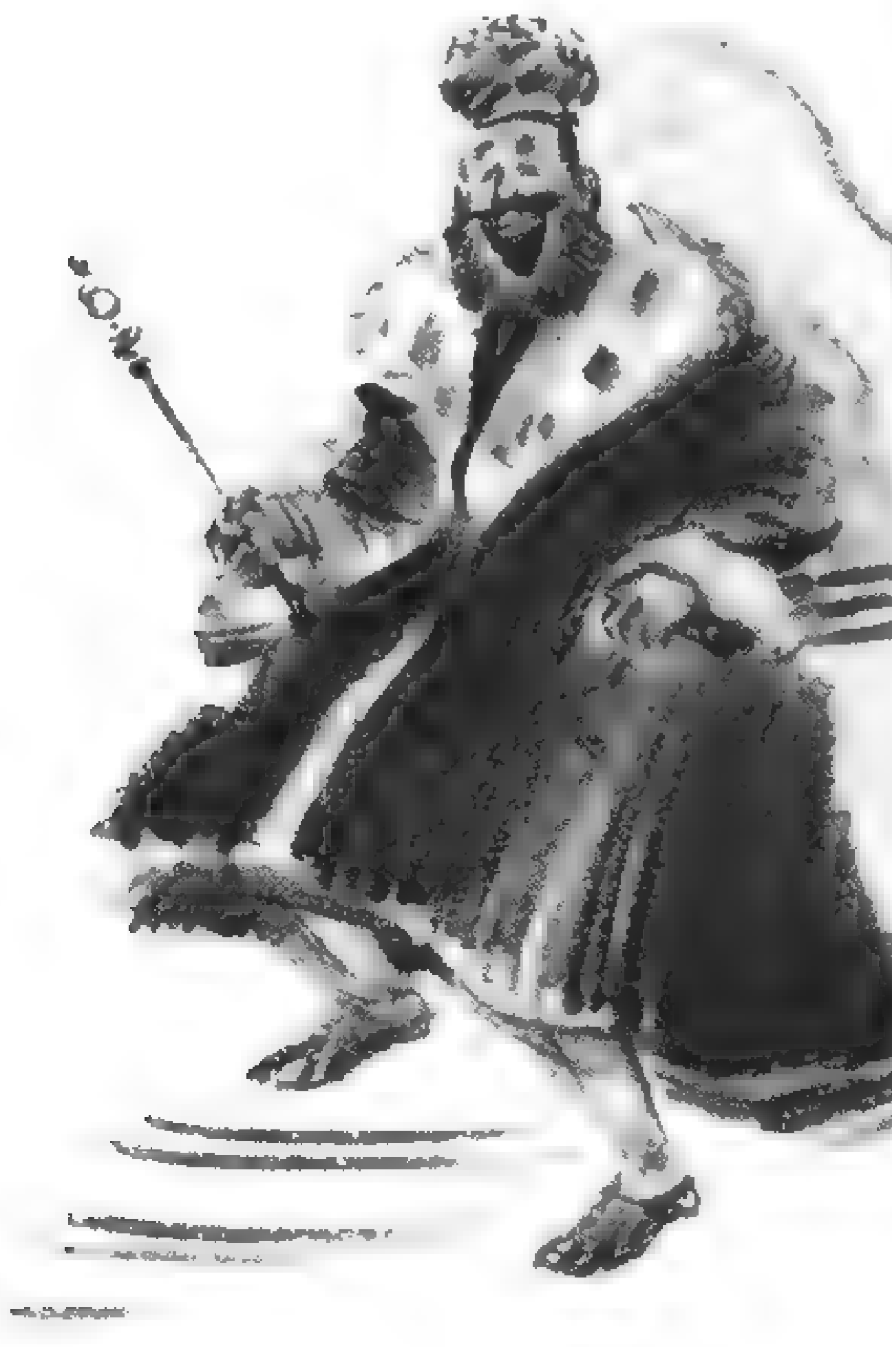
A young Gentleman playing at Questions and Commands with some very pretty young Ladies, was commanded to take off the Garter from one of them; but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her Petticoats, ran away into the next Room, "Now, Madam," said he, tripping up her heels, "I bar squealing." "Bar the door, you fool," cry'd she.—Joe Miller, 1739.

A handsome Wench, for some suspicious business, being brought before a Justice somewhat late in the evening and he taking compassion of her because she was fair and seeming modest, wished the man that brought her before him, to take her home and lodge her that night and he would hear the case more at length in the morning: "With all my heart," saith the man, "Master Justice, so you will commit my wife, which is now at home, to the jail till the morning."—Archie's Jests, 1639.

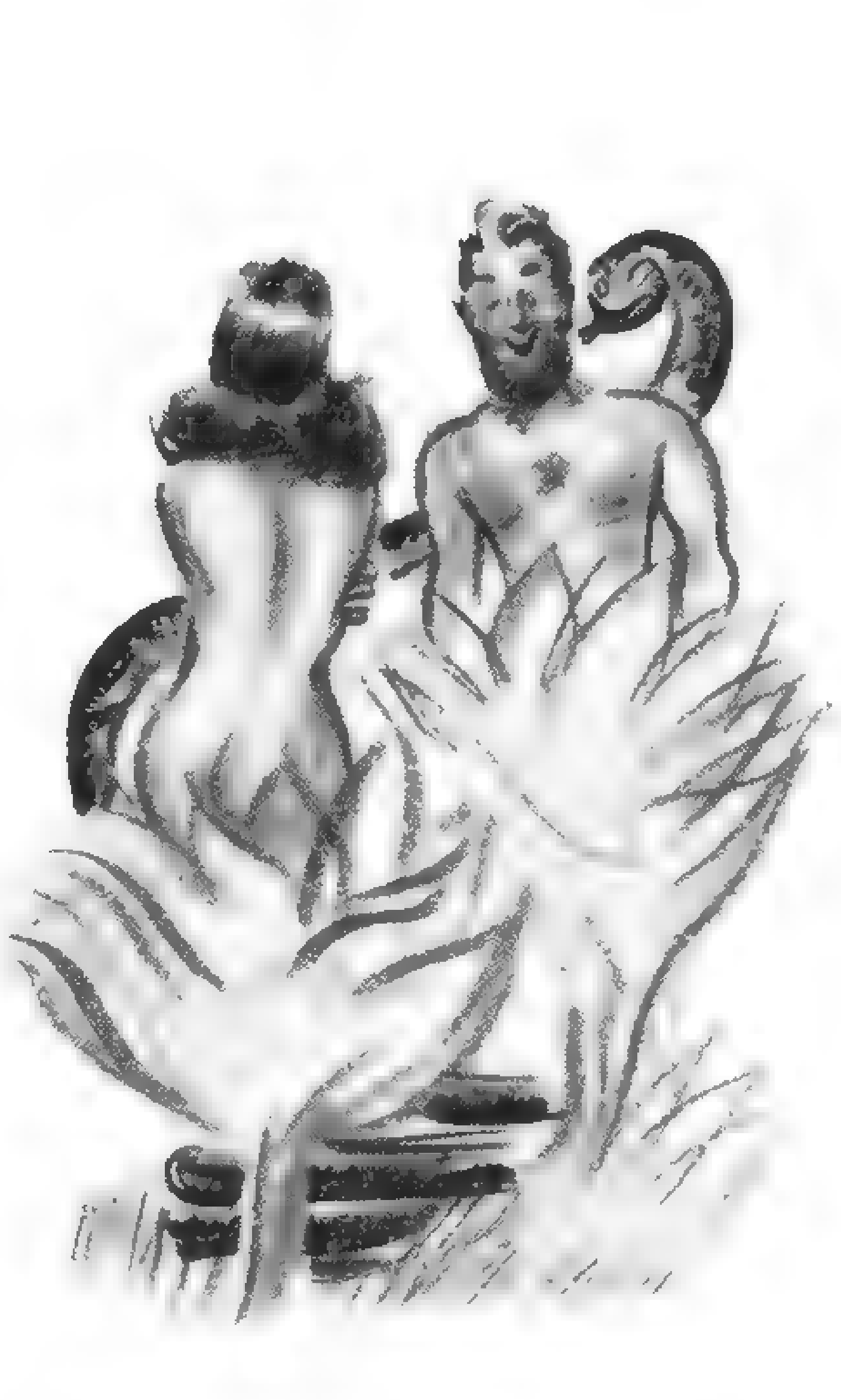
Upon a time Tarlton and His wife, as passengers, came sailing towards London a mighty storm arose and endangered the ship, whereupon the captain charged every man to throw into the seas the heaviest thing he could best spare, to the end to lighten somewhat the ship. Tarlton, that had his wife there, offered to throw her overboard; but the company rescued her and being asked wherefore he meant so to do, he answered "She is the heaviest thing I have and I can best spare her."—Tarlton's Jests, 1570.

A Waiting Gentlewoman being summoned into a Court to take an oath, the Examiner asked her how he should write her down: a Maid, a Wife or a Widow? She told him he should write her down a Maid, for she never had any husband. He finding her a pretty handsome smug Wench, asked her how old she was; she told him about the age of six and twenty: saith he (willing to sport with her) "Then take heed what you swear, for you are now upon your oath and therefore may I securely set you down Maid, being of

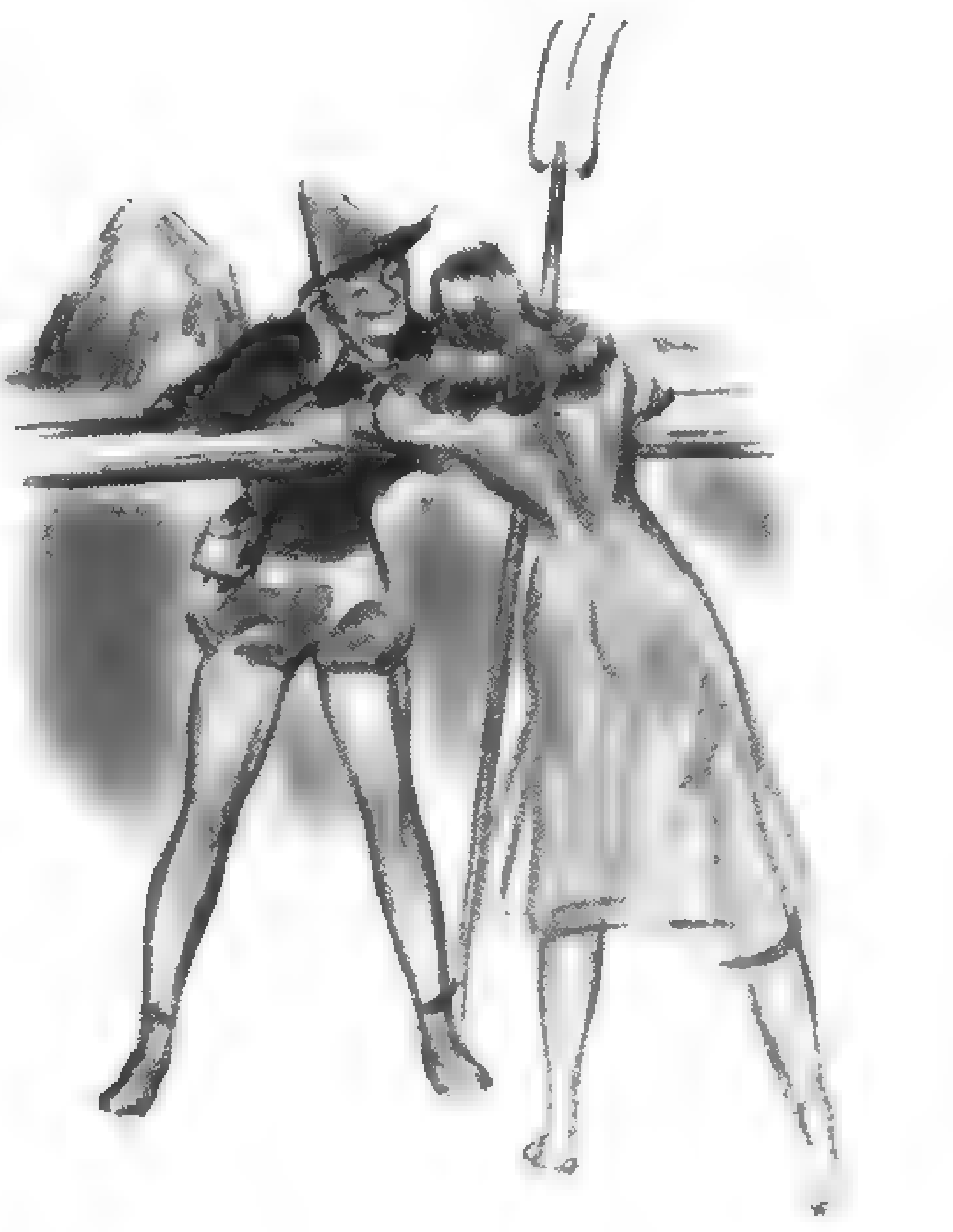
Continued on page 172



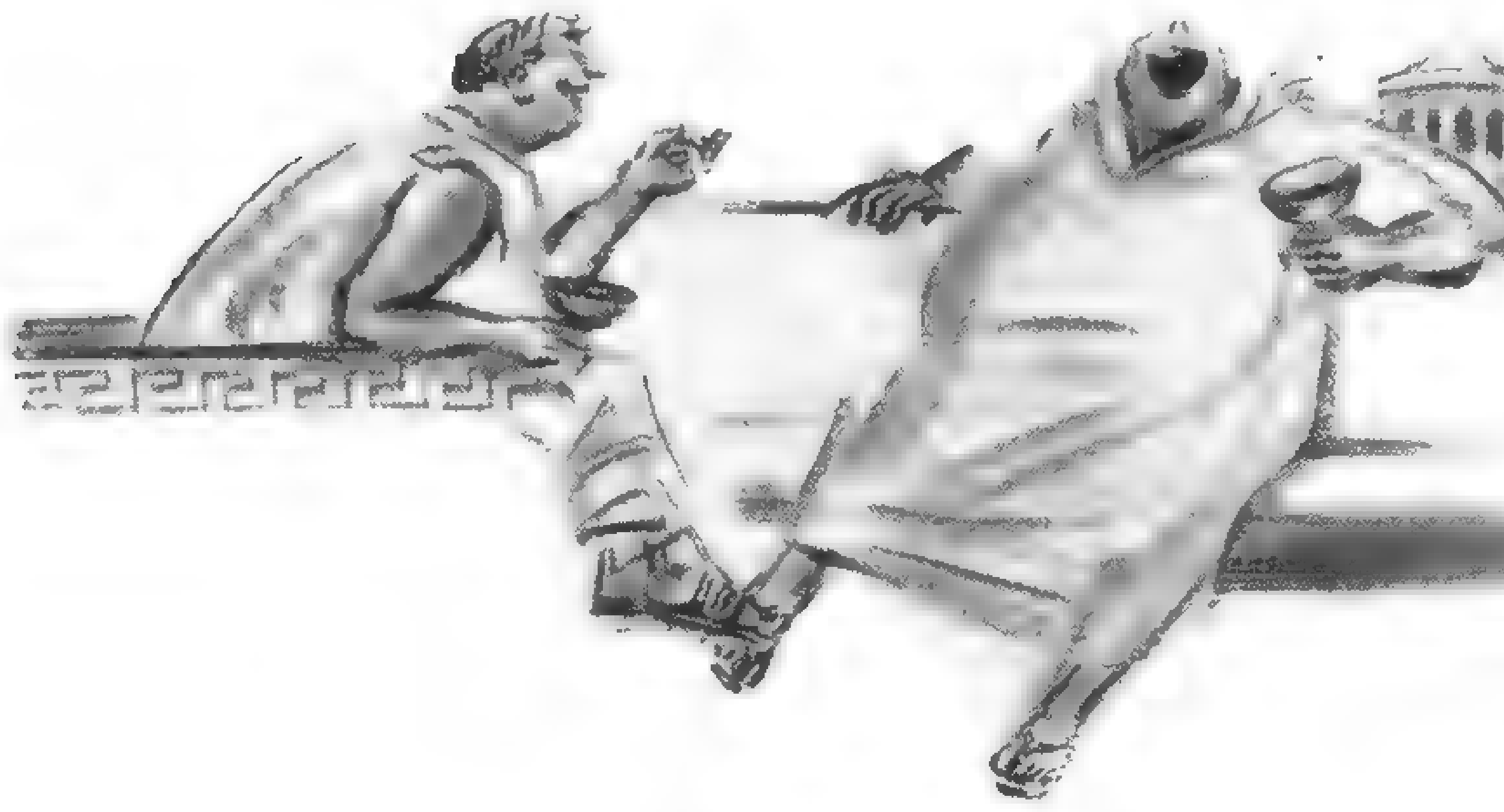
1—*The gags that make us moderns smile*
Rolled King and Peasant in the aisle . . .



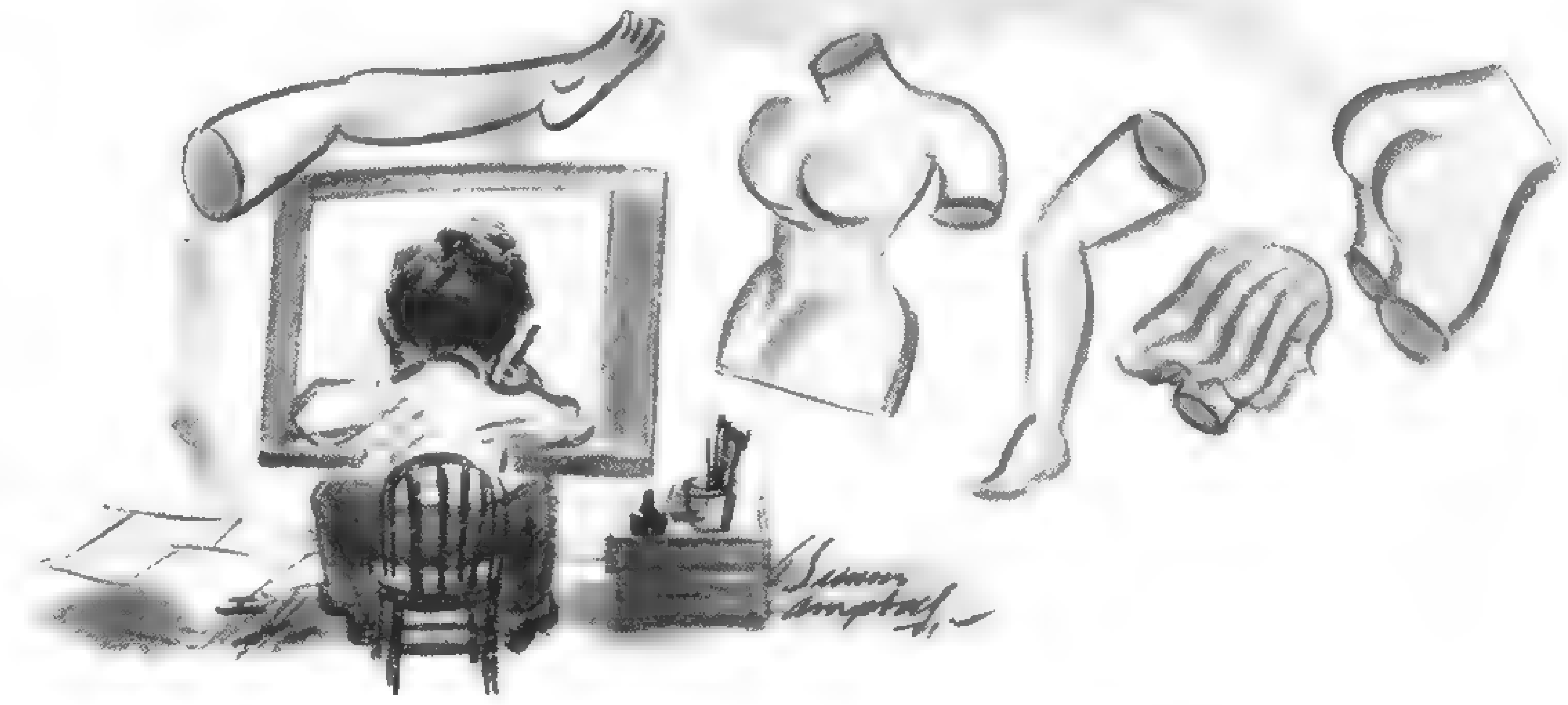
2—*For Nature pulled the perfect wheeze*
By turning out both hes and shes!



3—*The "Farmer's Daughter" proved a killer*
Before the days of famed Joe Miller . . .



4—*And stories of the "Bride and Groom"*
Rocked many a royal and ancient room . . .



5—*Which doubtless prompts the modern comic*
To keep his humor anatomic!

—PHIL STACK

Field Day in Hollywood

Hitting the trail for Betty Field, with Flit gun and camera from MGM to Big Bear Lake to Paramount to a Hollywood jungle

by DONALD HOUGH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

DEAR Grandchildren:

It will be no news to you, of course, that I finally found Betty Field sitting beside her small lukewarm swimming pool atop, or nearly atop, of a hill in what before the final earthquake was called Hollywood.

I don't mean sitting; I mean standing. You could see her reflection in the water, on clear mornings.

My search for Miss Field began, as nearly as I recall, on August 8, 19—. I did not know it was going to be a search. I thought it was a date. I was to meet her in the Brown Derby, a Hollywood beer joint, at a corner table, at six-fifteen. The fifteen minutes was supposed to give her time to get there from the studio. This was a mistake.

The purpose of this meeting was for an interview, not personal, although that was not my fault. I drove to town from Laguna Beach, a distance of sixty miles. When I got there all I found was a press representative from the Paramount studio, in a confused condition. He said gravely:

"Miss Field is not here."

I said, "Then where is she?"

He stared at me, then took some notes from a pocket of his coat and consulted them. He put them back into his pocket and ordered a tankard of ale. "I don't know," he said. He looked around to be sure that no more than fifty people were listening. "Look," he said, in what for Hollywood and a press agent was a low voice, "I'm going nuts." He winked. I winked back. He said, "This thing about Betty Field."

"Take it easy," I said.

Instead of replying he took a freshly folded newspaper from his pocket and pointed to an item. The item said that Miss Field was playing in *Boy Meets Girl* in some barn in Connecticut. I nodded. He said, "But I saw her, talked with her, right here in Hollywood this morning. I made this appointment. And an hour ago—I tried to get you at home, but you had left—I got a notice from the front office that Miss Field unexpectedly had had to grab an airplane."

"Maybe she was falling," I said.

"So," he said, "she's on the plane right now. But she's also in Connecticut, in that barn." He pulled another paper from another pocket and tossed it to me. "Read that," he said. I read that Miss Betty Field was just finishing another triumphant run in a Broadway play. I gave the papers back to him.

"Well, what do you make of it?" I asked casually.

He pulled a large envelope from a game pocket—he was wearing his shooting jacket, of course—and opened it and threw several photographs to the table. One of them fell into some ale he had spilled. He picked it up and wiped the ale off with his sleeve. "Look at them," he said significantly.

I looked. "Boy," I said, "she certainly—"

"That's not the point," he said. He spread the pictures over the table. "These pictures," he said slowly, "are all different."

"Naturally," I said. "Different parts."

He leaned across the table. "Listen," he said, "I'll lose my job if you breathe this to a soul." Everybody in the place listened. He said, "They are not the same people. There are six Betty Fields. One in New York, one in that barn, one—I mean three—in airplanes en route someplace, one at Paramount, one at Warner's, one—" He pulled another paper from some pocket. It was a trade paper. A headline announced that Miss Field had been cast in the feminine lead of *The Shepherd of the Hills*. "One," he added triumphantly, "in the Ozarks." He lit a match, burned the paper, put the ashes in his ale. "It's been going on," he said, "for several years. The first picture of any importance that Miss Field played in was *Of Mice and Men*. Mice, not Mouse. Yet she was the only girl in the play. The only, that is to say, mouse. My theory is that at least three of her played in that picture, taking turns."

"Preposterous," I said.

"All right," he said. "What did she make her first hit in, on Broadway? *Three Men on a Horse*. And what part did she play?"

"Come, come," I said.

He said, "My idea is that she played the three men. And after that she played in *Two on an Island*. Both Betty, I'd bet my hat. And back in pictures, what did she play in after *Of Mice and Men?*"

I couldn't remember.

My friend looked frightened. "*Seventeen*," he said. He shrugged. "And I've been trying to put two and two together ever since." He pulled a press release, mimeographed, out of his shoe. He had marked a paragraph in blue pencil. I read:

"Miss Field was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 8, 20 or so years ago, the daughter of George and Katherine Kearney Field. She attended schools in Newton, Mass. and Morristown, N. J., as well as in Porto Rico."

"All," he said, "at the same time. I give up."

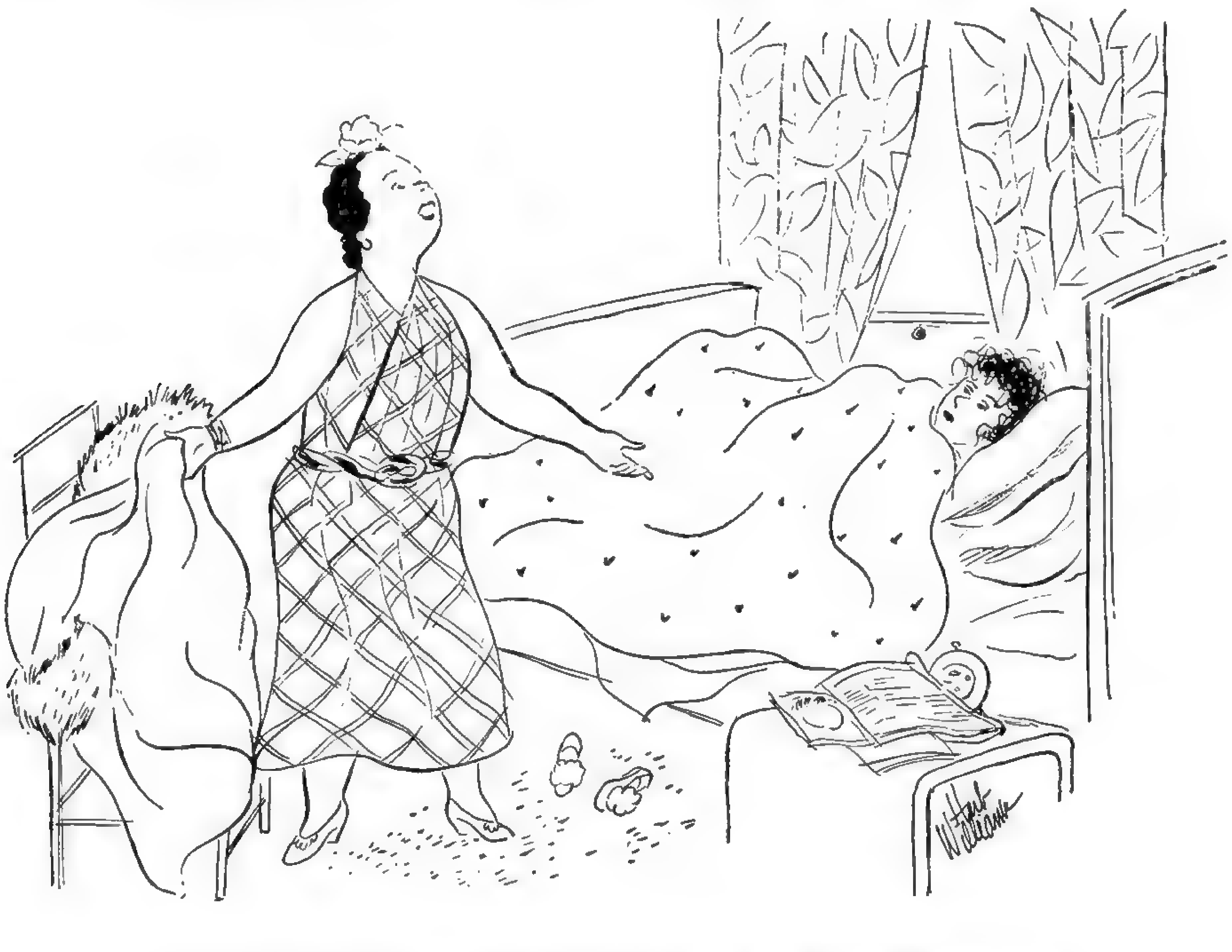
I urged him not to, and patiently outlined my own theory. "There is only one Betty Field," I said.

"People once thought the world was flat," he said bitterly, and went home.

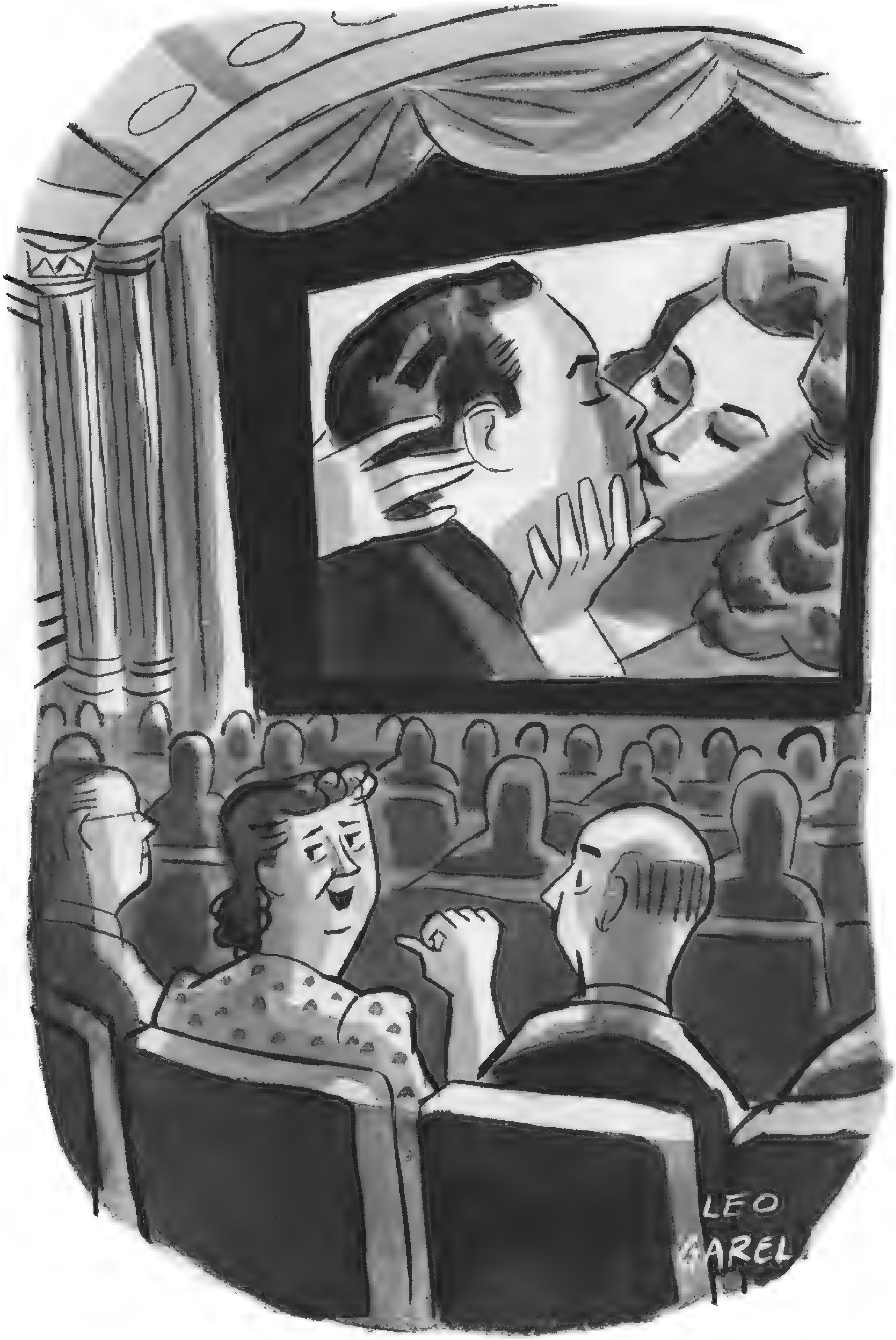
I did, too; but the thing preyed on my mind, as the expression is, and I took Betty Field up as a sort of spare-time project, a hobby I suppose you would call it, and decided to round her up.

I consulted my friend at Paramount, who in turn consulted a large map which was hanging on the wall of his office. In it were

Continued on page 176



"Oh, my escort was wonderful—I felt just like Cinderella—until 12 o'clock—then he charged time and a half for overtime!"



"If you think that's good—look two rows behind us"

Anything for a Laugh

As democratic Americans secretly believe military rank is phony, we'll always have gags on officers' relations to common men

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

The officer in charge of the program said that the two pretty girl-stooges would not be permitted to yank the boot-straps and help dress the fireman. I asked why and he said specifically because it was in contravention of order 600 subdivision 700, that no one in the armed forces of the United States should be held up to ridicule or belittled or exposed to humiliation, shame, obloquy, or disgrace. Or so I understood him. In any case, the fireman, who was a soldier dressed as a fireman, in the uniform issued to American soldiers when on the hazardous duties involving fires—the fireman pulled his own boots on.

It was a trivial episode, but right in the middle of it the officer in charge said that the fireman's work was usually a matter of life and death, and he, representing the War Department as far as I was concerned, didn't think that we ought to have anything trivial in that connection. That stopped me.

Now I am working back. I was not exactly brought up on *Dere Mable*, *Private Jerry*, and *Shoulder Arms;* but I knew of their existence. It seems to me that similar works of art, fiction, and the movies are being provided right now. And the difference, so far as I can see, is this: Bob Hope and Lou Costello and the characters in the new comic strips are imaginary, in the cold eye of the Secretary of War; whereas my soldier-fireman was an enlisted man, entitled to the protection of his government against ridicule—and obliged by Army regulations from making a fool of himself, or even a holy show of himself.

Question: when you see five hundred airplanes in formation, in that tremendously exciting moment when they peel off and go into action (forming new designs for the cameraman)—do you consider that James Cagney being tough and noble, or Errol Flynn being Errol Flynn, is different from the flyers in the other planes? Those other planes are in the hands, often, of naval or military fliers; the whole picture misses its point if you think that no real flier would be as gallant as Cagney or as Flynnish as Flynn. So the logic of the business carries you remorselessly forward until you have to believe that old Soandso who plays Dorothy Lamour's father and is a stuff-shirted martinet—he also must be real to you. And that some sailors must be as foolish as Costello.

Well, the only way the government can stop Costello from making a show of himself, a conspicuously comic show until now, in every branch of the service, is to clap him into the service—perhaps in the Arctic troops, parka and all. They won't do it and we'll go on getting howlingly funny films about training camps and the life of Riley, alias Bob Hope or Costello or Cagney, for some time to come. Not for ever because our present situation is just dandy for training camp and maneuvers farce; don't make me tell you at what moment these will become a little forced—or faded.

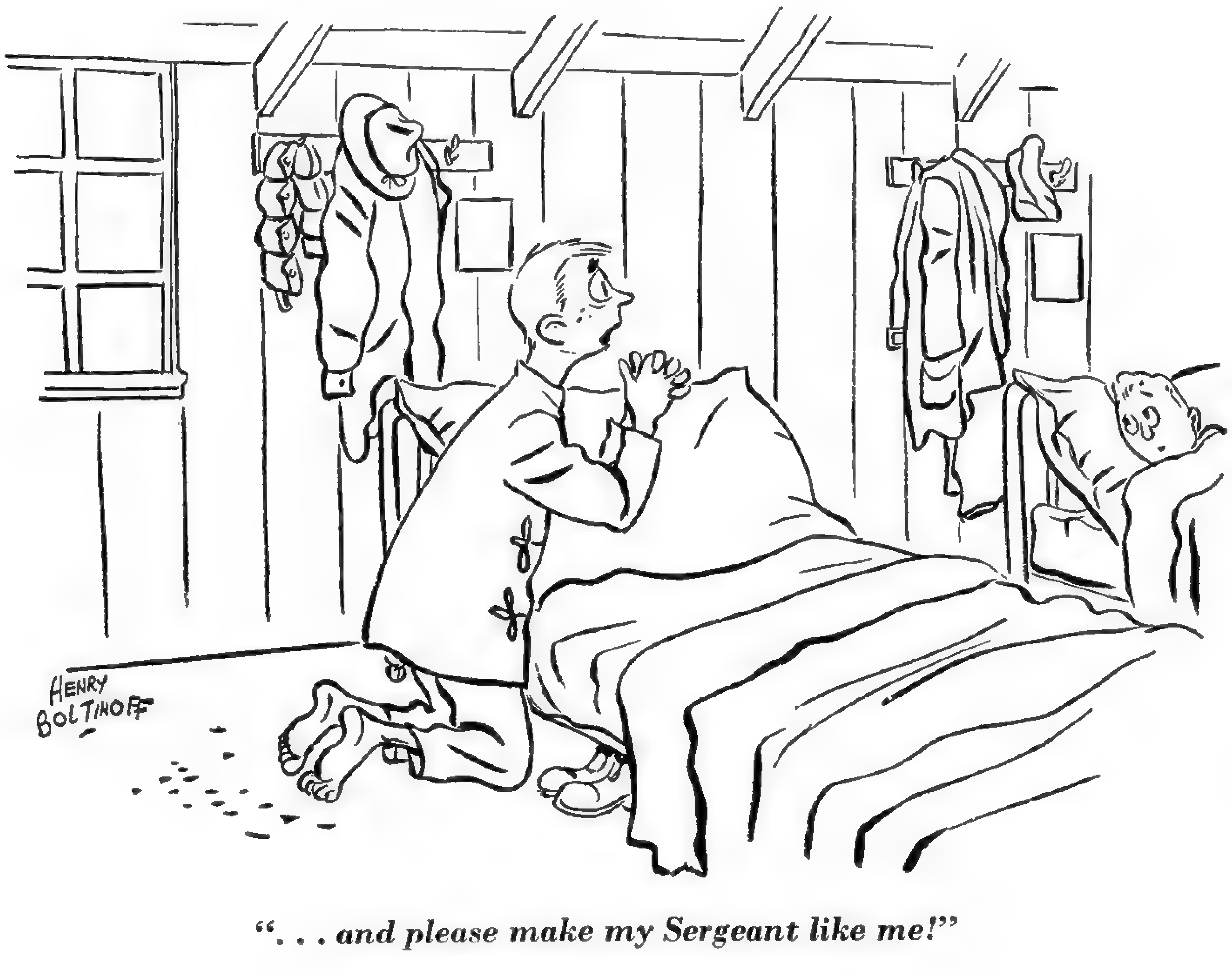
Last summer's flurry of morale trouble was not unconnected with amusement; the boys wanted fun and they didn't mean two Hollywood comics in the Army camps. But one factor, often stressed, was the boys' dislike of wooden guns, jalopies representing tanks, and dummy bullets instead of dumdums. Considering that the world situation has a decidedly ugly look, and that any soldier may at any moment, be sent into a battle line, this complaint was deep-rooted and right; but it carried another point: the American soldier wanted to handle his machinery. (The fully equipped navy had no such trouble.) He wanted his officers to be competent, which he feared they were not; and he wanted to know how the armored car and the machine gun actually worked.

And a vast amount of the military fun, in comic strips and movies, has to do with equipment. The parachute and the inside of the 15-inch naval gun and the bounding jeep (the car, not the recruit) and the bomber—they not only make good pictures, but they make good comedy, the comedy of the automobile in 1908. The American people are so accustomed to machines that they use them for farce.

Another constant side of defense-comedy is the relation between the common man and his officer. The absolute rockbottom belief of the American that the whole thing is phony; his mocking disbelief in the hierarchy of command, comes out all the time in the jokes about saluting a garbage collector instead of a general; in slapping a general on the back instead of saluting him. This isn't the "plain democracy" of our Army; our Army cannot be a democracy except in one sense—that every man has a chance to be a private soldier and another chance to become an officer; there is no democracy which implies equality between ranks. Equality lies only within a given rank. It is not democracy but, as I said, a sense that the Captain probably doesn't mean it and the General certainly doesn't. And this scepticism, which was always current in the American Army. will grow as more and more civilian, temporary officers take charge of the men.

A vast amount of all the comedy was imperishably recorded by Chaplin in *Shoulder Arms*, which was a war movie, not a preparedness movie. The mockery of drill—to which no American easily takes—left Chaplin marking time all by himself when his platoon had marched off; the insane awkwardness of his devoted efforts to be a good soldier were a sweet parallel to the natural awkwardness of city men and hill-billies who didn't believe

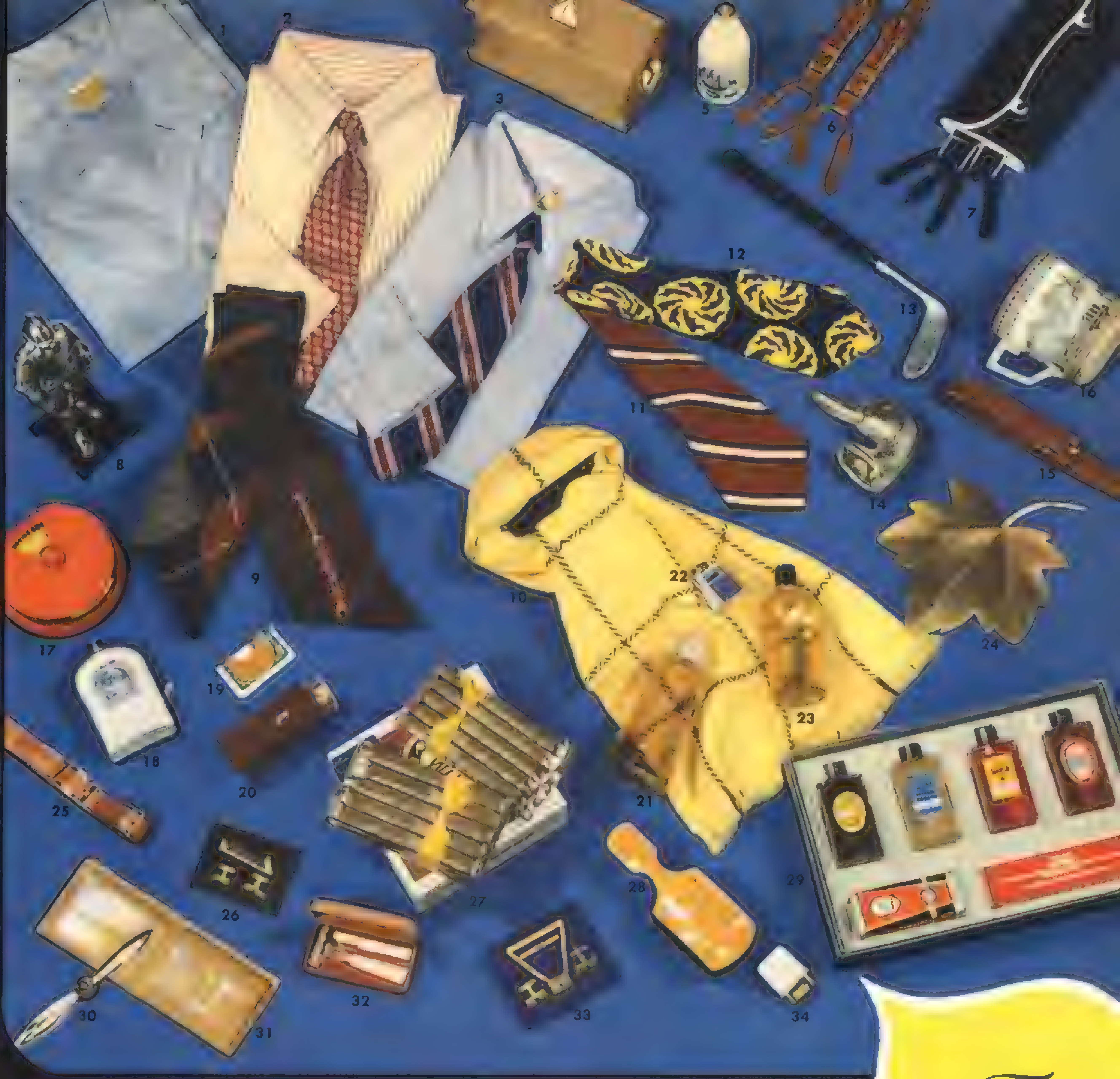
Continued on page 194



". . . and please make my Sergeant like me!"

$1 to $5

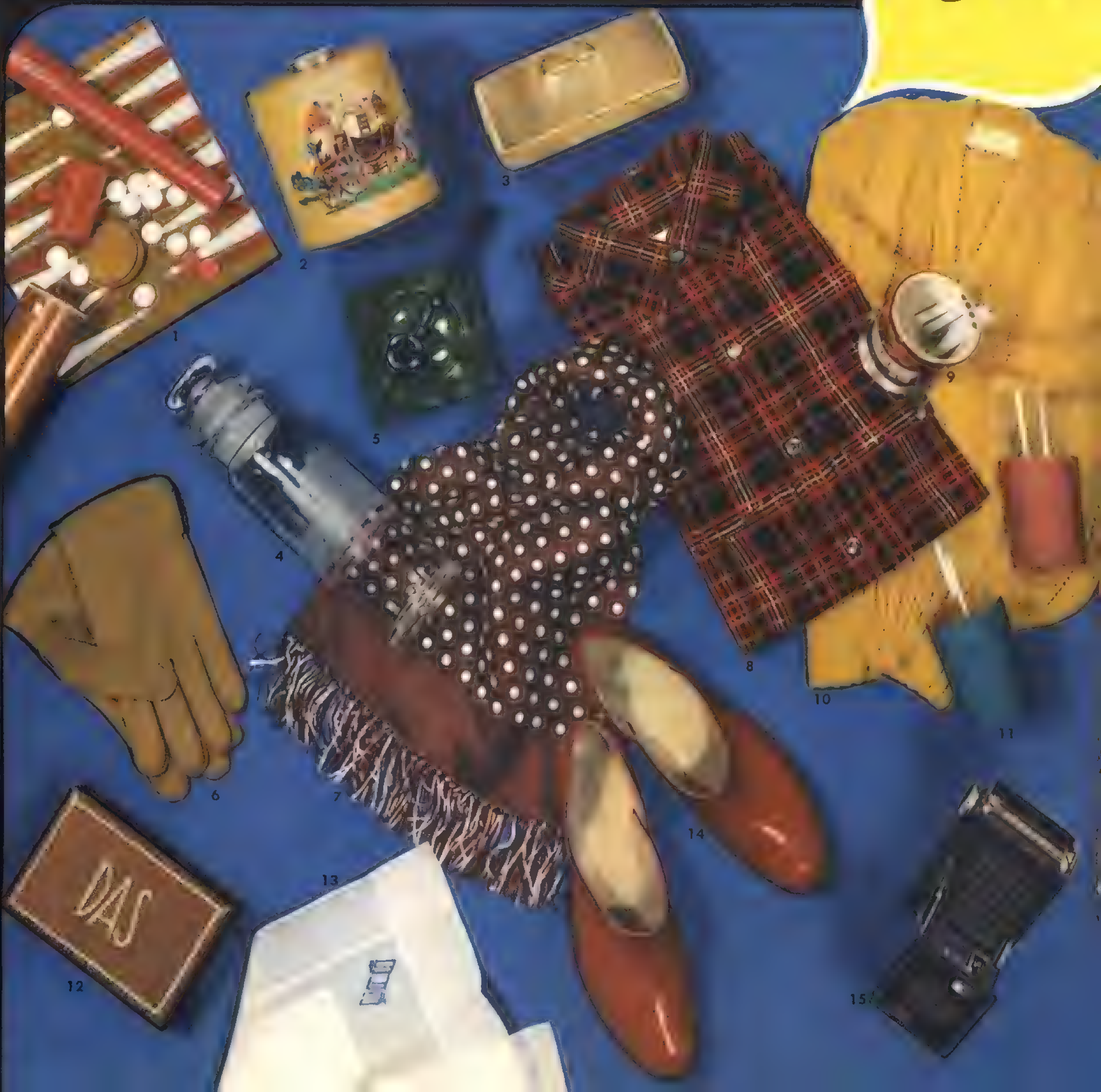
1 Broadcloth pajamas
2 Oxford shirt, foulard tie
3 Broadcloth shirt, repp silk tie
4 Miniature sea chest
5 For every shaver
6 Western design suspenders
7 Evening holder-uppers
8 Knight lighter
9 Socks in wool and lisle
10 Wool muffler
11 Striped repp silk tie
12 Foulard tie
13 Nub iron golf club
14 Novel bottle opener
15 Belt with give
16 Beer mug
17 Ample match supply
18 Skin comforter
19 Pigskin bill clip
20 Talcum
21 Shaving lotion
22 Two-in-one lighter
23 Good-grip lotion bottle
24 Leaf-shaped coaster
25 Transparent belt
26 Cuff links and tie clip set
27 According to tradition
28 Good grooming
29 Stocking the bathroom shelf
30 Propeller envelope opener
31 Billfold
32 Has continuous blade supply
33 Collar, tie, cuff holders
34 Pocket dry shaver



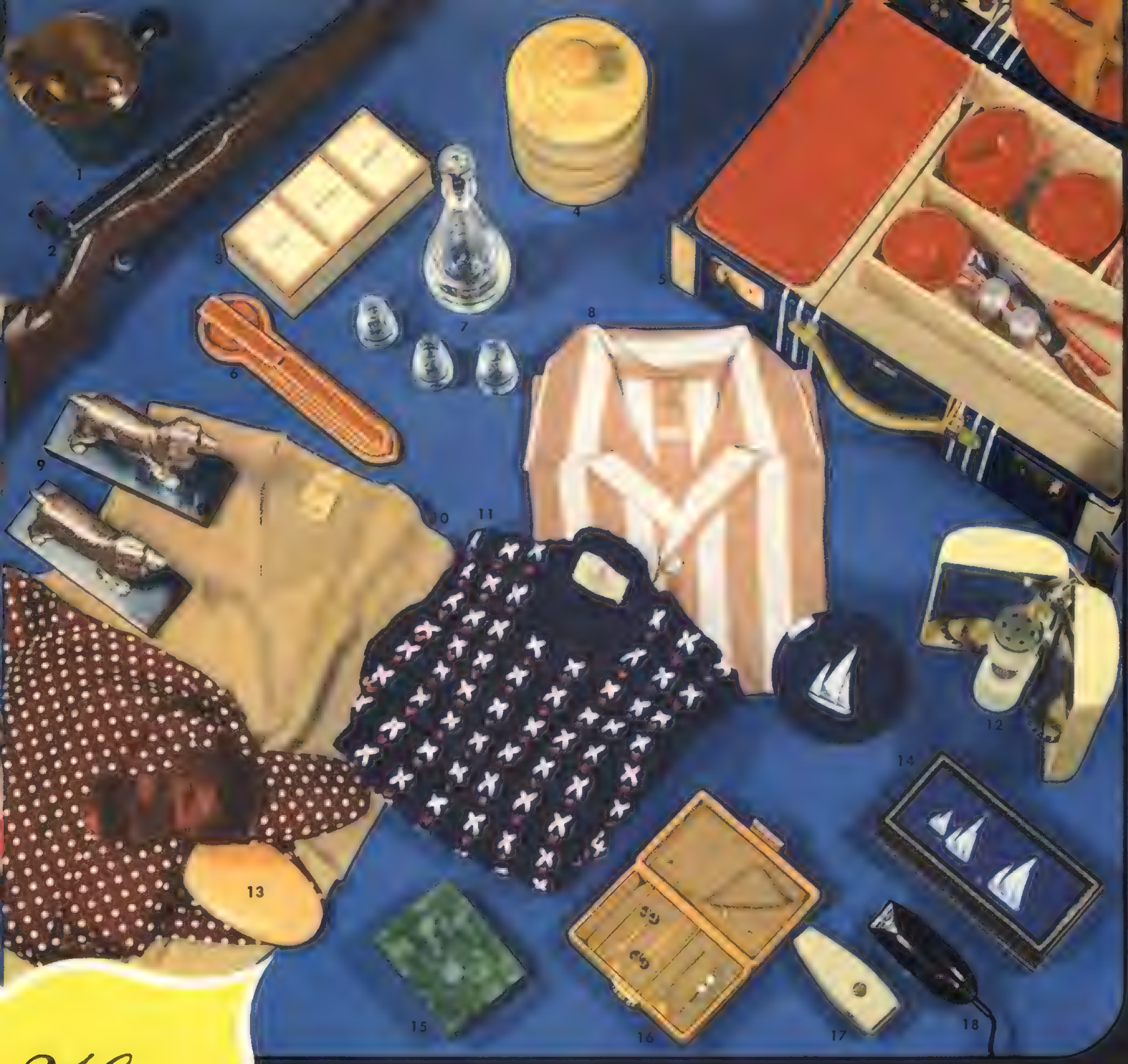
For

$5 to $10

1 Traveling backgammon set
2 Leather humidor
3 Tropic style cigarette box
4 Etched cocktail shaker
5 Onyx tray and shell briar pipe
6 Pigskin slip-ons
7 For town wear
8 Roughing it
9 New fad—shaving mugs
10 Cable stitch pullover
11 For the play room
12 Personalized cigarette box
13 Made of choice linen
14 Brighten resting feet
15 Almost foolproof



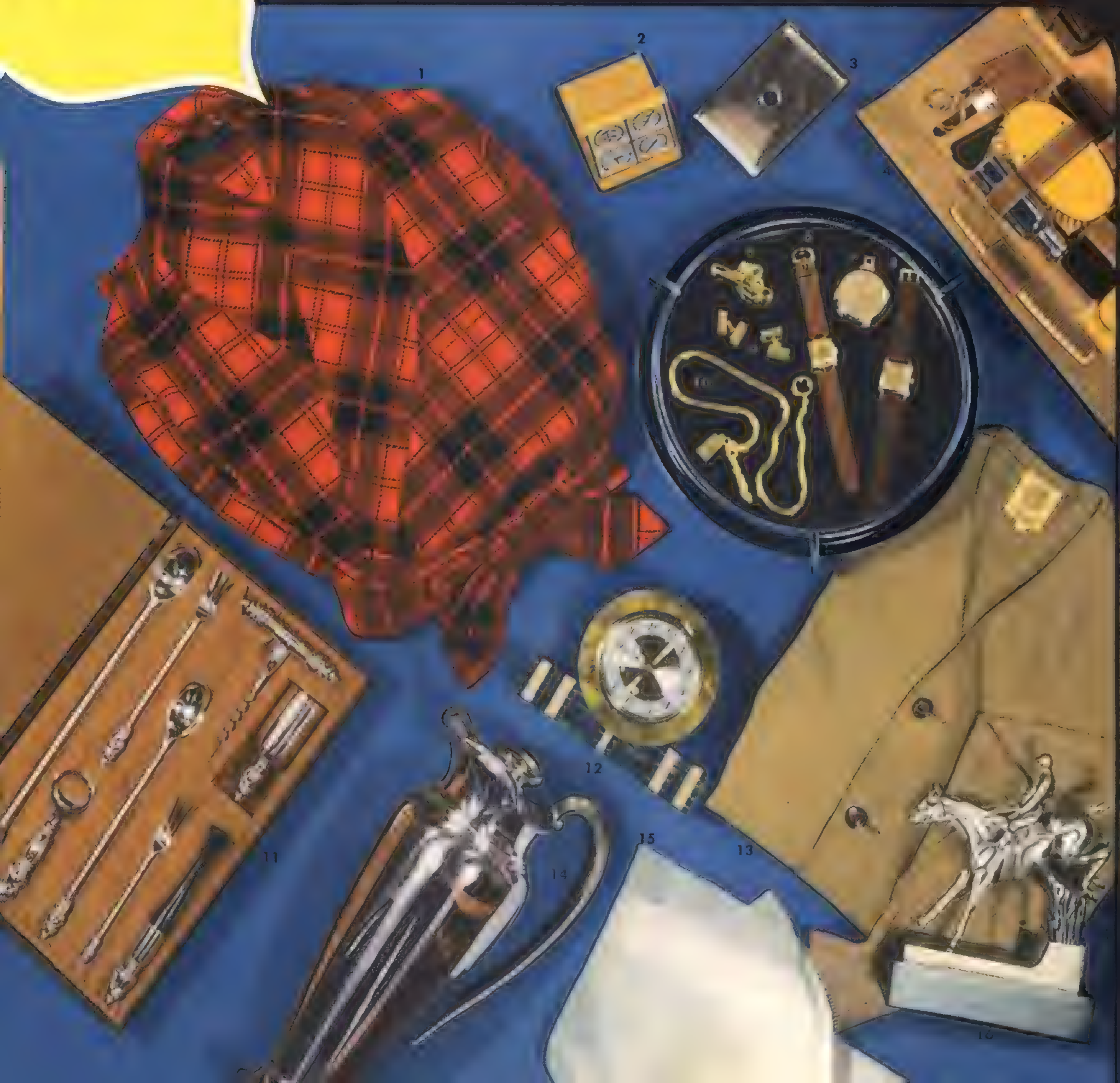
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY
BY LEON DE VOS



$10 to $25

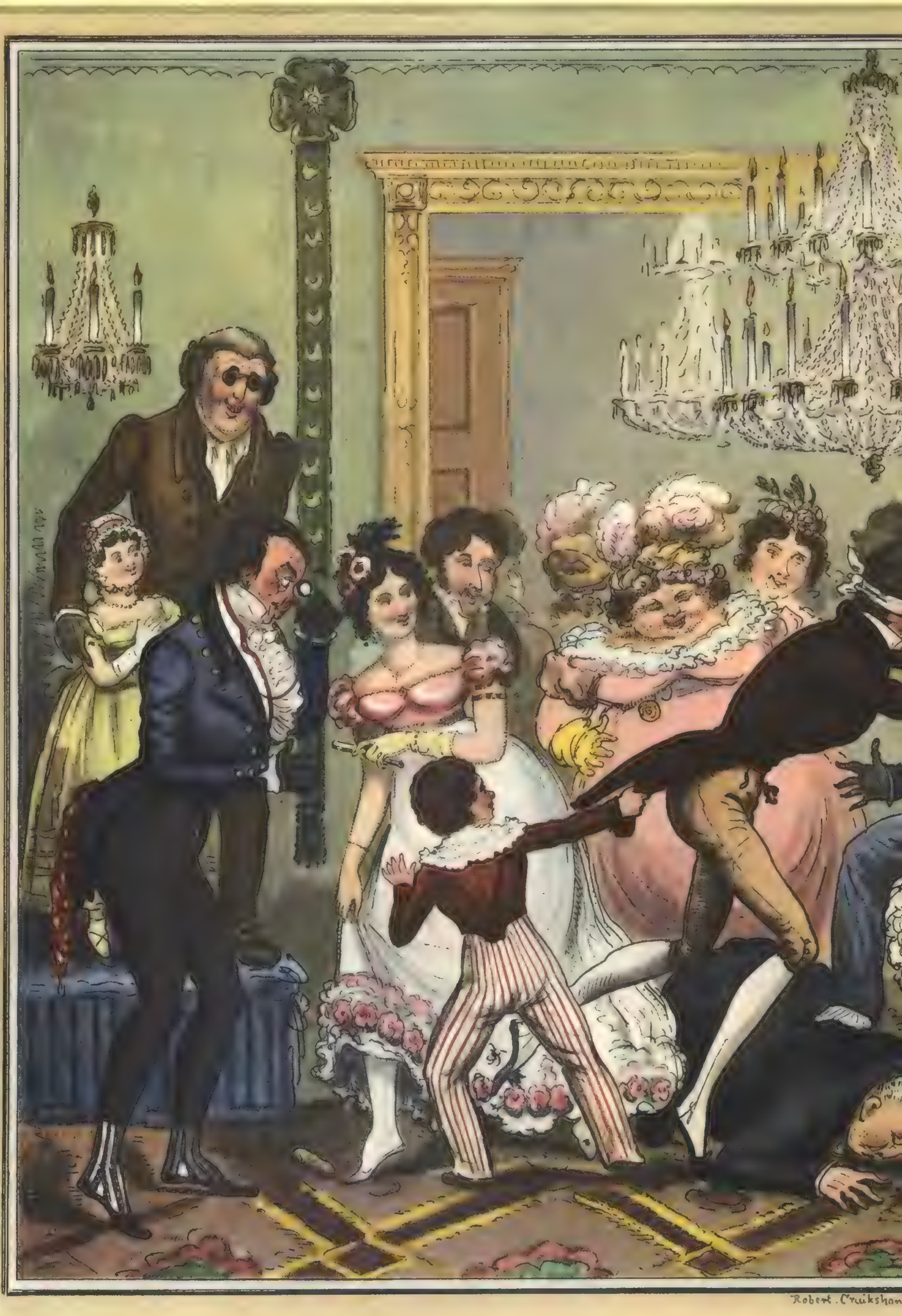
1 Handwrought ice tub
2 Automatic rifle
3 Selective cigarette box
4 Silver-grain oak humidor
5 Picnic kit
6 For the desk
7 Cordial set
8 Silk pajamas
9 Spaniel book-ends
10 Shell-stitched pullover
11 Native design sweater
12 Traveling sun lamp
13 Travel robe and slipper set
14 Enamel cigarette box, tray
15 Mexican cigarette box
16 Pigskin jewel case
17 No brush or fuss
18 Plug in and shave

Him



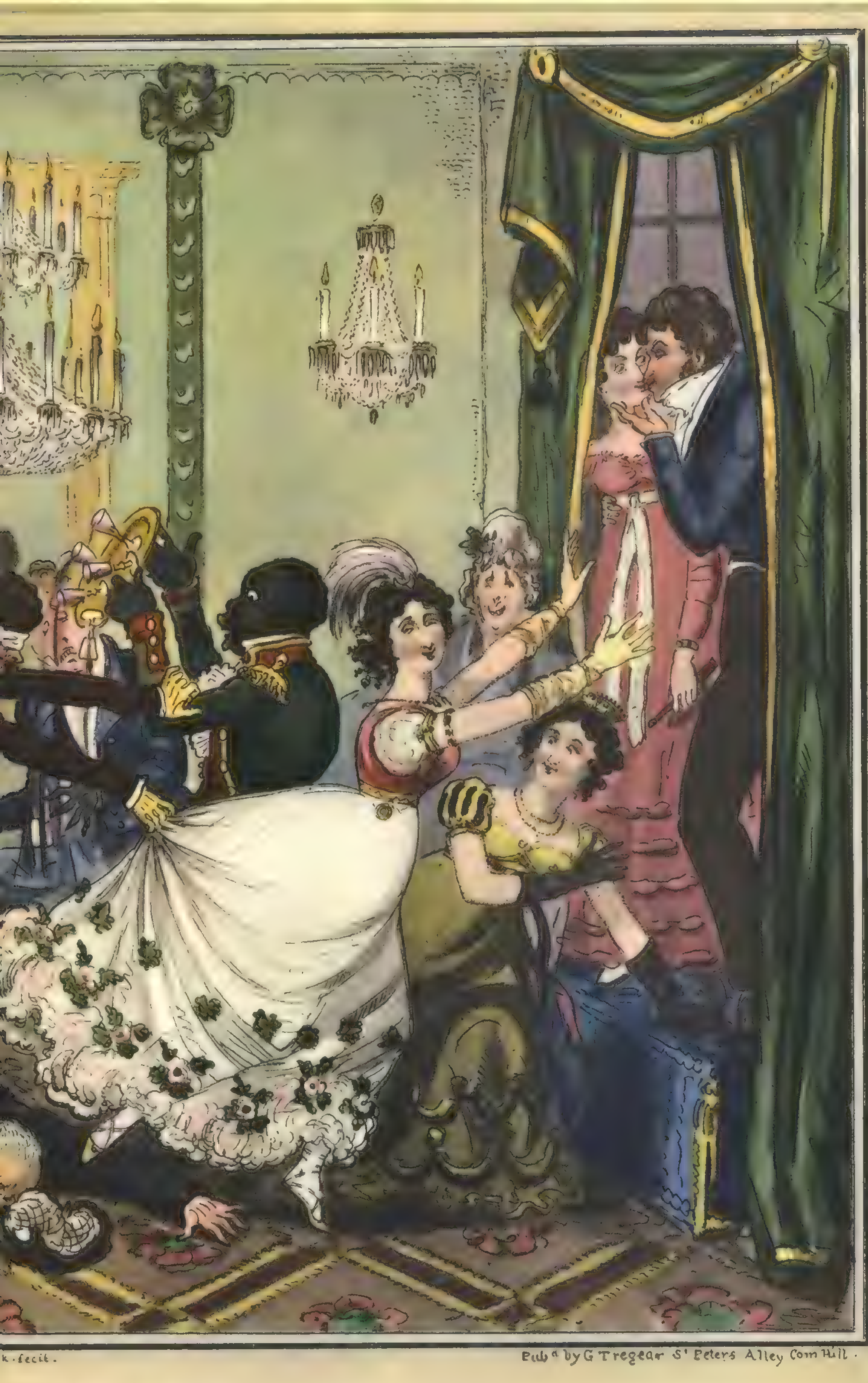
$25 & up

1 Tartan wool robe
2 Clock, barometer, thermometer and calendar
3 Sterling cigarette case
4 En route butler
5 Sailfish tie clip
6 Aristocrat
7 and 8 Punctuality is good breeding
9 Gold coil cuff links
10 Key chain—but long
11 Silver cocktail set
12 Modern decor
13 Gabardine front jacket has knitted back, sleeves
14 Pitcher cocktail shaker
15 Detail of gracious life
16 O'er the brush bookends



Robert . Cruikshan

Blind_man



k. fecit.

Pub^d by G Tregear S^t Peters Alley Corn Hill.

s Buff. —

A RARE AND HITHERTO UNREPRODUCED CRUIKSHANK, FROM THE EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF JOEL SPITZ, ESQ.

Tale of the Bad Brothers

Elephantine Uncle Theodore came every year to give the four brats a thorough beating for their accumulated misdeeds

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

FICTION

On a Sunday excursion to the country the brothers caught a snake. They were tough kids: if it had been a viper they would have caught it just the same. But all they could find was this innocuous water snake which slid frightened into the grass towards a nearby ditch.

The brothers took a fancy to the water snake; they almost fell in love with him. They gave him the name Miska and made up their minds to tame him and keep him. According to human standards they treated the poor reptile very well. They gave him beer to drink, bread and butter and salami to eat. They forced his mouth open and beside his quivering, hissing forked tongue they pushed the food down into his throat with their fingers.

Never has a snake suffered as this one did. For a while he tried to fight back. He hissed, coiled, and tried every means of escape; then he surrendered to the superior force of their evil power and languidly allowed anything to be done to him.

In the beginning the brothers carried the snake around in turns. Then, after a series of brawls, the eldest one secured for himself the dignity of keeper of the exchequer.

He wore Miska under his sailor blouse, wrapped around his waist. He disconnected his left arm for all practical purposes and under his blouse he constantly held the snake by the neck.

Bobby was thirteen; Tommy twelve; Jimmy eleven; and Andy ten. Their father was a doctor, a renowned scientist; their mother a genteel lady who was enthusiastic about music.

The cultured, distinguished, magnificent parents were well versed in everything; the only thing about which they knew nothing at all was how to bring up children.

They dreaded their kids and they worshipped them. The brothers deserved both these sentiments. They were bad, like devils; and handsome as archangels. They resembled each other in an uncanny manner. They were well built, muscular, tanned kids, all the four of them, and on top of their looks they were elegant too. They were well dressed little gents. The girls were all falling for them at school.

They had a special god looking after them that nothing terrible might befall them in the course of their hair-raising pranks. They fell down from dizzy heights, they were burned, they drank ink, they swam across rivers, they got half drowned. But nothing hurt them. Not even their hair would get mussed in these adventures.

Once it happened that Tommy stabbed a rusty pair of gardener's scissors through Bobby's arm. This was very serious. The brothers stopped wrestling and began to look after the wound. They ordered Andy to suck out the blood, which he, being the smallest, was obliged to do after various sour faces. Then Jimmy pasted two postage stamps on the two openings of the stab. A normal human being would have got blood poisoning, but nothing happened to Bobby. When, after an hour the stamps got dry and fell off, there was nothing on his skin except two little pink spots like bee stings.

Among their dark secrets belonged the transaction that Bobby engaged in when he sold his school books. To conceal this they set their room on fire and attributed the resulting conflagration to the stove. All the furniture and all their clothes which were in the room were burned to ashes. As a matter of fact, it was a wonder that the whole house didn't burn down to the ground. But it was possible to state that the charred objects included the missing school books. These boys had swell ideas. They discovered that the best way to conceal a small crime is to bring about a great disaster.

But the crowning glory of all their pranks was the snake. When they got tired of him they decided to release him, but first they wanted to pull a stunt. They deposited the snake in their father's office in a leather easy chair. One of the patients, a hysterical old lady, sat in the chair and got so frightened that she passed out. She was taken away by an ambulance and had to go to a hospital on account of the severe nervous shock she had suffered.

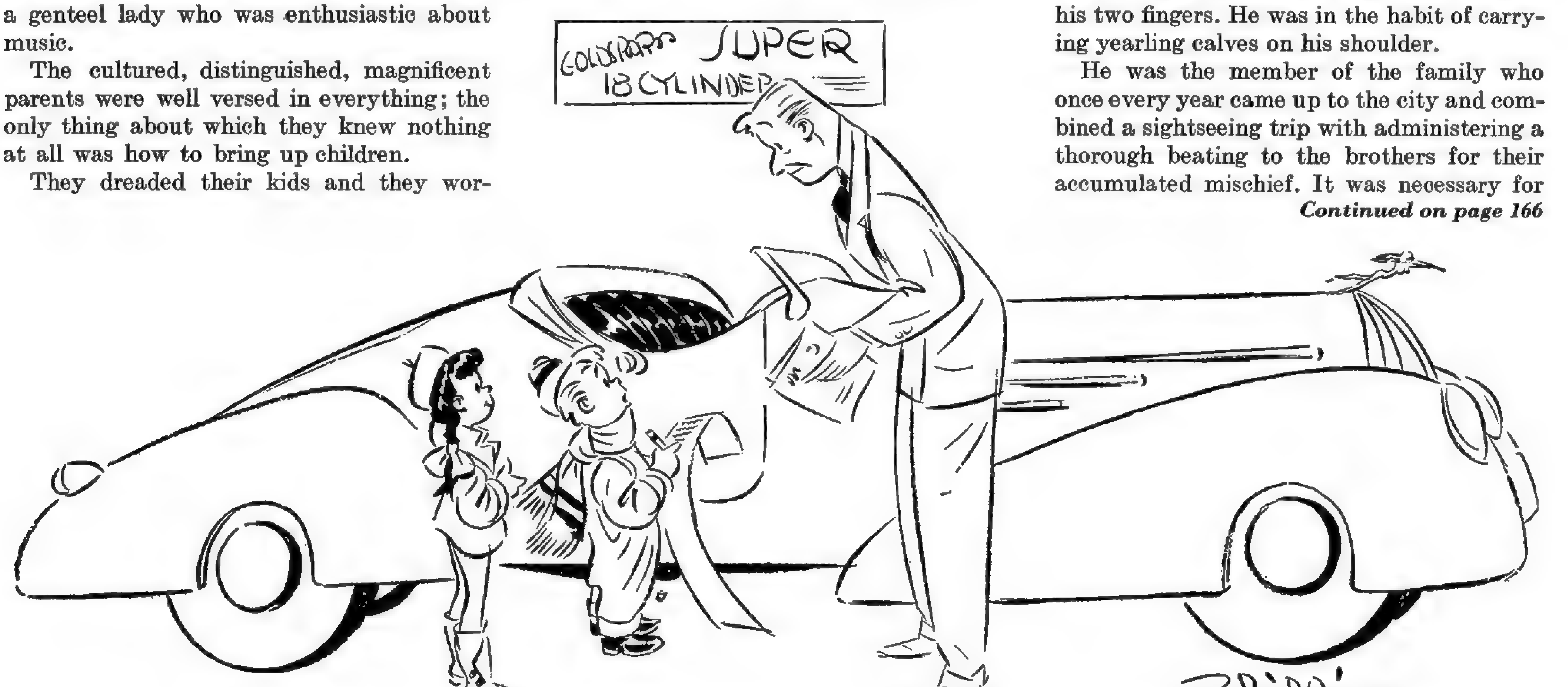
The brothers could not deny this deviltry, and since the whole thing was plain they were gentlemen enough not to deny even the premeditated nature of it.

The parents looked at each other in despair, and they decided that it was high time to ask Uncle Theodore to come to their aid.

Uncle Theodore was the mother's brother. He lived in the country on a farm. He was a man of gigantic stature; he had a big nose, large hands, huge feet, and he weighed two hundred and forty pounds. He was as tough as all hell. He liked to brag about his physical strength and had often demonstrated how he could bend a silver soup ladle between his two fingers. He was in the habit of carrying yearling calves on his shoulder.

He was the member of the family who once every year came up to the city and combined a sightseeing trip with administering a thorough beating to the brothers for their accumulated mischief. It was necessary for

Continued on page 166

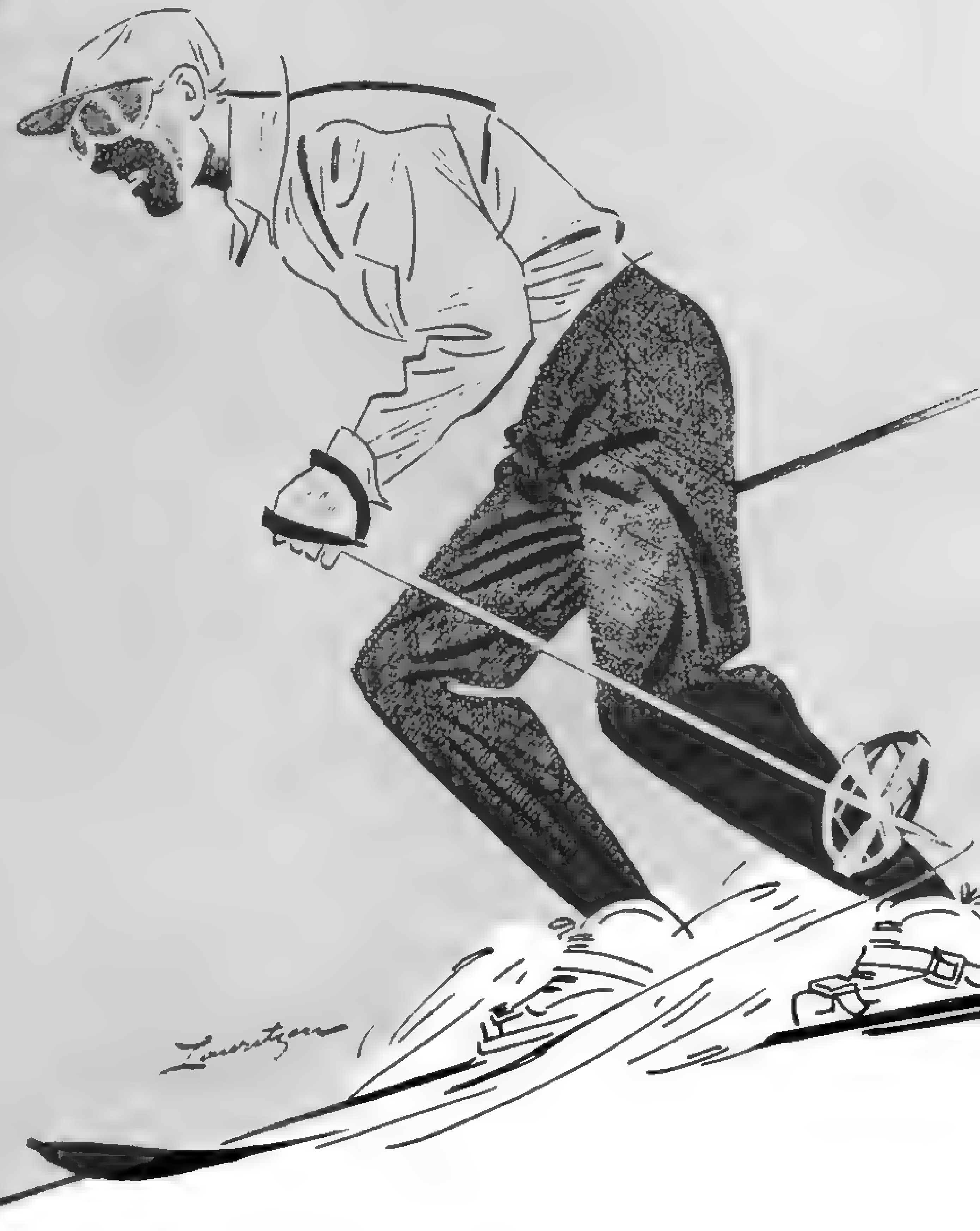


"Will you please give me the model number? I'm writing a letter to Santa Claus"

Tips for the Snow Trail

After you're sure your skiing costume includes these practical accessories, limber up with these simple exercises

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
WEARABLES



ALL good skiers know that the sport of Vikings requires a twofold preparation: first, limbering exercises a few weeks or so before you hie yourself to the hills, and second, the selection of adequate clothes and equipment.

The recommended calisthenics are simple. Just keep telling yourself that skiing is fun and don't be too grim about these setting-up exercises. (1) Place the feet together and bend the knees to the right and left. This brings into action muscles you use in skiing positions. (2) Lie on your back with your head two or three inches off the floor. Just pump your legs back and forth like pistons. This strengthens the muscles of your stomach and thighs. (3) Stand with your feet about eighteen inches apart, and toes pointed in. Bend over to the right side and touch your right foot with your right hand. Do the same thing on the left side. These exercises can be done in five to ten minutes in the morning. (4) A follow-up for the cocktail hour when you are relaxing in a chair, glass in hand, is to stick your legs out straight and rotate your feet. This will loosen up your ankles and cause an excited flutter among the ladies, who go for the outdoor type of fellow in a big way. All kidding aside, these exercises will prevent you from having Charley horses after skiing.

Clothes for skiing are based upon functionalism. Cotton jackets, either poplin or gabardine, are closely woven to keep out the wind. Treated with a water-repellent process they keep out snow and moisture. Deep armholes allow free action of the arms. A slide-fastener closure makes the collar convertible, so that it may fit closely at the neck or be worn open. Snug-fitting cuffs prevent the snow from blowing up the sleeves.

Trousers fit closely from the waist to the hips, then flare out to the knees, and taper to the bottom. Contrary to trousers of business suits, the fullness of ski trousers of the downhill variety is forward to allow for the forward position. In gabardine or similar tightly-woven fabric, they can stand the gaff. Most skiers prefer belts for supports.

A knitted headband keeps the hair out of your face and exposes the top of the head. Ears, being sensitive to cold, are given protection by this band. If you prefer more coverage, a processed cotton cap with flaps does the trick. It should have air vents in the crown for air circulation, which is essential to comfort.

Many proficient skiers, who don't fall often, like to wear sweaters on clear days instead of cotton jackets. One popular type is the cable stitch of unscoured wool.

Boots should get careful consideration. Rubber bottoms of leather soles prevent the snow from balling up, while ankle straps give extra support. The laced-back model is especially designed for the forward position. Sponge rubber lining of the tongue is an aid to comfort. Above all, when you buy boots, try them on with the regulation heavy wool socks.

Mitts of processed cotton with leather palms or of all-leather have general acceptance.

Knitted underwear of wool and cotton or silk blend is worn by most skiers.

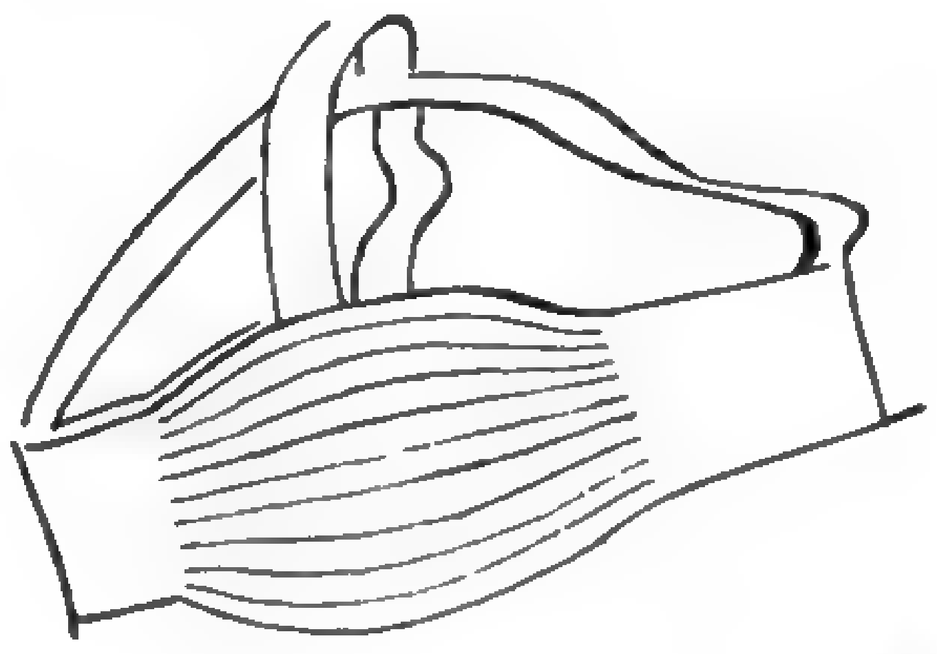
It's a good idea to keep a handkerchief in an oiled silk bag like a tobacco pouch. It'll be dry when you want to wipe the snow off your face.

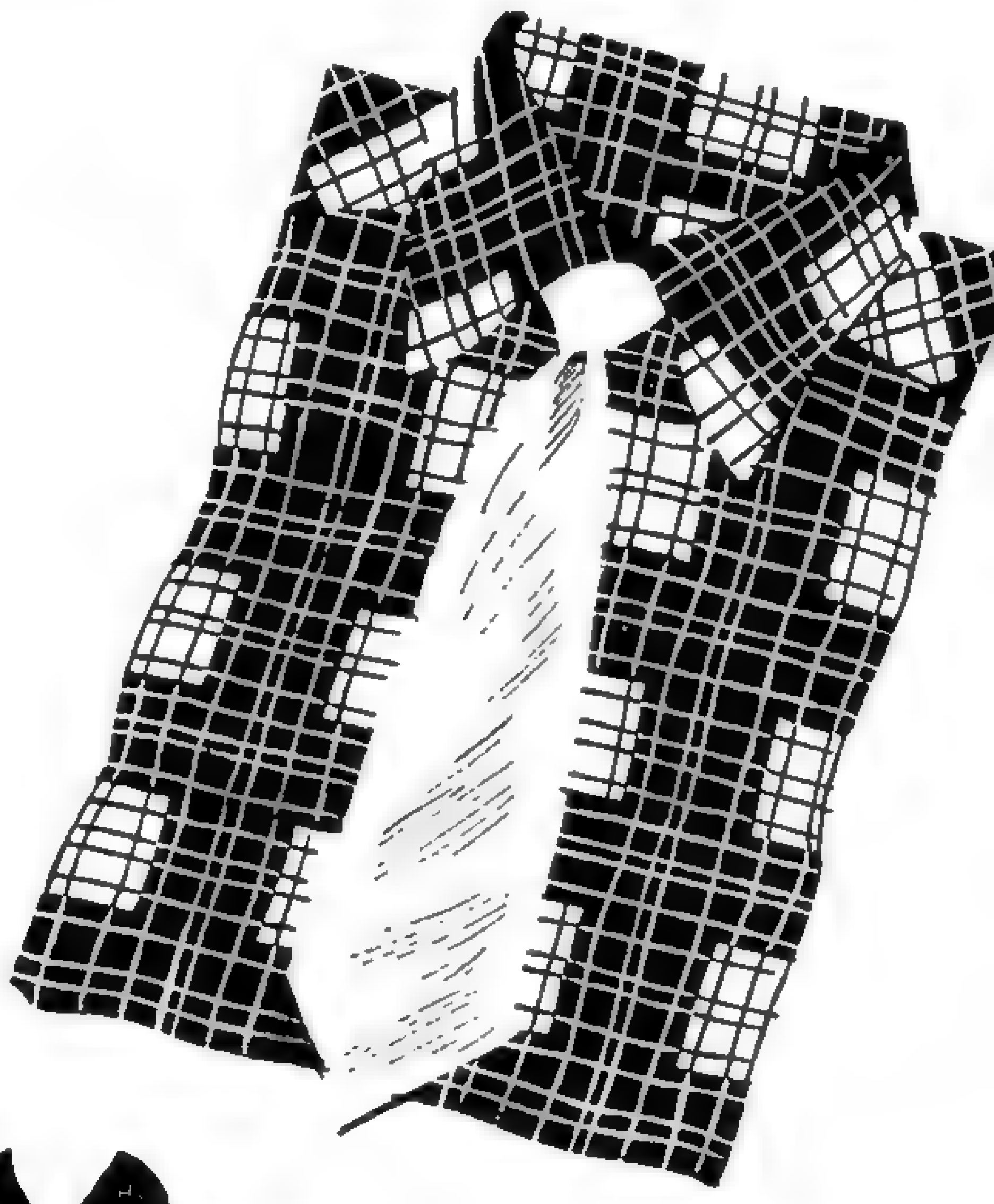
A silk kerchief around the neck keeps out the snow.

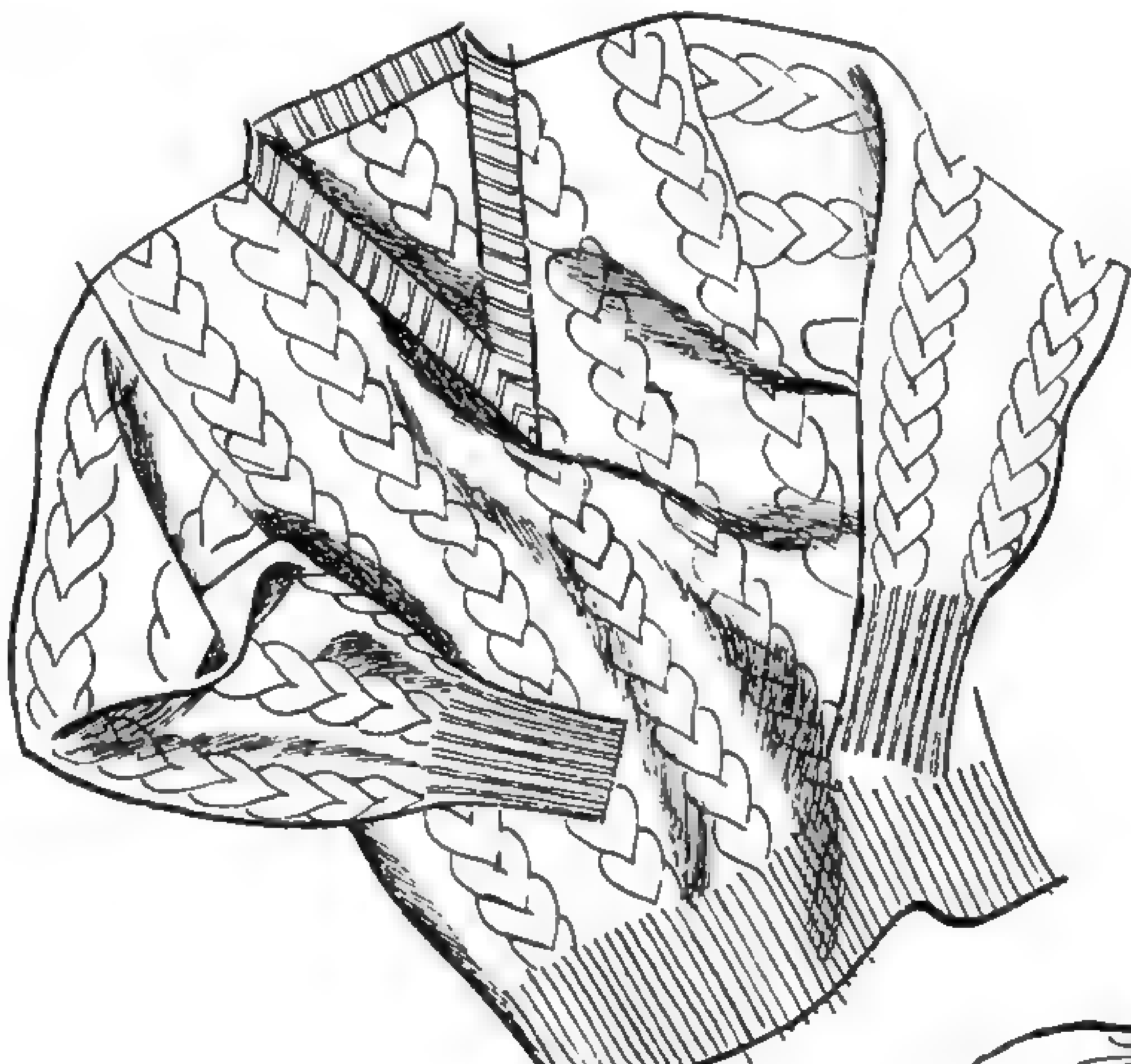
Remember to take along a knife if you are going on a cross-country run. You'll probably need it to scrape snow crystals off your bindings or boots. It's also a useful tool for repairing bindings.

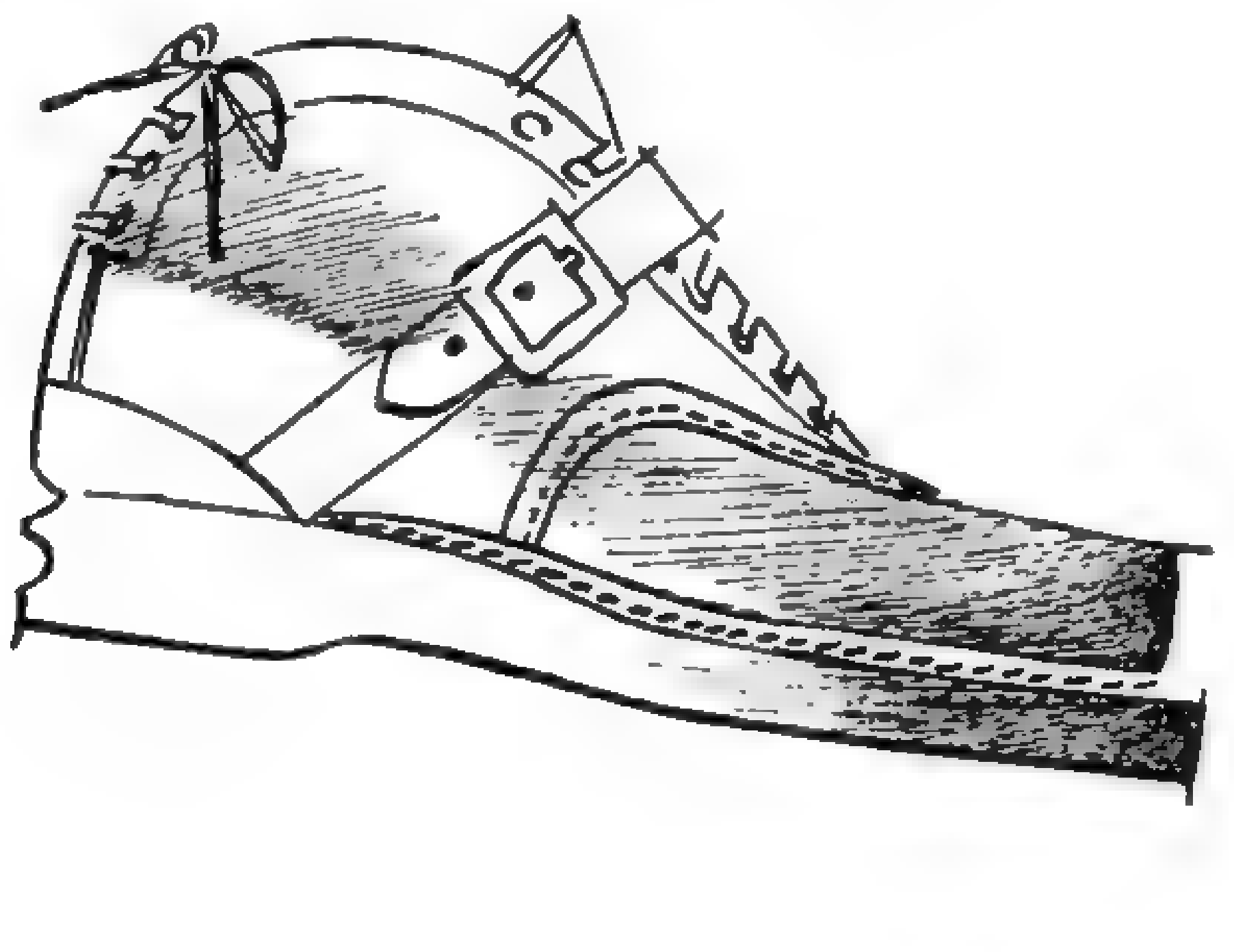
Cream or lotion on the face prevents windburn.

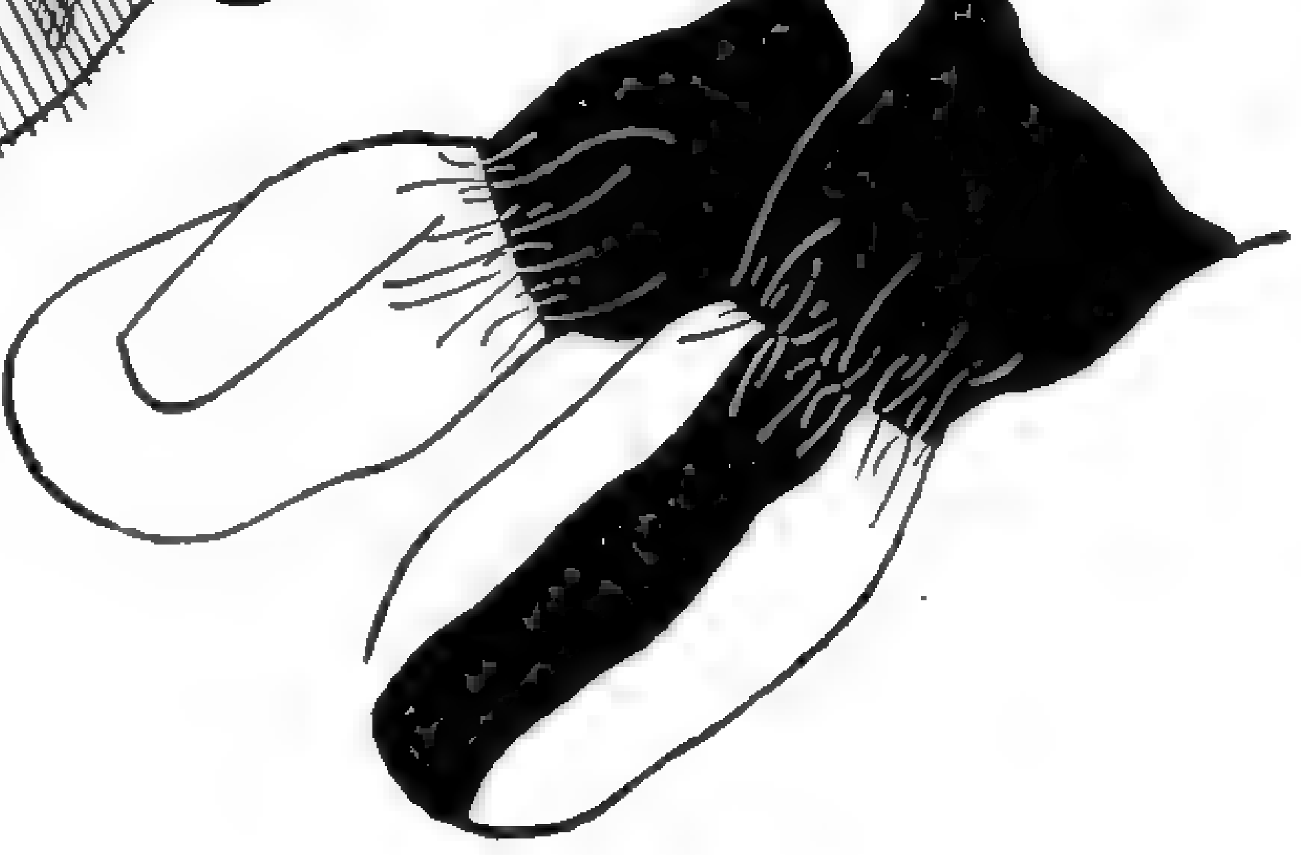
Pieces of chocolates are good pick-me-ups. And liquor, of course, is quicker. ⌗











First Nights & Passing Judgments

Explaining why actors should never give interviews, lamenting the need for good farce, proposing less hackneyed revivals

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

Frank Craven made his appearance early in the season in a play by Carl Allensworth called *Village Green*. While it was being shown in Baltimore previous to its New York opening, he gave out an interview to this general effect: "The theatre isn't what it used to be. They don't do things any more the way we used to do them. The theatre, alas, is vanishing."

This proves once again, for the seven or eight hundredth time, three things. The first is that actors should not give interviews. The second is that the reason they should not give interviews is that they seldom know what they are talking about. And the third is that the very best thing that has happened to the theatre is that it isn't what it used to be, that they don't do things any more the way Craven and suchlike used to do them—except possibly once in a while mess up things by putting on trashy antiques like *Village Green*, and that the theatre will show signs of vanishing only if its older order, like Craven, continues to deaden its stages with stuff like this *Village Green*.

Craven is a thoroughly likeable actor—on the stage—but when he merchants such tomfoolery off it he makes even his more admiring critics feel like throwing pennies at him, augmented perhaps with a few eggs, tomatoes and paper bags filled with Swedish punch. For what was the old theatre over which he weeps so wistfully into his hot milk?

"The theatre isn't what it used to be," he laments, wiping a melancholy nose. He is right. It certainly isn't. The theatre he affectionately slobbers over, the theatre of his earlier day, was a theatre whose leading dramatists were such box-office clerks as Augustus Thomas, Charles Klein, Rida Johnson Young, George Broadhurst, Charlotte Chisholm Cushing, David Belasco, Eugene Walter, and their ilk. The theatre that distills his copious tears was a theatre whose "great" plays were such claptrap as *The Witching Hour, The Lion and The Mouse, Bought and Paid For, The Man Of The Hour* and *The Girl Of The Golden West*. And the theatre that saddens his recollecting heart was a theatre whose audiences made fortunes for popular tripe like *Peg o' My Heart, Turn To The Right, Six-Cylinder Love, The Fool, White Cargo, Seventh Heaven* and *East Is West*.

"They don't do things any more the way we used to do them," moans Craven, putting a nickel in the juke-box to accompany his gloom with *I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls*. You bet they don't. They don't any longer have to suffer a booking monopoly like the old Syndicate, which could and did throw out into the cold any outside producers it didn't like, or any plays it didn't like, or any critics it didn't like, or anything else it didn't like. They don't any longer, if they are actors, have to fear—as they feared in the older days—being swindled out of the money due them from managers, and being stranded far from home without a cent, and being tricked by clever contract shysters, and being made to rehearse several months without pay, and being otherwise taken for dupes. And they don't any longer, if they are actors, get far if they show up drunk on the stage, as many of them did in those days; they don't any longer, if they are producers, get far if they try to take advantage of the road with cheap substitute companies and shabby productions, as many of them did in those days; they don't any longer, if they are playwrights, get far if they try to unload on audiences the kind of junk that used to prosper with them; and they don't any longer, if they are critics, get far if they accept presents from producers or meals from star actors, as some of them, not too difficultly recalled, once did.

But—"The theatre, alas, is vanishing," nevertheless lugubriously concludes Craven. And Craven there says a mouthful. The theatre he so loves and loved is most certainly vanishing, if it has not already, indeed, pretty well vanished.

Which is something for which to give everybody a drink on the house.

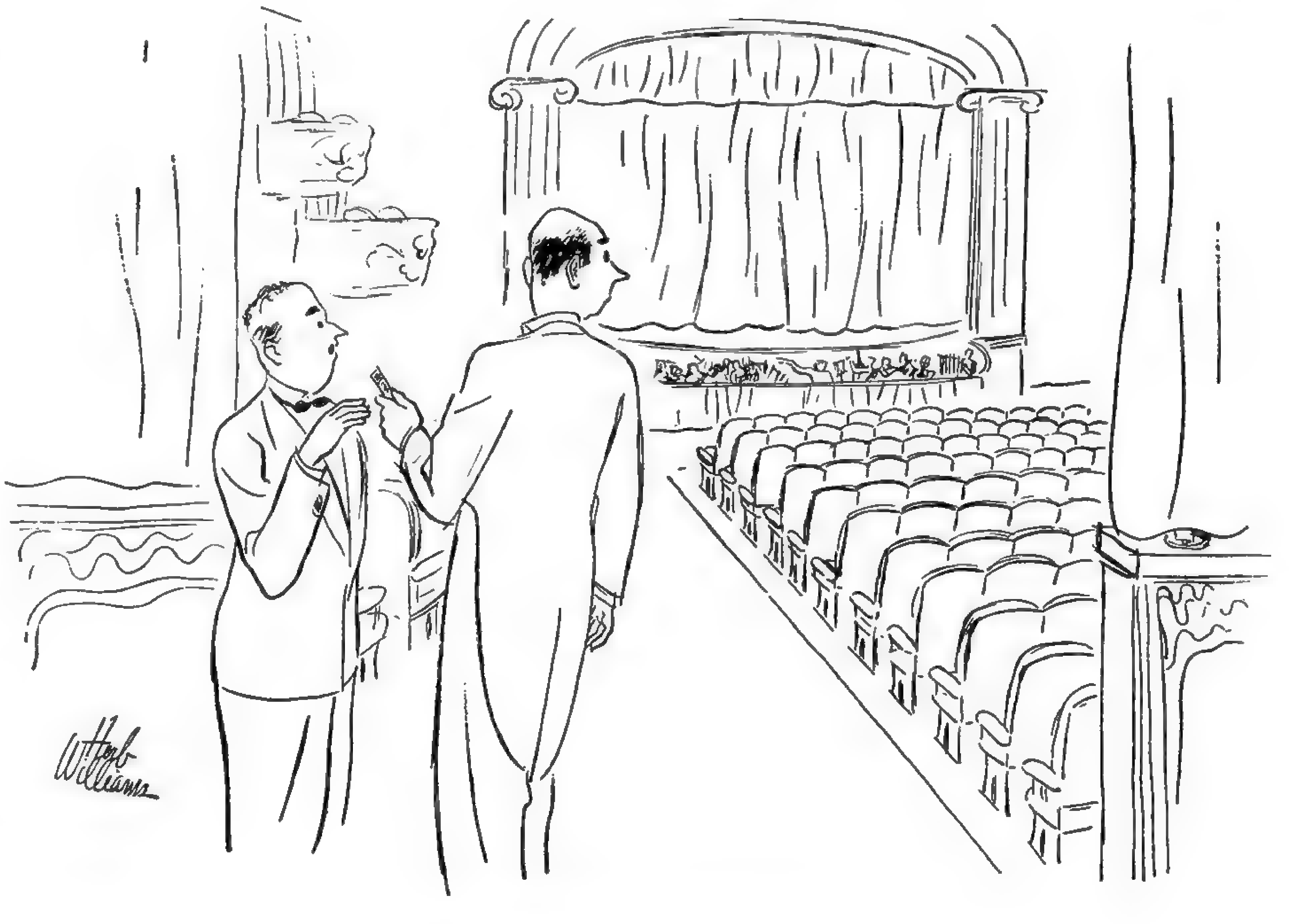
Craven's *Village Green*, incidentally, got by with only a few performances.

II

Every once in so often some playwright or producer concludes that the public is fed up on plays like *Watch on the Rhine, The Man Who Came to Dinner, Life with Father* and the like, which nevertheless apparently have a stubborn way of running on and on and making all kinds of money, and would eat up something in the way of a novelty. A novelty, to both their minds, is not a play of unusual imagination, profound philosophy, beautiful prose or anything else of that sort but rather something merely of a freakish theatrical nature. And the consequence of their cogitation is accordingly a series of exhibits that most often have little more to recommend them than a two-headed cow or a bearded lady has to recommend it or her, in turn, to the circus trade.

Although an occasional freak play may find favor with the public, the records show that in the general run of things it is the more conventional species of drama that finds itself in the chips. The list of the greatest popular successes in the more modern American theatre does not include one single solitary play that might be termed a novelty in the sense that the playwrights and producers in question customarily use the word. *The Green Pastures* may be held an exception by some, but even that is open to some doubt under the strict definition; and no other play in the list is open to any doubt. And of the longest

Continued on page 146



"Friend of the author?"

The Corpse Talks Back

Schools for mystery include the tough, the locked room, the lace panties, had she but known, and never a dull moment

by **FRANK GRUBER**

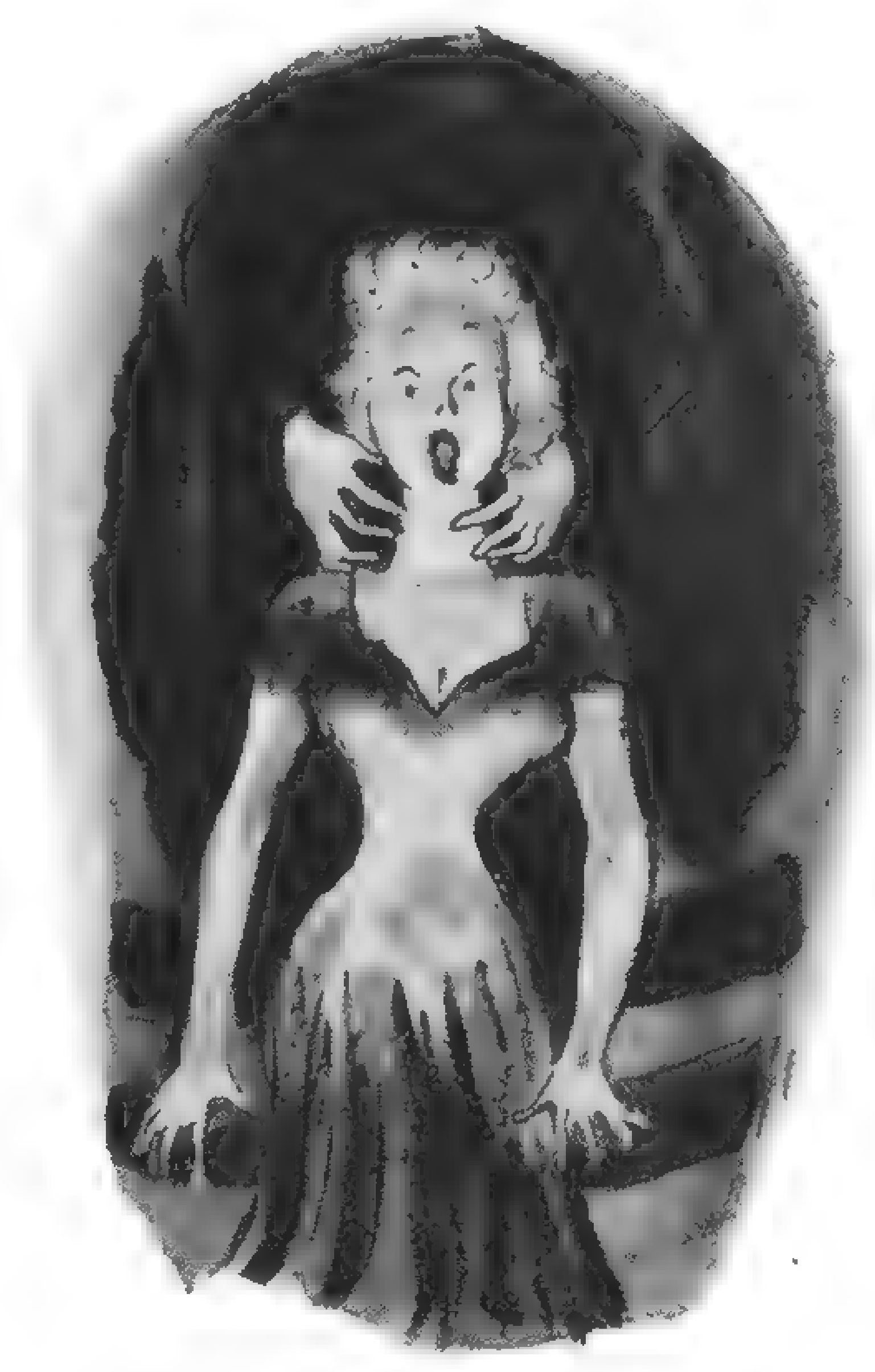
SATIRE

When they broke down the door of Lundgren's room they found Lundgren dead, his face contorted in agony. All the doors and windows were locked on the inside.

Lundgren was murdered.

1. Why was Lundgren murdered?
2. How was Lundgren murdered?
3. Who murdered Lundgren?

You don't know? Poo! Hercule Poirot, Philo Vance, Dr. Thorndyke, Sir H M., Inspector Tolefree, Mr. Fortune and Mr. Campion, not to mention Sherlock Holmes, could give you the answers in a jiffy. Not to mention Perry Mason, Bill Crane, Ellery Queen, Nero Wolfe and Michael Shayne.



1. Lundgren was murdered because he had three million dollars. (Why couldn't it have been suicide, apoplexy or a stubbed toe? Don't be silly; this a detective story. The dead man is always murdered, no matter what the police say.)
2. Lundgren worried and got headaches. With diabolic cunning the murderer manufactured a sharply pointed, powerful little spring and molded it into an aspirin tablet. Lundgren swallowed the tablet, the gastric juices dissolved the aspirin and—poof!—the little spring with its points did the rest. Not bad, eh?
3. Lundgren was undoubtedly killed by one of the following:
   A. His young, ex-chorus girl wife.
   B. The young, ex-chorus girl wife's lover.
   C. Lundgren's disinherited son by his first marriage.
   D. The ingratiating, hypocritical nephew who has been living with Lundgren and acting as his private secretary.
   E. Lundgren's one-time business partner, whom he had wronged.

These five, A-B-C-D-E are the logical suspects. One of them must have killed Lundgren.

But you're wrong; Lundgren was actually murdered by Carmichael, his attorney, who had been robbing him for years. The attorney is always the murderer. You should have known that, no matter what the clues or who the suspects.

Or don't you read detective stories?

If you don't you are:

1. An infant of pre-school age.
2. An illiterate.

Everybody reads detective stories. Who is "everybody?" President Wilson read them. President Roose . . . well, er, everybody.

Some 300 mystery novels are published every year The average sale per book is . . . your guess is as good as anyone's since publishers are exceedingly reluctant to divulge this information. They say the average sale of a mystery novel is 3,000 copies. (Now don't ask me who "they" are.) Personally, I think that figure is a bit skimpy, since the publishers boasted in paid advertising space that the sale of the next-to-the-last mystery by Mary Roberts Rinehart was 40,000 copies. They claim around 30,000 for Agatha Christie and Rumor says that Perry Mason, Erle Stanley Gardner's detective, rings up 17,000 sales every time he pops up.

Of course there are a lot of mystery novels that don't sell over 2,500 copies, but since there are thirty or more writers who top 5,000 and almost a dozen who go over 10,000, I would hazard the guess that the average sale of the 300-odd detective novels published every year is around 4,000 copies.

But that doesn't mean that only 4,000 people *read* detective novels. Oh, no! The mystery novel is the backbone of the rental library. Without it there wouldn't be a rental library business.

At least 75 per cent of all mystery novels are bought by rental libraries, who charge people ten cents, or fifteen cents, for three day's rental of a book. Some customers read slowly and take more than three days for a book, or maybe they just forget to return it for awhile and pay for their absent-mindedness.

Somebody said ("somebody" is related to "everybody") that a mystery novel averages thirty rentals. I don't know about that. There's a very smart chap here who runs a neat little rental library who told me that the poorest mystery he had ever had in his library (a little number that dealt with the imaginary murder of a prominent man in Italy) returned him only $2.40 on his investment of $1.34. He also showed me several hundred cards which indicated that each of these titles earned him above $6.00, a few running as high as $10.00 and the average well over $4.00.

Which is not a bad little business, if you can do it on a large enough scale. (This lad does, in case you're interested.)

Well, to add up our figures. Hmm, 300 titles, times 4,000 copies, give us 1,200,000 mystery books sold per year. Times, let's say thirty, makes a grand total of 36,000,000 mystery novel readings per year.

I suppose these box-car numbers mean something, but since I always get confused when the numbers get big, let's just stop right here and go back to this murder stuff. Okay?

Let's see, Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, Perry Mason . . . oh yes!

Lundgren was murdered in this room, in which all the doors and windows were locked on the inside. We figured out the murder method and proved conclusively that Lundgren's murderer was none other than Carmichael, the attorney.

What I was going to say was that this is a

"locked room" type of mystery story, which has a good many thousand devotees. At the mere creak of a board in the attic, the advocates of this story will spring to its defense and fight, with metaphor and verb, to the last period, against the barbarian invaders who debauched the fine art of murder with slugs of gin and brass knuckles.

You know the thing these upstarts call a mystery novel. It goes like this:

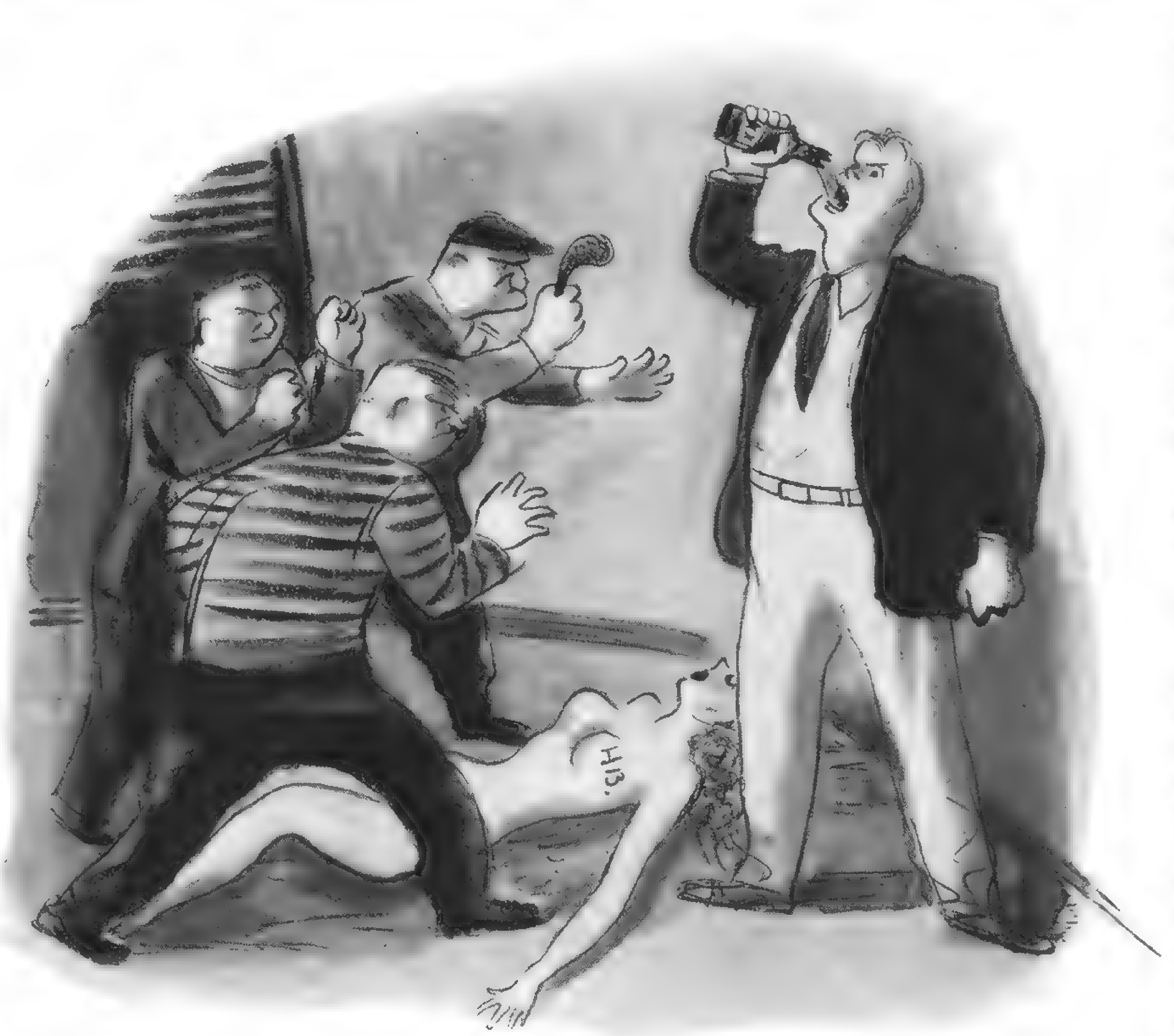
"O'Riley wasn't big, if you call a ten-ton truck small. He wasn't a drinking man, just a quart of gin before breakfast and a couple of quarts of good rye to carry him through the day.

". . . He opened the door of his cheap, furnished room and there was the girl on the floor, without a stitch of clothes on her beautiful body. Someone had carved his initials on her smooth, firm breasts and there was a hole in her forehead. She was dead.

". . . O'Riley moved so his shoulders were touching the wall. The gorillas closed in on him and he drove his fist up to the elbow into the stomach of the first one, then gave him a rabbit punch behind the ears as he folded over.

". . . He took the chair on his arm, grunted and knocked out the bridgework of the second man with a single punch. They were too many for him, then, so he picked up the quart of Scotch and broke off the neck. Putting the jagged edges of the bottle to his mouth, he drank the fiery stuff, so as not to waste it and reversing the bottle, ground the broken edge into the gorilla's face.

". . . When it was all over, O'Riley wiped the blood from his face and said: 'What I need is a good, stiff drink!' "



This type of story belongs to the "tough school." It is "hard boiled" and "realistic." The reviewers always refer to the author as "the successor to Dashiell Hammett."

The readers of the tough school are legion. Not the Foreign Legion or the American Legion, just legion.

We come now to the crinoline and lace pants mystery novel. Or should we say pantie instead of pants? Yes, I think so.

Our heroine is Miss Tabitha Tubbs, called "Tabby." (You'd never have guessed that if we hadn't told you.) Miss Tabitha is a schoolteacher, anywhere from forty to seventy-three years of age. In one story published recently she was eighty-four. She is spry for her age and carries a black parasol which she:

1. Wields with righteous indignation.
2. Pokes at the cad's eye.

Miss Tabitha loves:

A. Cats.
B. Parrots.
C. Canaries.

As the story opens, Miss Tabby (since we've been introduced it's all right to call her Miss Tabby) finds the corpse in her bathroom. It is Murgatroyd, the scoundrel who had been married to Miss Tabby's grandniece, Vivian. Murgatroyd had deserved to die, the dirty dog, but the stupid police will arrest Vivian because Vivian is in love with Clarence, who had learned his A B C's from Miss Tabby in P. S. Number 666 and is now the brilliant young architect who designed the famous Clarence Chicken Coops.

So Miss Tabby quietly bundles the body into the rumble seat of her old-fashioned electric runabout and drives it down to the railroad tracks.

The next day, shrewd Inspector Pepper of the cops comes to Miss Tabby and shows her a brown hair that he found on the mangled corpse by the railroad tracks. He compares the hair with Fluff, Miss Tabby's red Persian kitty, and it matches, thereby proving that Murgatroyd was killed in Miss Tabby's little apartment. But Inspector Pepper also was one of Miss Tabby's pupils at dear old P. S. Number 666, so he doesn't arrest her right away, which gives Miss Tabby time to prove that Murgatroyd had actually been killed by Foyle, the gambler, because Murgy had welshed on a large bet.

This story is not to be confused with the "had-I-but-known" mystery, which is also called the "mice-in-the-attic" or "the-baleful-eye-glaring-from-the-portrait" story.

This one is about Genevieve, whose father lost everything in Wall Street just before dying, which compelled Genevieve to take a job as secretary or companion to rich, old Mrs. Ritzastor, who lives in the twenty-four-room and two-bath mansion on The Hill. Mrs. Ritzastor has a flock of relatives and when she summons them to Ritzastor Manse Strange Things begin to happen. Had Genevieve only known what was going to happen she would never have taken this job. Had she but known that the pantry window was open, that the hollow sound in the wall when she banged it indicated a secret room; had she but known about the old trunk in the attic and the strange, exotic odor in the hall closet; (moth balls?) had she but known . . . ah, but if she'd known all those things there wouldn't have been a story. So Genevieve didn't know and clammy hands grabbed her throat in the dark when the fuses were blown and someone shrieked and eerie lights glowed in the darkness and strange figures brushed by on the unlighted staircase. And on page 328, she did know and it was Cousin Horace, whom no one but the reader suspected, who knew about the secret passages and the pot of gold.

This story should never be read at night when you're home alone. We were reading it one time, the very chapter where the hideous face was pressed to the window, when our doorbell rang and we jumped so high we bumped our head on the ceiling. It was only the Fuller Brush Man, trying to make a sale if he had to stay out all night to do it, but we have never used hair brushes since and the barber says that's why we're getting bald, because we don't give our hair a good stiff brushing every day and don't use anything on it.

Where were we now? Oh yes, the mystery novel. There are about 300 of them published every year and the average sale is 4,000 copies and the rental libraries . . . no, we covered that before.

We were talking about the various types of mystery novels, the locked-room kind, the tough school, the lace pantie and the had-I-but-knowns. We've saved the best one for last, the never-a-dull-moment comedy-mystery, but we are not going to say anything about this type, except that they are the very best mysteries there are, the kind that everybody should read. The characters in these are grand people, the situations are screamingly funny and the pace is terrific with a plot twist at the end that will leave you gasping. (*Editor's Note:* Four paragraphs have been deleted at this point, including the titles of Mr. Gruber's own books.)

In closing we want to warn you that there is a bill now pending before Congress to make it illegal, with heavy fines as penalty, to declare that Edgar Allan Poe invented the detective story. The first detective story was the one in which a guy named Cain killed a lad named Abel.

The detective's name was . . . well, you look it up. There have been detective stories ever since.

Sherlock Holmes was the grand-uncle of all *modern* detectives. But don't forget Old King Brady, Nick Carter and the Old Sleuth, that you read in the woodshed.

How about taking home a good mystery novel this evening? You know, "something light after a strenuous day at the office." ⧻

Gifts That Gurgle

While a one-bottle bundle is merry enough the thoughtfully provided makings of his favorite cocktail signify a friend indeed

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

It seems that the Bestowing Season is upon us again—which brings us face to face with the grim problem of thinking up something appropriate to give Tom, Dick and Aunt Harriet. Something rational yet rejoiceful. Generosity that makes sense.

A yacht, for example, is always nice. Or for someone who lives in a penthouse and seems lonesome, a pair of Peruvian llamas would be distinctive. But how can you be sure he wouldn't rather have kangaroos?

It's complications like these that get a gift list snarled. You'd chop off three or four right hands sooner than give the yuletide go-by to good old Steve Doakes, but what the hell *can* you give him that he hasn't got already or that eleven other enthusiastic rememberers aren't going to load him with?

I knew a stymied donor who walked the floor three nights wondering and then suddenly came up with the Acoustics Test. He prepared two holly-wrapped parcels of identical size and appearance and, taking them personally to an intended giftee, shook one of them close to the latter's left ear, and the other to his right ear, announcing, "You'll have to help me, old top. I'm balled up as to which of these is for you."

"It's this one on the right, I'm positive. Anybody who wouldn't be swayed by a gurgle like that hasn't got an ear for music."

The whole appalling quandary had lifted like a miasma and the giver's way suddenly shone clear. He could tackle Christmas without cursing, or even a whimper. So maybe *his* happy revelation will lead *you* into the light of burbling bundles and basketry that spell success, assurance, and contentment.

For modesty there's the one-bottle bundle, suggestive of regard and good will toward inner man: pleasant thought, at least, even though quantity bodes ill for future availability. However, a modest single of this sort may be quite immodest in its *quality*, and will be recalled gratefully long after the last drop has been rounded up. *That* giver has a true conception of "doing the fine thing" even though his benevolence lacked bulk. For it is a curious psychological fact that extra excellence imparts a degree of satisfaction which is beyond all reckoning in dollars and pennies.

If the estimable solo gurgle happens to be Gin, don't be surprised if you find it advertising in the Lonely Hearts column: "Bottle of genteel London Dry desires to make acquaintance of refined Dry Vermouth. Object matrimony under olive or onionette auspices."

A bestower who recognizes that Nature is bound to take its course, generally facilitates matters (for after all this is the holiday season of living and let living) by providing friend Gin with a worthy helpmeet, proving that two can be accommodated in a cheer package as readily as one. And such Martini bliss is counterparted by glad-ribboned Manhattan ménages. In the latter the twain bottles of Rye (or blend) and Sweetie Vermouth have a little bottle of bitters already nestling as a bonus to their credit. All they ask is a cherry, and they don't absolutely insist on that.

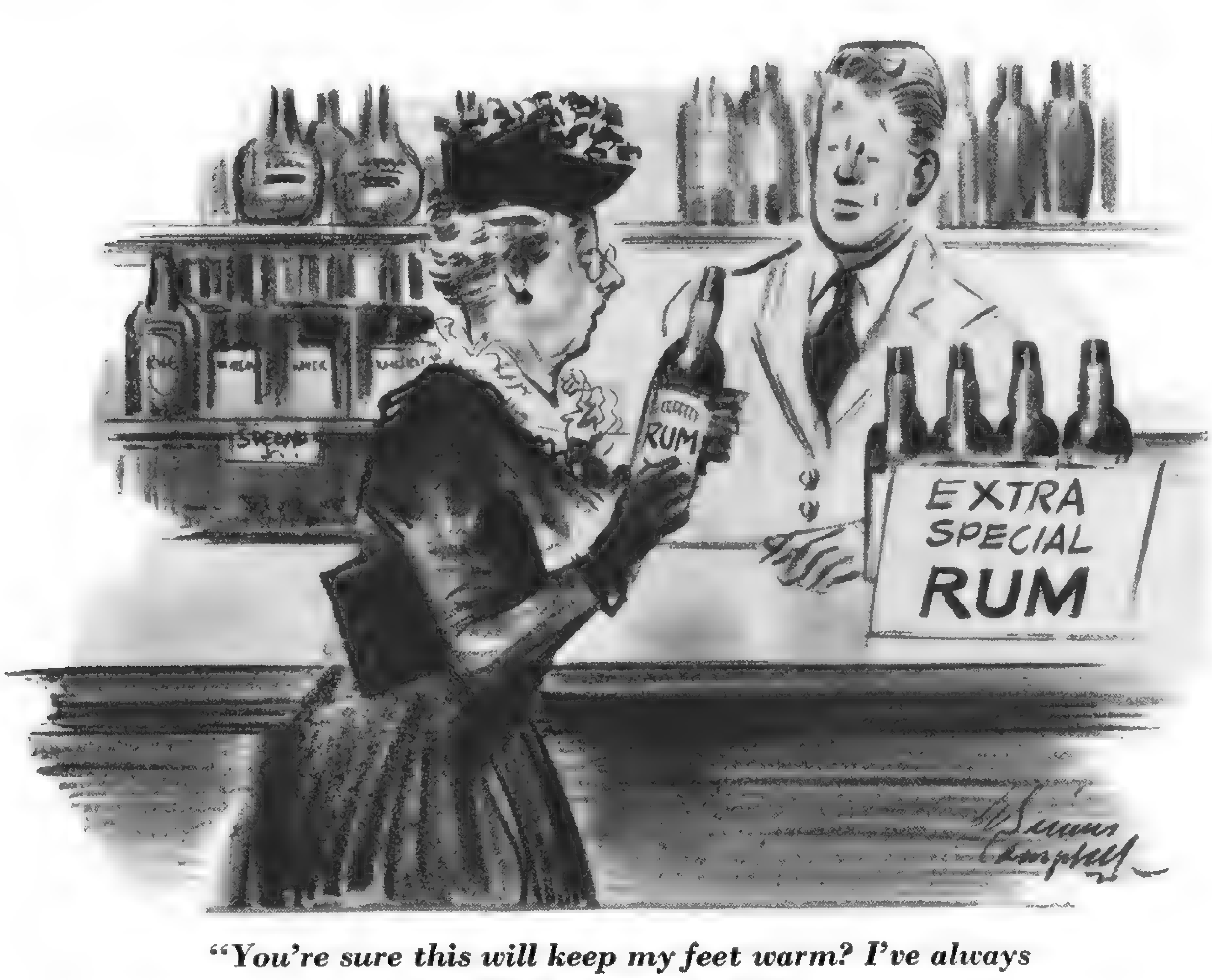
More populous groupings range from mixed quartets up to grand fantasias of pomp and prestige. Sentiment is your selector. For His Honor, the Judge of Good Whiskey an assortment of irreproachable wherewithals of highballs, old-fashioneds, juleps, and toddies is assembled, flaunting the proud labels thereof, including Bourbon fit to meet appraisal by a Kentucky Colonel with visible or courtesy goatee. Really it's amazing, the smooth-shaven men that have won commissions in Kentucky's "quartmaster" corps, entitling them to wear mint sprigs on their shoulders. Where they dwell and toil is beside the point, provided their elbow activity is true Blue Grass.

For the sons of Clan MacWhistle whose gullets just don't notice the downward passage of any liquor excepting it has peat-smoke tang to tickle the palate and tonsils with en route, the answer is simply due authority and plenty of it—never mind variety so long as there's authenticity. Bottle No. 1 serves as the appetizer. Bottle No. 2 goes with the fish course. Bottle No. 3 with the éntree and No. 4 with the salad. (If no salad, this bottle is needed anyway as a safety factor to prevent scarcity.) Bottle No. 5 with the dessert and bottle No. 6 with demi-tasse. And thereafter Scotch whisky punch till the "wee doch and doris" is in order. That is to say, Scottish people like to dine heartily. Anyone scheming an outfit of provisions for them will figure accordingly unless his intent is to stint.

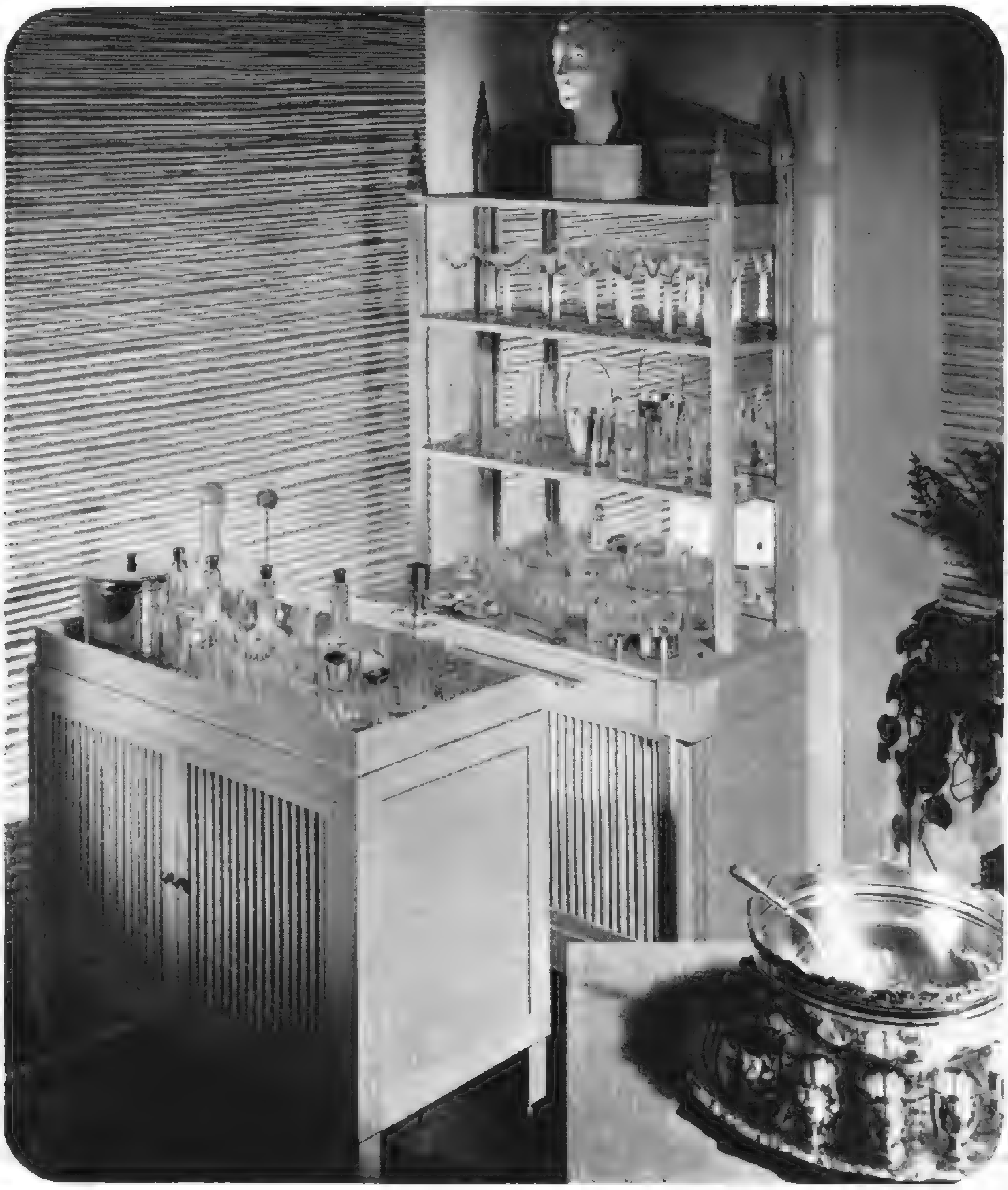
Emerald Ireland folk retain their inalienable fondness for the characterful liquor which is distilled from the native grains of bearded barley with the aid of old-style kettles which are as Irish as jaunting cars. No matter how extensively New World ways and drinks have been adopted in ordinary existence, holiday time calls for a reassertion of old ties and reimmersion in the smooth and rare stuff of nostalgia which packs a love tap like that of a velvet shillelagh. So even if the Old Man's family seem to have broken away from Kathleen ni Houlihan in favor of swing band hoopla, don't forget that *his* partiality for the liquid spell of Irish magic has never flickered. Sure 'tis many a day since he had half enough of it! And aren't Old Fashioneds and Manhattans made with Irish Whiskey wonderful inventions, even if Ireland never heard of them!

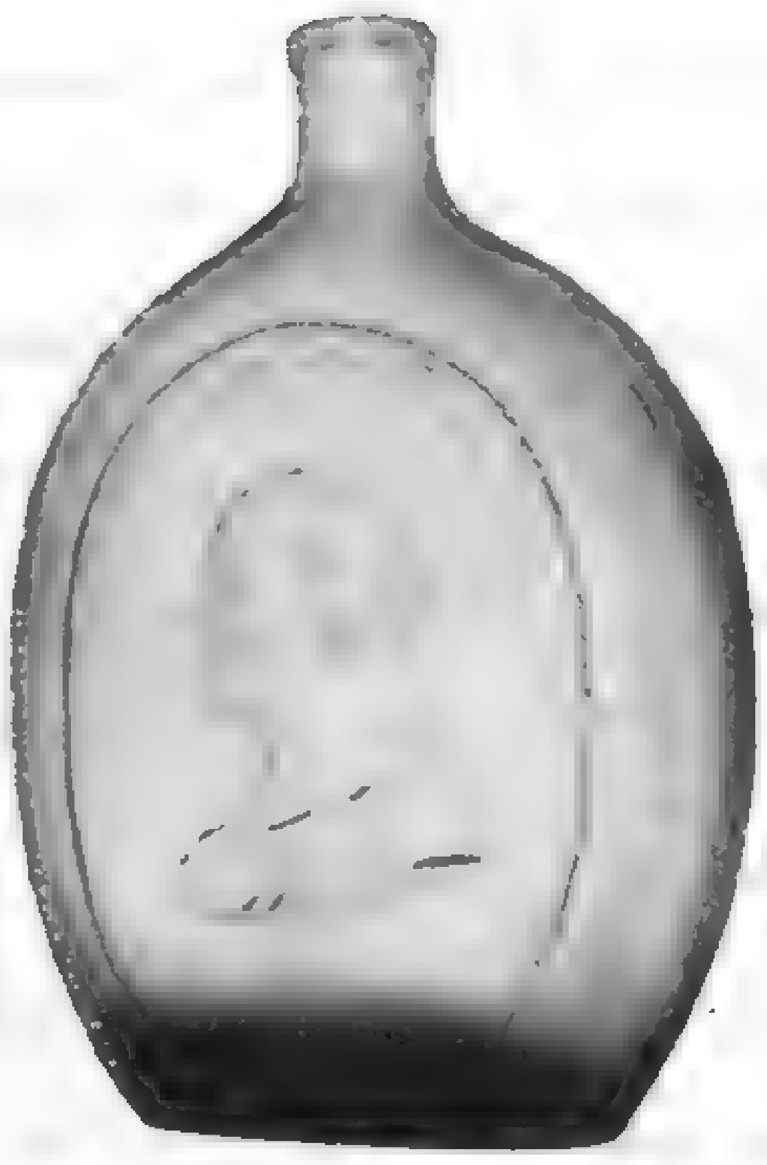
Gift list names marked with an R, meaning persons whose mainstay is Rum (they cool themselves with it in summer and use it as fuel or interior woolies in winter), will be receptive to bins and bins of it at this climatic

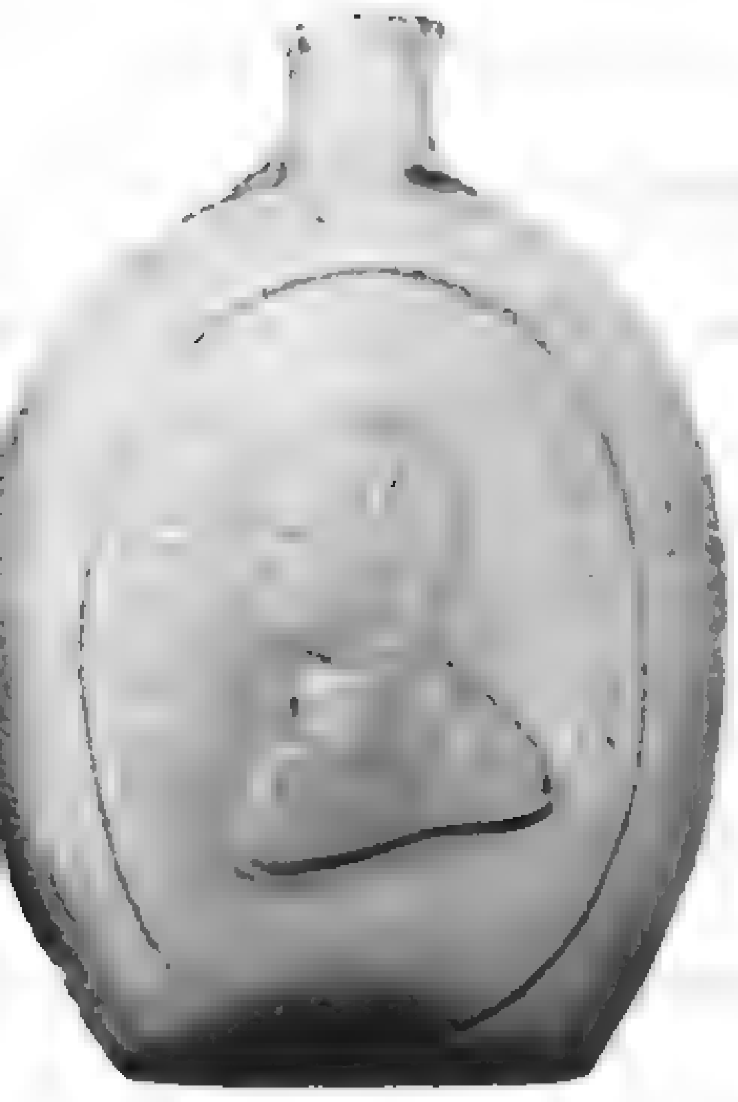
Continued on page 163



"You're sure this will keep my feet warm? I've always used a hot water bottle"







mixed company

"Mixing your own" is one of the fine arts of living. The pursed lips, the measuring eye, the steady, experienced hand—these are your heart-warming stock in trade even if you're only exploring the obvious mysteries of mixing a good Scotch-and-soda. There was joy in leisured elbow-bending in the early American days when the flasks shown on this page were first blown by a pop-eyed master craftsman. Yet the modern gentleman's mixing corner shown above is not too far from a plank set up in a backwoods log cabin. It's the glow that counts, and the crest on an old flask, or the gleam of modern American crystal makes few men cheerier than when playing the host.

INTERIOR BY W. & J. SLOANE, NEW YORK
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEON DE VOS
FLASKS FROM METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Celebrating Riggs's tennis victory, the centennial of W. H. Hudson's birthday and the first detective novel by Poe

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

William Lyon Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, in his admirable address in London on September 4, 1941, delivered at a luncheon given in his honor by the Lord Mayor, made a tremendous sensation when he quoted (English translation) an astounding prophecy from a poem written in Latin by Thomas Gray (author of *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*) in 1737. During his speech, as reported in the *New York Times*, he paused for a moment and said he would repeat:

"What I believe will yet prove to be one of the most remarkable prophecies in all history. The original lines were written in Latin 200 years ago by the author of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. Happily they have been translated into excellent English verse. I give their message to you, brave people of Britain, as something to which I believe you may look with confidence:

'The times will come when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch the long-drawn battle in the skies:
While aged peasants, too amazed for words
Stare at the flying fleets of wondrous birds.
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign the sovereign in the conquered air.'"

This prophecy, written over 200 years ago, seemed to me so astonishing, that I wrote to the Canadian Prime Minister for further information; he courteously replied:

"The poem by Gray, from which the verses I quoted appear, is entitled *Luna Habitabilis*. The verses are the concluding ones of the poem. The latter appear in Latin in Gray's collected verse. The poem was written at Cambridge in 1737. Unhappily, I am not able to say who translated it. I first came across it in an advertisement issued by the National Savings Committee, London, which appeared in *The Spectator* of January 24, 1941, and, I believe, in a number of other periodicals as well. I compared the translation with the text and found it to be, as I said, 'excellent.'

"It is really a most amazing prophecy. I used it in a broadcast to England some months ago, and have spoken of it to many here and elsewhere, even going the length of suggesting it should be used on bill-boards in Britain and other parts of the Commonwealth, as an incentive to the people to do their utmost in achieving ultimate victory. It apparently needed the Mansion House setting to give it the needed publicity at this time."

I have diligently searched to discover the author of the English verse translation of the poem, but thus far in vain. My friend and colleague, Professor G. Lincoln Hendrickson of Yale, has kindly translated literally part of the original Latin poem for me, as follows:

"The time will come when you shall see whole groups of men rise into the air in long procession . . . while the aged husbandman looks on with dumb amazement, and follows in their flight birds such as were never seen before and the flying squadron; just as once Columbus swam the unknown sea and the billowy fields, seeking the abode of the West winds and new realms.

"The shores round about look on with wonder, and the waves marvel at battle-ranks sheathed in steel, battalions half bird half man, strange creatures teeming with arms, and the thunderbolt not (meant for man) to imitate. But treaties of peace soon follow, my vision shows, with exchange of trade between the two worlds, and peaceful lines now joined together become a common sight beneath the sky.

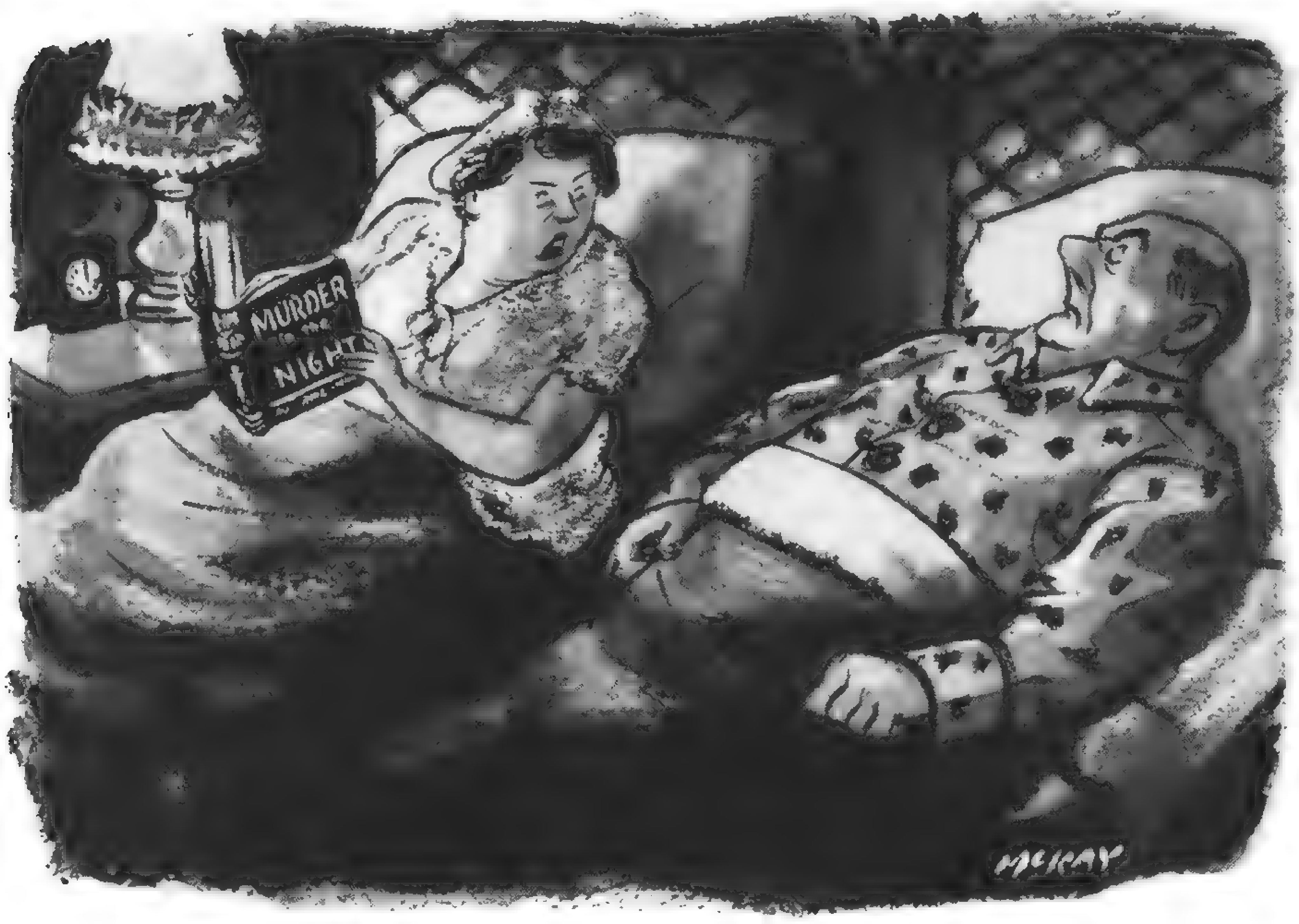
"England, which has long wielded the reins of the deep, and waves the winds on every sea and rules the wave, shall raise the symbol of power over the air, and bringing hither her ancient triumphs shall dominate the conquered air."

When the account of the Prime Minister's speech appeared in the *New York Times*, I had the good fortune to meet Major-General William Crozier, U.S.A., and Mrs. Crozier. While we were talking about this amazing prophecy, Mrs. Crozier suggested that it was possible and even probable that Tennyson's prophecy in *Locksley Hall* (1842) so frequently quoted during the first World War, was inspired by Gray's Latin poem. Here are Tennyson's famous lines prophesying the war in the air and the League of Nations:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the people plunging thro' the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

It will be seen that Tennyson, 100 years

Continued on page 154



"I'm glad you woke up, dear—you looked like the corpse in this book!"

SALLY
Hurrell Photograph

MARGIE
Hurrell Photograph

Man the Kitchenette

Gourmet's guide through Florida, with practical tips for al fresco cooking and special emphasis on southern fish

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

When you go South this winter you'll find the lovely Florida moon as big as a Cheshire cheese. At any rate that's the best simile a Culinary Department, whose heart beats in his stomach, can think of. But this same fascinating moon, which so strongly induces romance, was probably responsible for the fact that until quite recently people in Florida took little interest in the "vulgar" pleasures of the table. There seemed to be more important things to do under a balmy climate—who wants to think of food when you can have your arms around your moonstruck sweetheart? Well, for one, I do.

And so do many fellow-huggers and fellow-vacationists. Food is very consequential in America today; the New Country is fast growing out of its culinary kid's shoes; the Sunshine State, too, has learned that it must offer its visitors something besides clam chowder, steak, French frieds, and apple pie. Tourists are gourmets today. The theory according to which *le véritable gourmet ne mange que des plats de sa cuisinière, chez lui,* is as dead as a coffin nail.

So, in this article, which will be shorter even than the short Florida season, I will tell you what you can expect to cook and eat down there. Through own experiences and through confidential reports from gastronomic spies, I gathered enough information on the subject to enable me, I hope, to whet your appetite.

The greatest culinary fad in Miami Beach and Palm Beach is barbecuing. There, outdoor cooking and outdoor eating proved to be really a success, chiefly for climatic reasons. It's thrilling to celebrate Christmas and New Year's outdoors, without an overcoat. Practically every private house in the two resorts has a garden, and nearly every garden has an al fresco oven, a steak grill or a barbecue pit. If nothing else, there is a buffet supper served on the lawn of the home when they don't want to wait for the outdoor cooking. But people dine out under the palm trees even if it kills them, because that's the thing to do.

Masons, professional or otherwise, have been concentrating on open fireplaces for the past few years at the two Beaches. And manufacturers, sensing the great public demand for picnic gadgets, flooded the market with literally millions of them. At the same time, a pretty lady, Nessa Gaulois, who runs a smart and successful table decor shop on Lincoln Road, Miami Beach's Rue de la Paix, sensed that people coming to Florida for a few weeks' vacation, don't want to purchase outdoor cooking utensils outright, and so she established a picnic gadget lending department.

Including even the fireplace bricks, you can borrow all the apparatus from her that will make you an expert outdoor chef. I give you a list, however, of the things you really need for al fresco cooking. You must have a large frying pan to begin with. On this score I recommend the combination stainless steel and brass pans; I use them myself with great success. Then you ought to have a fire grill, a three-pronged barbecue grill, a frankfurter grill, an individual hamburger grill, a hamburger mold, a pair of asbestos gloves, a spatula, possibly one or two earthenware casseroles, hurricane lamps, and charcoal. Of secondary importance are food and liquid thermos jugs, a plate and silver fitted picnic case (paper dishes and cups are excellent today if you have no aversion toward them, as I do) and a collapsible table and chairs.

While Miss Gaulois went on telling me about her lending of outdoor kitchenettes, I carefully oriented the conversation into other channels: I wanted to get some recipes from her. Slowly but surely I've reached the lamentable stage where I am mostly interested in women's culinary secrets. One of them from Miss Gaulois is about anchovies, and it is important for several reasons. Firstly, it is not merely an outdoor recipe but an all-round one; secondly, the majority of us love anchovies, but are often forced into funny facial grimaces on account of their frightful saltiness.

This recipe does not only do away with that but also improves the flavor a thousand fold. The preparation of it is most simple: just buy a pound of canned anchovies, take the top layer out and place it in the bottom of a crock or any other kind of suitable vessel. Now put some finely chopped parsley, garlic, onions, and black pepper (no salt!) on top, and taking out the next layer of fish from the can, place it on the chopped herbs. Proceed like this until the vessel is filled about three quarter way—a layer of anchovies, a layer of condiments, a layer of anchovies, etc. Then fill up with pure olive oil. This hors d'oeuvre will keep indefinitely in the ice box, and at cocktail time you'll always have an excellent tid-bit handy.

The anchovy trick must have originated in Italy, for the basis of Italian cookery is olive oil, as the basis of French is butter, the German lard, the Russian sour cream, the Hungarian a combination of lard and cream, the Jewish goose fat, and the English water or dripping. But whatever the origin of this dish might be, I highly recommend it. I prepared a year's supply—or so it seemed at the time—and the better part of it was gone in a few weeks.

Miss Gaulois gave me two more recipes, one for steak, and the other for a sauce that goes well with most barbecued meats. The steak is prepared not unlike Wiener schnitzel, except that the meat is not veal but beef.

Mix three raw eggs with English mustard, salt and pepper. Pound your steaks very thin;

Continued in center of page 130

Refrigafood
(ELECTRIC)
6 EXTRA ICE CUBES
norment

"Carole Lombard, Hedy Lamarr, Garbo—none of them will be in your class as far as ice cubes are concerned"

Esquire on the Record

Hear the chin-up *Songs of Free China* sung by Paul Robeson, Liu Liang-mo and the New York Hand Laundrymen's League

by CARLETON SMITH

• RECORDS •

If you have the yen, you can *Go to the Rear of the Japanese and Give Them a Kick in the Pants.* That's what the Chinese do, and they sing while doing it. The ditty, popular among Chiang-Kai-shek's guerilla fighters, is in the album *Songs of Free China*, recorded by Paul Robeson, Liu Liang-mo, and chorus.

> *It may rain*
> *It may snow*
> *But our brothers are giving them surprise attacks*
> *From North to South, from East to West,*
> *Everywhere you find*
> *The guerilla fighters behind the enemy lines*
> *Giving them a kick in the pants . . .*

This is the kind of gunshot which gets into the seams of Japanese pants and makes life tough for them on the battlefields of China.

The ancient people are offering stubborn, unyielding resistance, as the world now knows, to the fiercest, most prolonged, invasion in centuries.

Music has been a help to them. It's one of the reasons the Burma Road—China's 732-mile lifeline—was built in eighteen months when American engineers thought it would take years. The Chinese had a song called *Build the Road.* And, there has sprung up all over China a great and telling mass singing movement. Leader in this was Liu Liang-mo, now in New York. Before leaving China, he led 10,000 soldiers in their new war calls, including *Chee Lai*, or *March On!*, which is the most popular song in China today. A few years ago such a thing would have been impossible. The songs of Old China were effete, weak, waily, or cute, says Mr. Liu, connoting fatalism, and nobody knew how to sing together or cared.

Wanting us to hear their present chin-up spirit, Liu has recorded the songs in New York. Baritones being at a premium in Chinatown, he persuaded Paul Robeson to polish up his Chinese a bit and take the leads. Then he scoured the city for good voices, the New York Hand Laundrymen's League turning out the best. He is thrilled because most of them are of good, rich timbre, unlike the nasal pipings of the native Chinese. The laundrymen rehearse on Sundays, sometimes all day. They open their mouths as they are told, and sing vigorously with flexed diaphragms... things they never before heard about. They have found that music, like hand laundrying, is a business whose tenets are to be taken very seriously, and they now produce a musical outpouring which neither Liu nor they expected.

For connoisseurs and Chinese enthusiasts, Musicraft has issued an album of rareties played on instruments used during the Confucian formalities and old Chinese court ceremonies centuries ago. You hear the Pi-Pa and the Erh-hu, a two stringed violin introduced into China from Tibet during the Chou dynasty, 1122-222 B. C. The stem of the instrument is fashioned of teakwood and the sounding box is bamboo covered with snake skin. There are also selections on the Hsiao or Phoenix Flute, mention of which goes back as far as the beginning of Chinese history, and on the Ching, instrument of philosophers and of the learned, the invention of which is attributed to the half-legendary Yellow Emperor Futze. Confucius played it and is said to have heard it at the court of Lao-tze, the founder of the Taoist religion. Even at that time, before the discovery of paper, there was a written notation for the Ching made on strips of bamboo.

Many legendary tales have arisen about the Ching. It is mentioned frequently in all the Chinese arts. One story tells of an enemy who surrounded the walls of a city while the men were away hunting. In an attempt to forestall a siege, those who had been left behind sent a musician to the top of the wall to play the Ching and thus placate the attacking horde. Hearing the instrument, the enemy decided that the inhabitants must be too powerful and strong to overcome since they had the time to indulge in the arts associated with the Ching; so they dispersed without attacking.

Tradition ascribes the origin of Chinese music to divine inspiration and its history is intermingled with legends and philosophical dissertations. It never completely shed its chains to poetry, drama, and ritual, as in the case of Western music, simply because it could never expand within the confines of its original form. The five-tone scale was not susceptible to adaptation and expansion, to chromaticizing. Rhythms remained exclusively duple, with triplets rarely used, except for beating time. The standard musical form consisted for centuries of the four-measure phrase, the eight-measure sentence in two or three part forms.

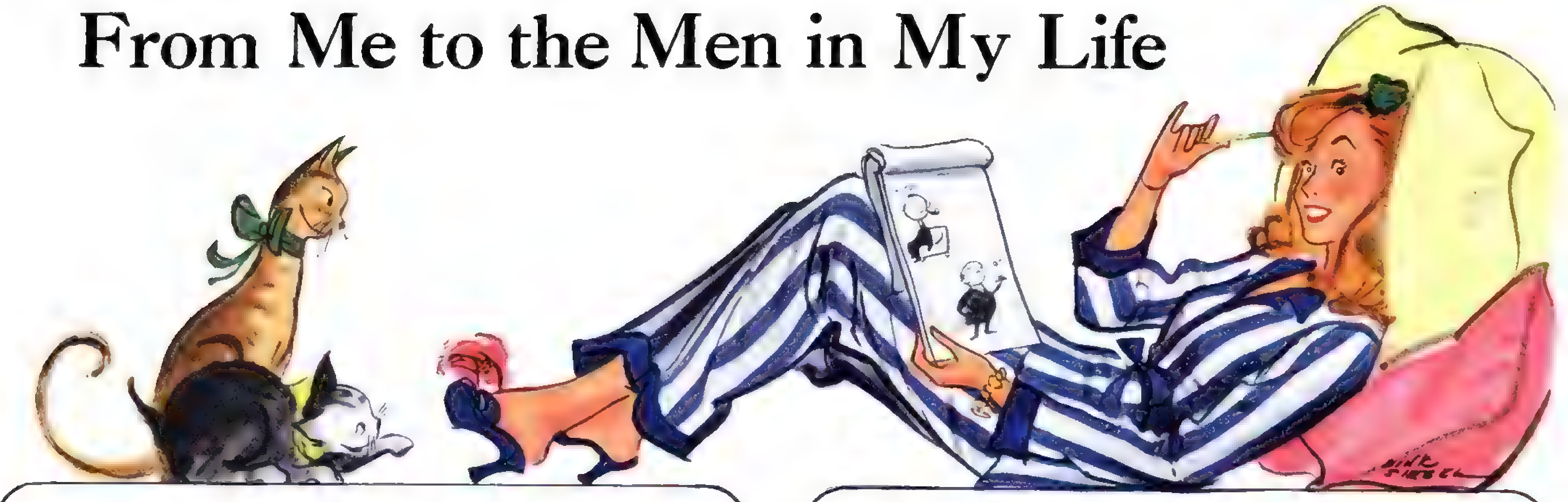
Outside of this the forms are practically amorphous: nothing approaching the intricacies of our sonata and fugue, or even the earlier motets or canons exists. Melody is simply highly embellished, meandering, embroidered like Chinese silks and brocades. There is no harmonic system to define the nature of cadences or any feelings of key; all instances of harmonic coloring are purely coincidental and unpremeditated. Chinese music is spontaneous, free and rhapsodical, and easily adaptable to the demands of the drama, poetry, ritual, or choreography.

In China, professional musicians have long been, and still are, found among the blind. Since a person born blind is considered a useless liability, unfit for a trade, he is apprenticed in childhood to another blind musician, and soon becomes expert at many

Continued on page 128

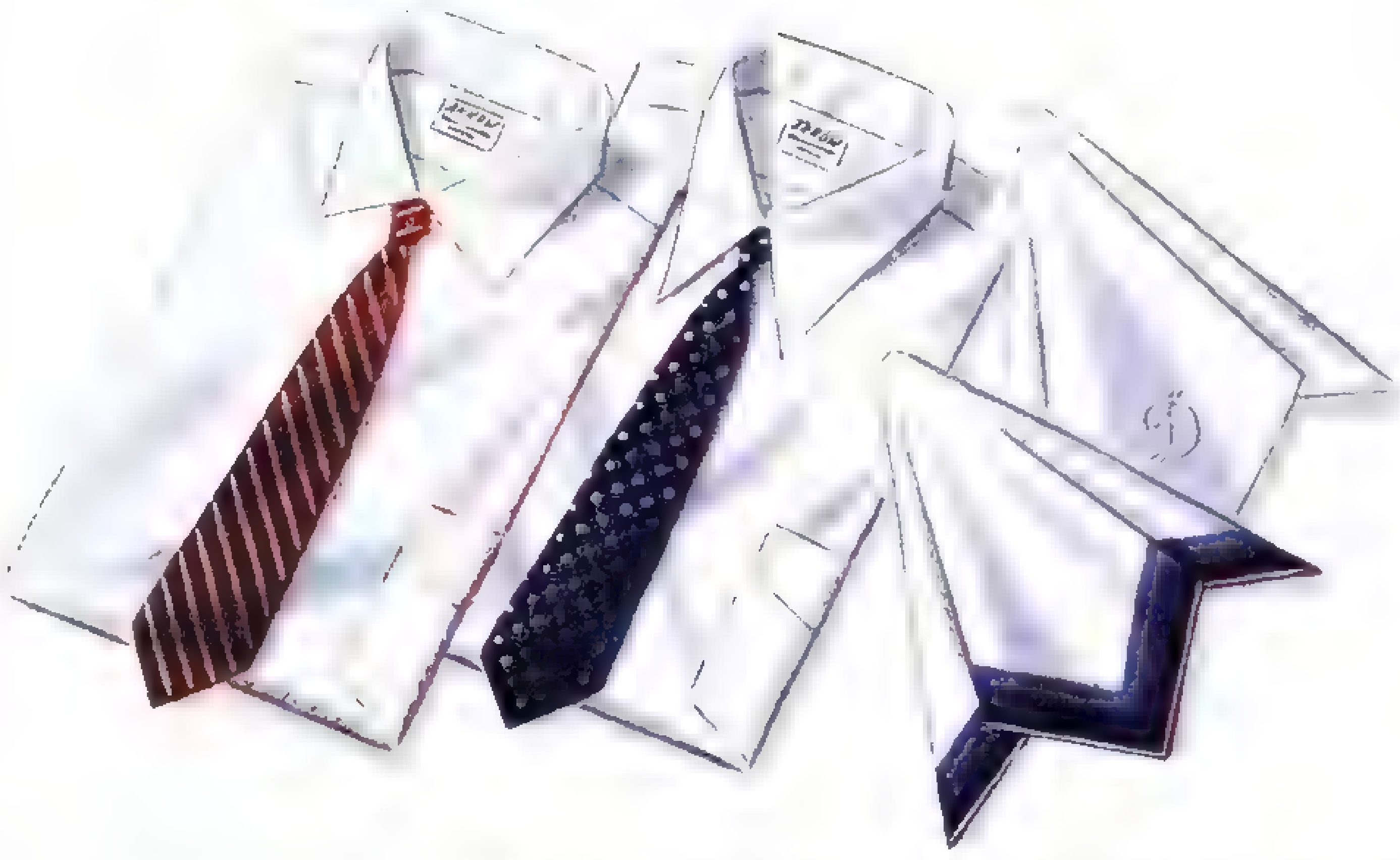
"Just a moment, ladies—here's a bulletin that has just come in from our Uptown shop"

From Me to the Men in My Life



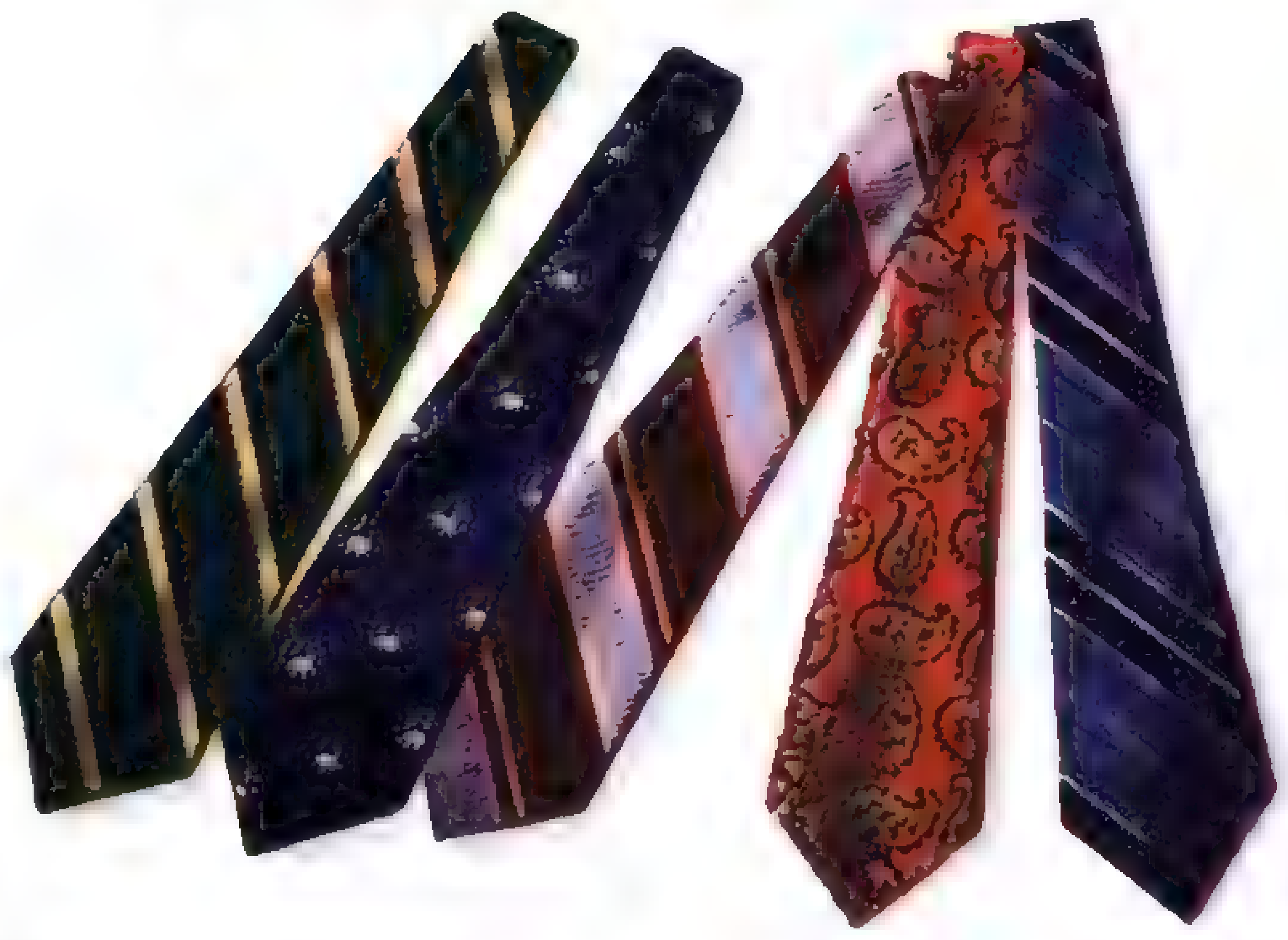
POP'S my Number One Man . . . I'm giving him the best of all white shirts—Arrow, with their wonderful Arrow Collars and "Mitoga" figure-fit. Plus Arrow Hankies—which he's wild about!

Arrow White Shirts,
$2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $5.00
Arrow Handkerchiefs,
25¢, 35¢, 50¢, 75¢ and up



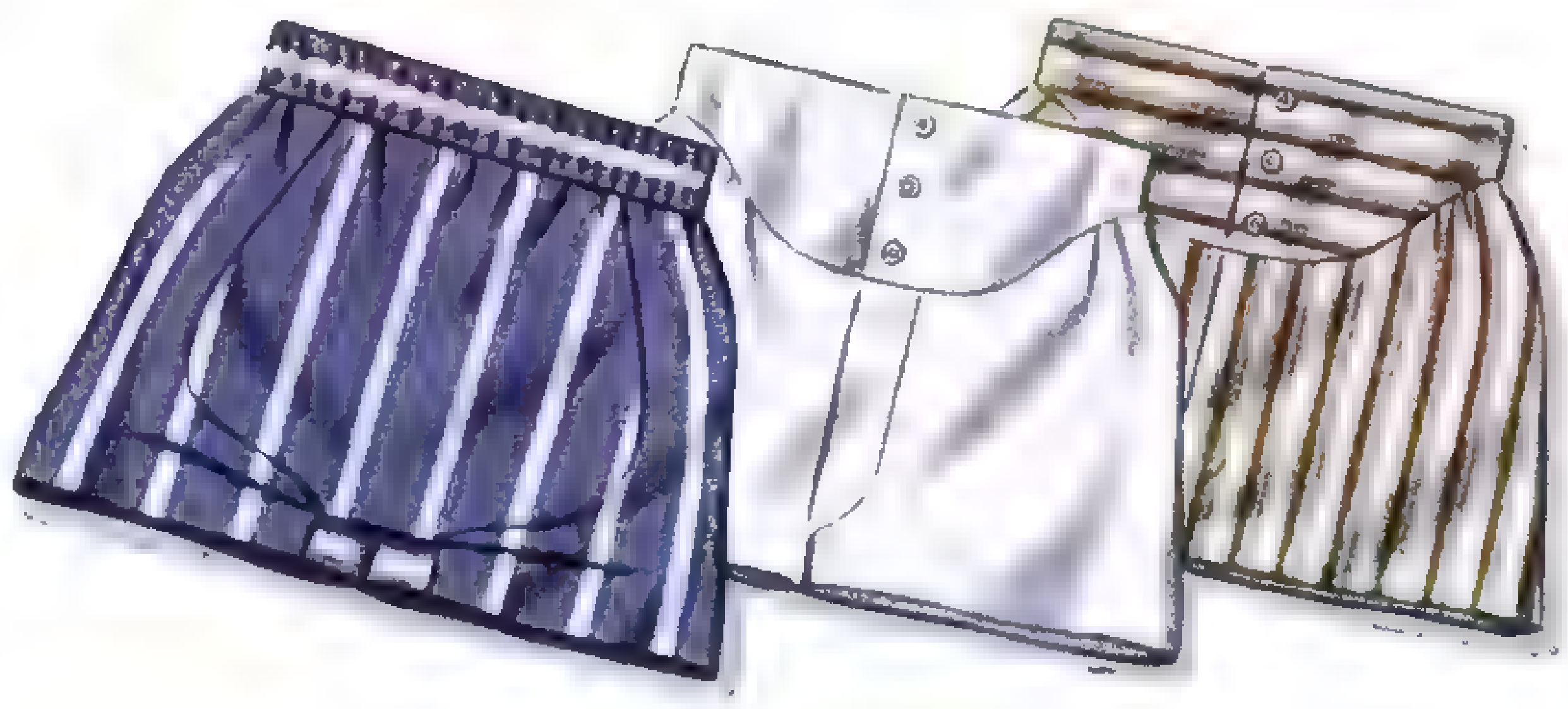
THE BOSS is sort of daytime Pop . . . he rates Arrow Ties than which none are handsomer. You oughta see the selection the Arrow dealers have! Fine fabrics, luscious patterns.

Wrinkle-resistant Arrow Ties.
$1, $1.50 $2, $2.50



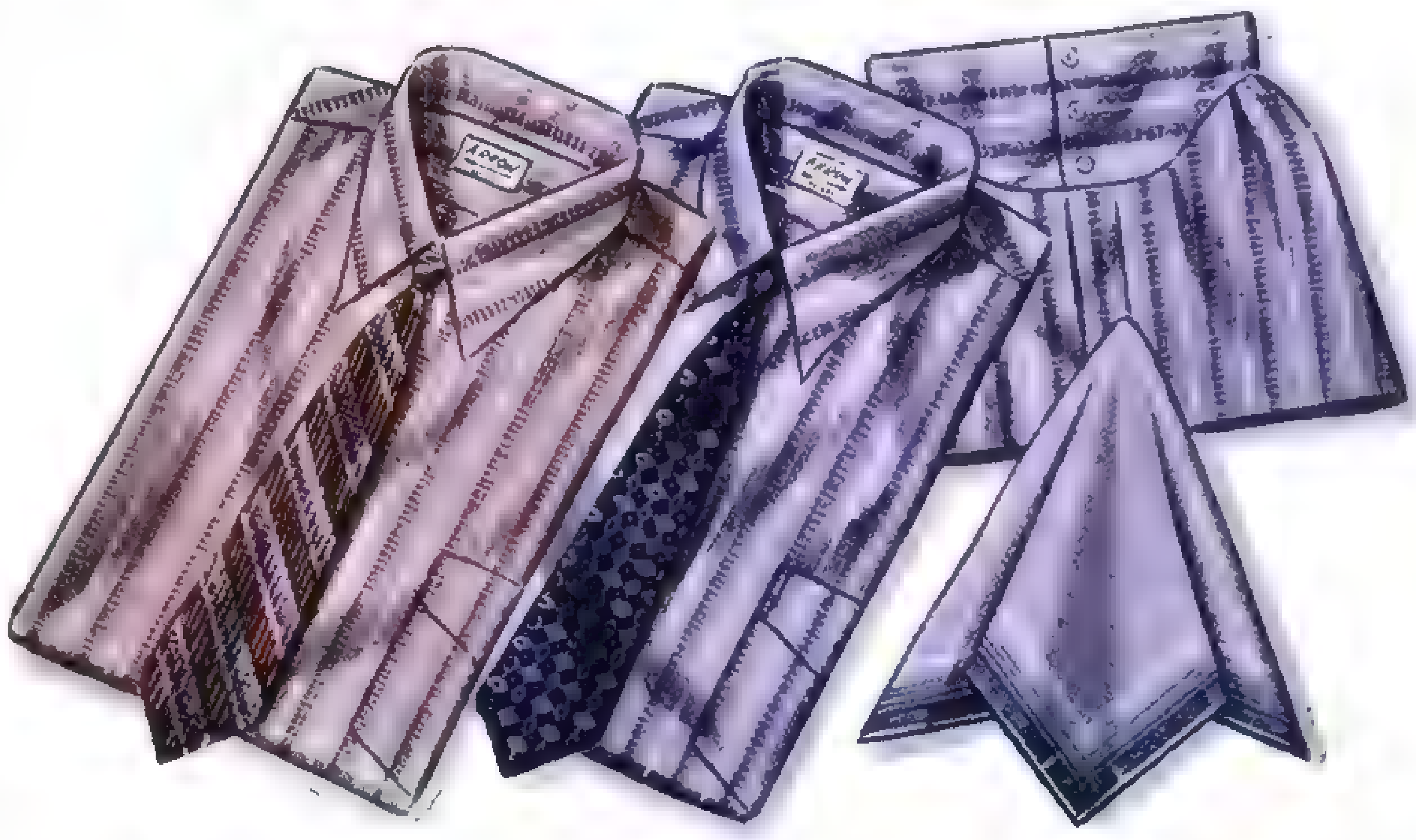
MY BROTHER, the lug, hinted that he needs underwear. So he gets the most comfortable shorts made: Arrow Shorts. They're Sanforized—the fabric shrinkage is less than one per cent!

With Grippers, 65¢ up
Sprinter with Elastic Waistband,
75¢ up



FOR MY GLAMOR BOY—the newest Arrow shirt, tie, handkerchief, and underwear combination—Sun Valley Stripes, which is *but stunning!* The shirt's Sanforized like all Arrows—won't shrink one paltry percent!

Shirt, $2
Tie, $1, Handkerchief, 35¢
Shorts, 65¢

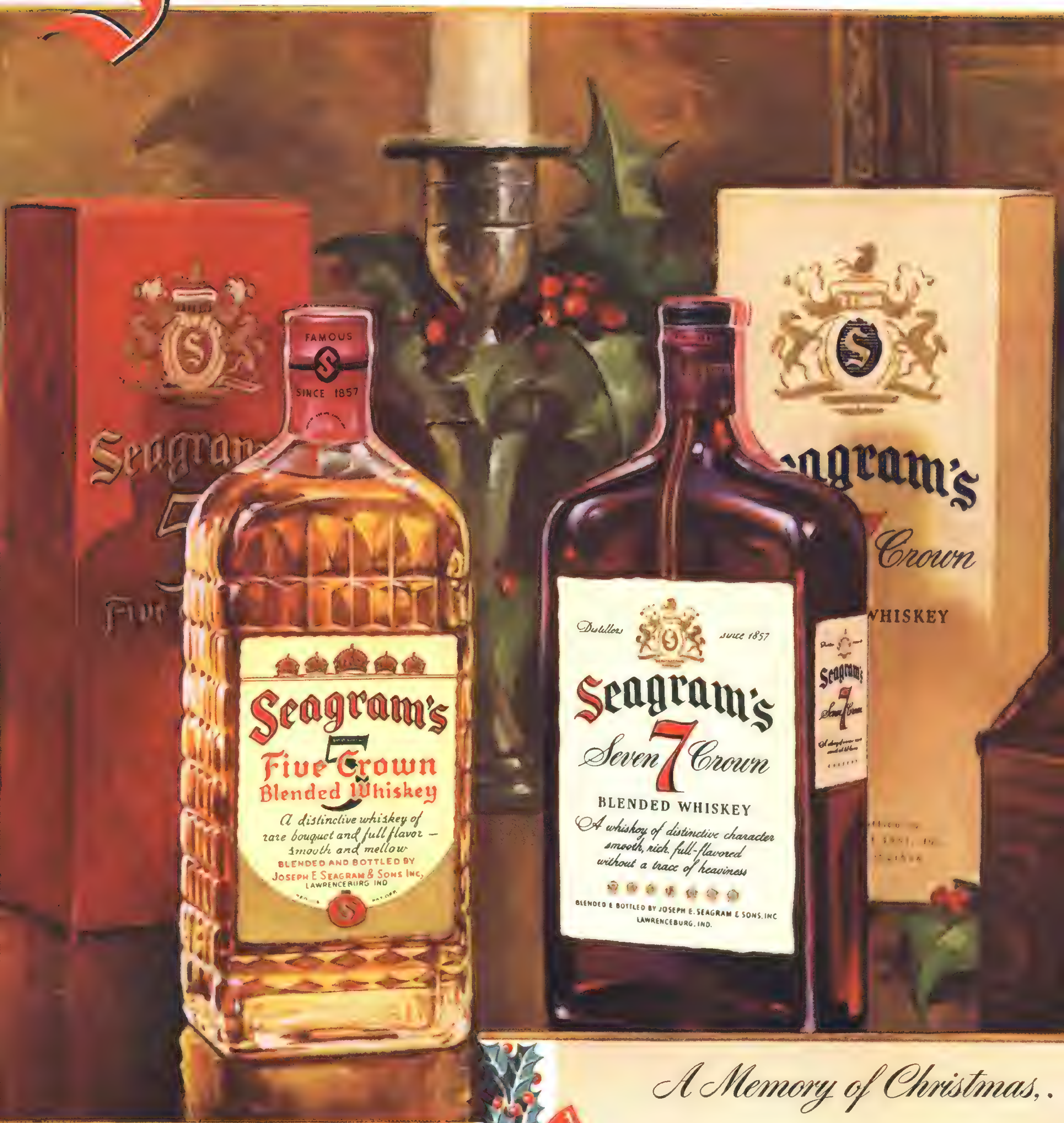


Simplify *your* Christmas shopping by visiting your near-by Arrow dealer. He has a big variety of male-pleasing gifts, created by America's top men's wear manufacturer. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW

Shirts · Ties · Handkerchiefs · Underwear · Sports Shirts

Seagram's . . . GIFTS OF


FAMOUS
SINCE 1857
Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — smooth and mellow
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E SEAGRAM & SONS INC, LAWRENCEBURG IND
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
Seagram's
Crown
WHISKEY

A Memory of Christmas..

I can see him now a-sitting in the chair he loved so well,
As he opened up his presents, he would grin, for he could tell
By the gurgling in the package that our gift was no surprise
And he showed his hearty pleasure by the twinkle in his eyes.

He would fumble with the wrapper as he pulled the ribbon off
And he'd give a little chuckle and a funny little cough,
"Well, for goodness sakes, it's Seagram's!"
and he'd hold the bottle up
As we gathered around the table for a friendly wassail cup.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

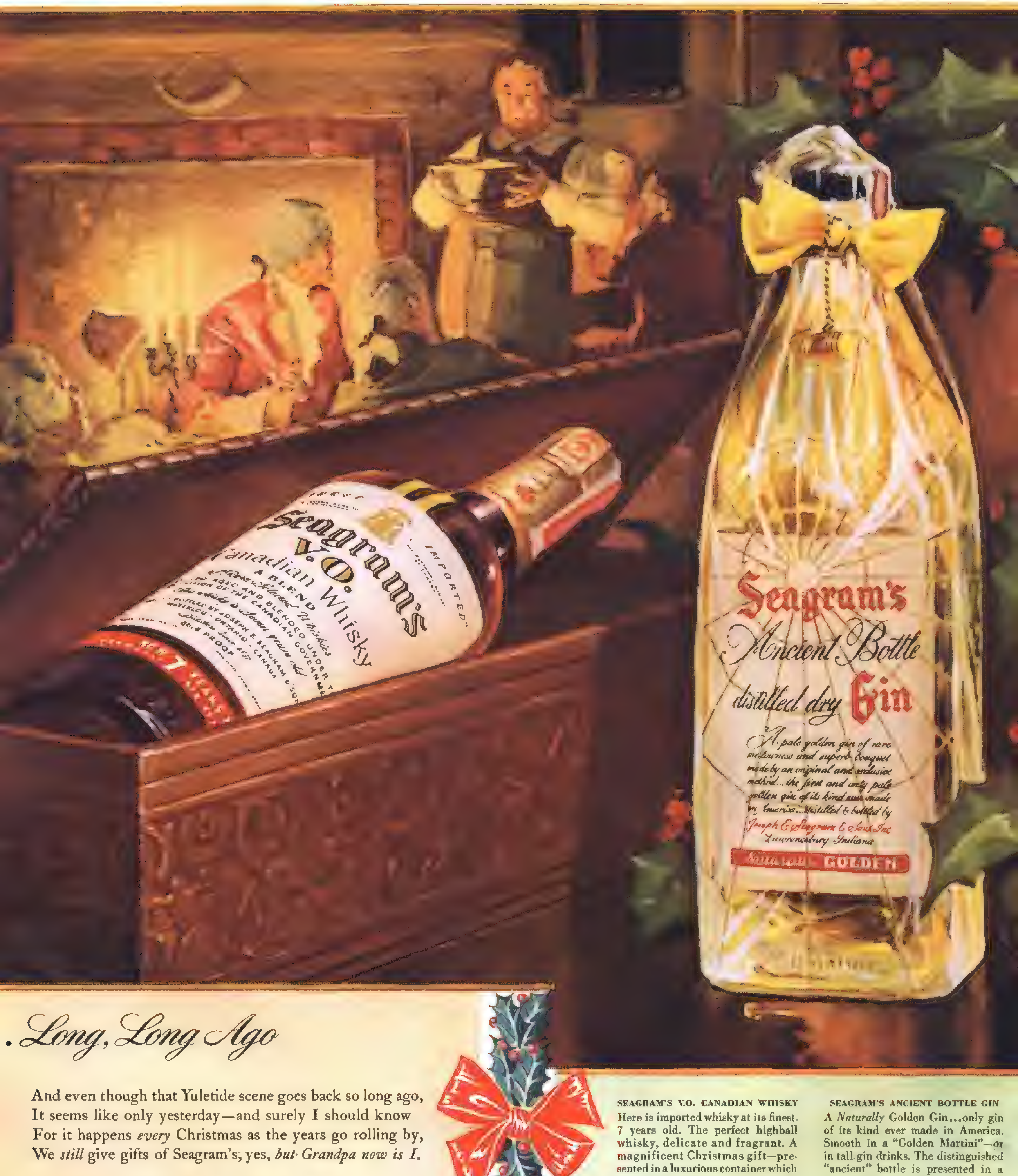
A delightfully mild-tasting whiskey ...Seagram keeps the toughness out, blends extra pleasure in. Seagram's 5 Crown is ideal for a highball, Manhattan or Old Fashioned. Always a welcome gift, it is packaged in a cheerful Christmas box.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Rich and full-flavored—without a trace of heaviness, this exquisite whiskey is delicious in a highball, a Christmas egg nog, punch or a Tom and Jerry. Here is Seagram's finest American whiskey—encased in a stunning Christmas gift box.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF

GOOD TASTE · · SINCE 1857


Seagram's
V.O.
Canadian Whisky
A BLEND
IMPORTED
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and exclusive method... the first and only pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America... distilled & bottled by Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana
Naturally GOLDEN

. . . Long, Long Ago

And even though that Yuletide scene goes back so long ago,
It seems like only yesterday—and surely I should know
For it happens *every* Christmas as the years go rolling by,
We *still* give gifts of Seagram's; yes, *but* Grandpa *now is* I.

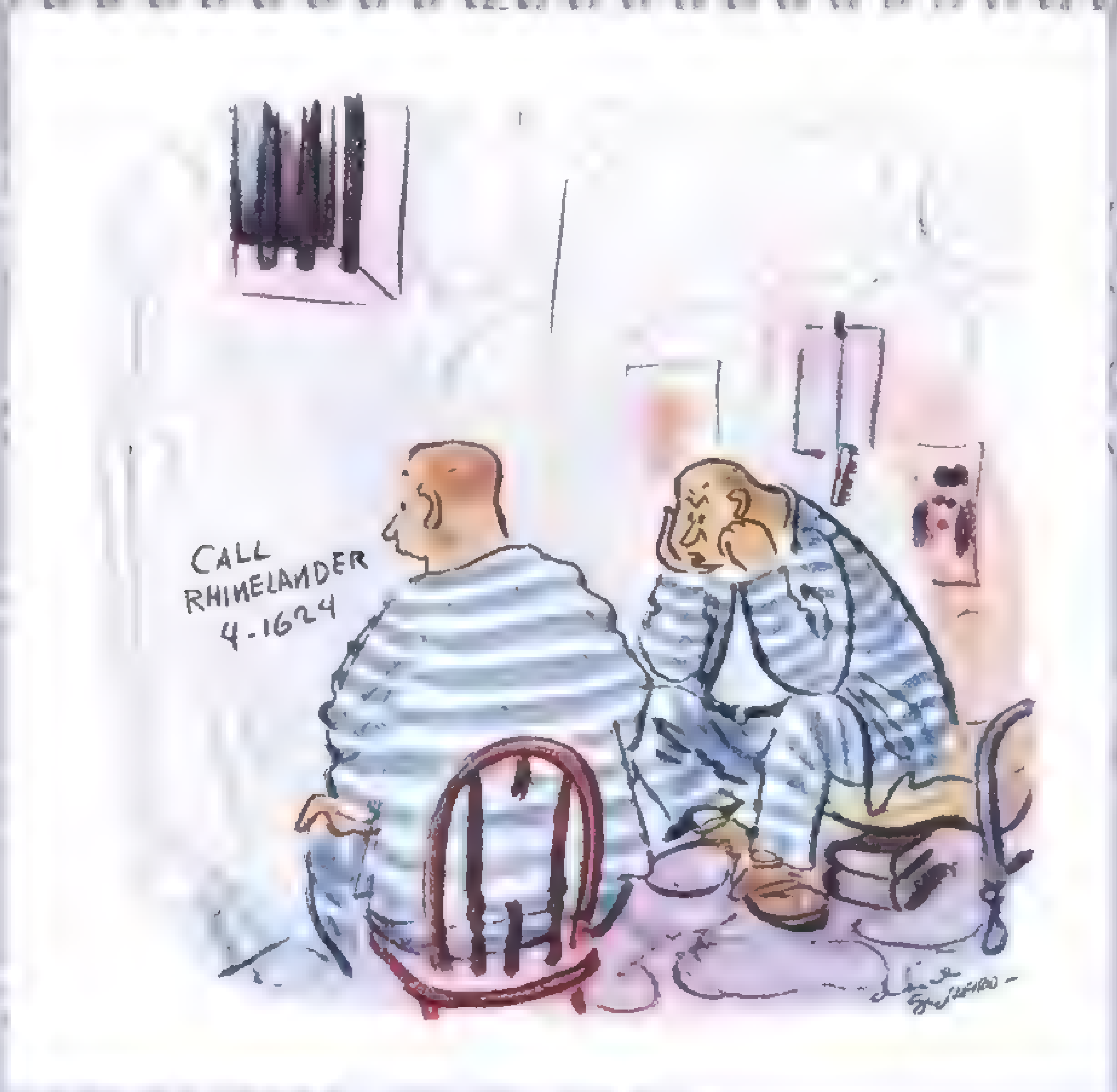
ONLY THE FINEST
IS FINE ENOUGH
FOR CHRISTMAS

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
Here is imported whisky at its finest. 7 years old. The perfect highball whisky, delicate and fragrant. A magnificent Christmas gift—presented in a luxurious container which is cleverly designed to serve as a glove, jewelry, or cigarette box.

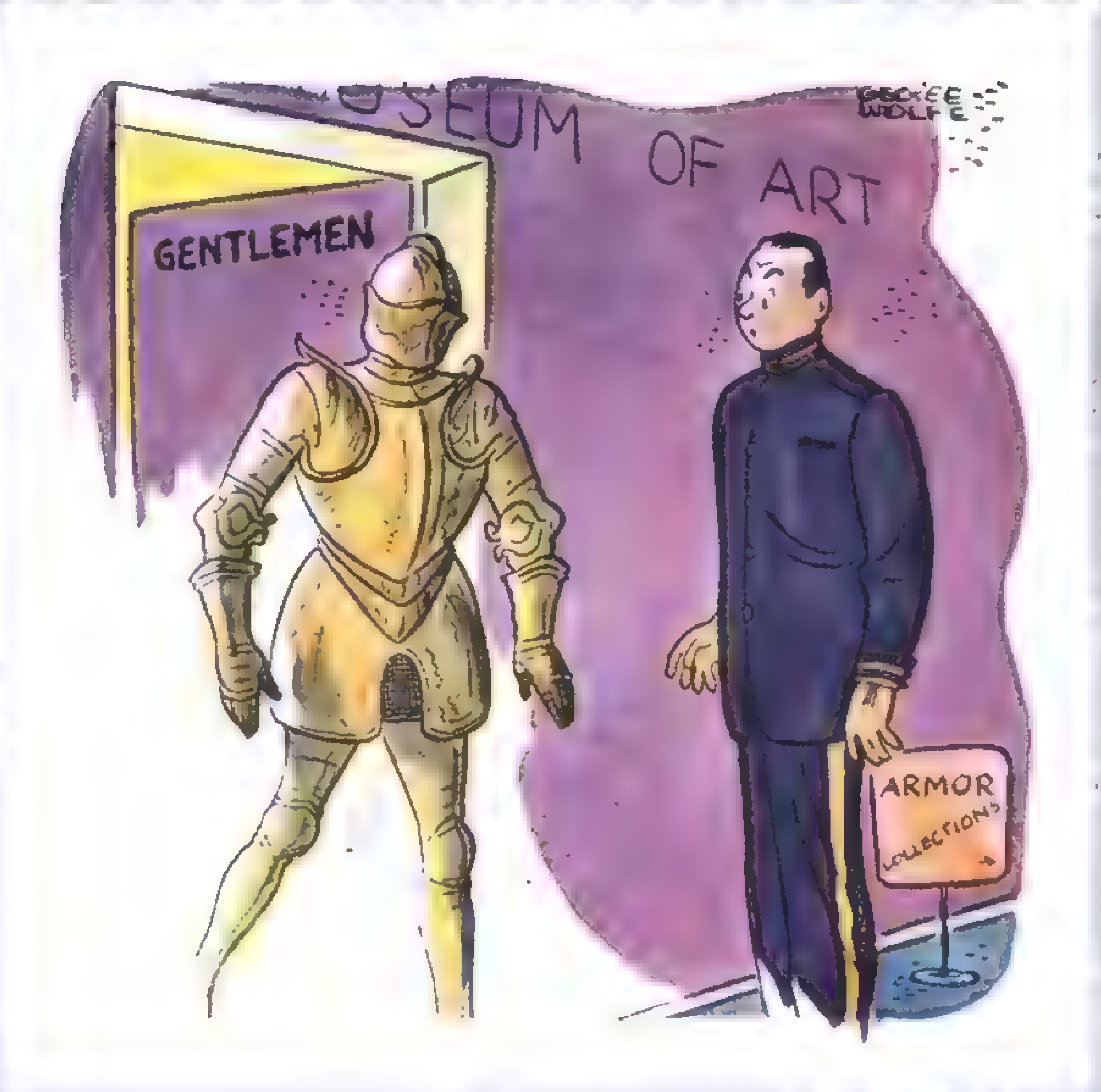
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN
A *Naturally* Golden Gin...only gin of its kind ever made in America. Smooth in a "Golden Martini"—or in tall gin drinks. The distinguished "ancient" bottle is presented in a glistening, transparent, specially designed holiday wrapping.

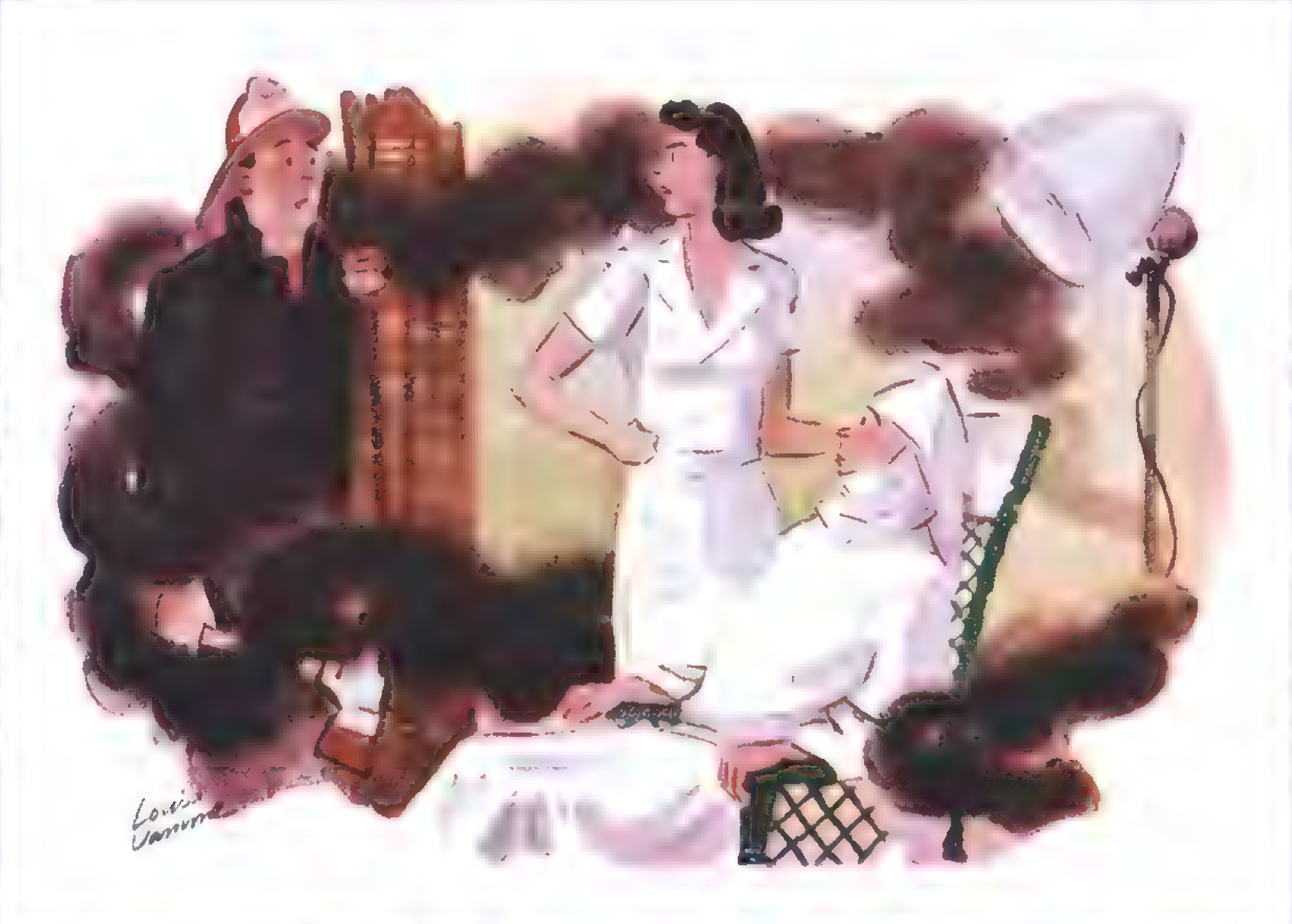
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES. 86.8 PROOF
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF

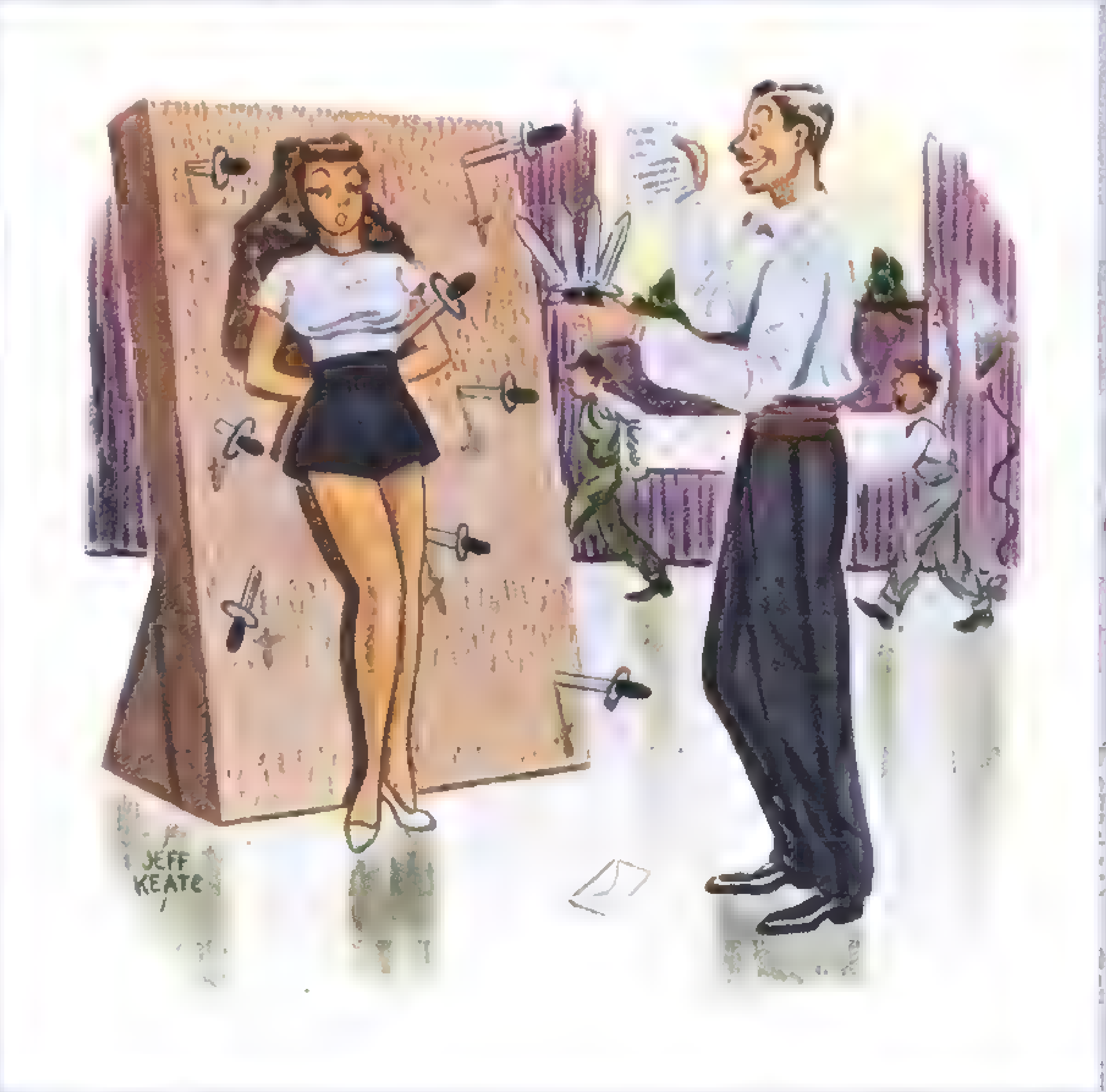

CALL
RHINELANDER
4-1624

"For 20 years I've stared at it. Who is it? What did they want? Things like that can drive you nuts!"

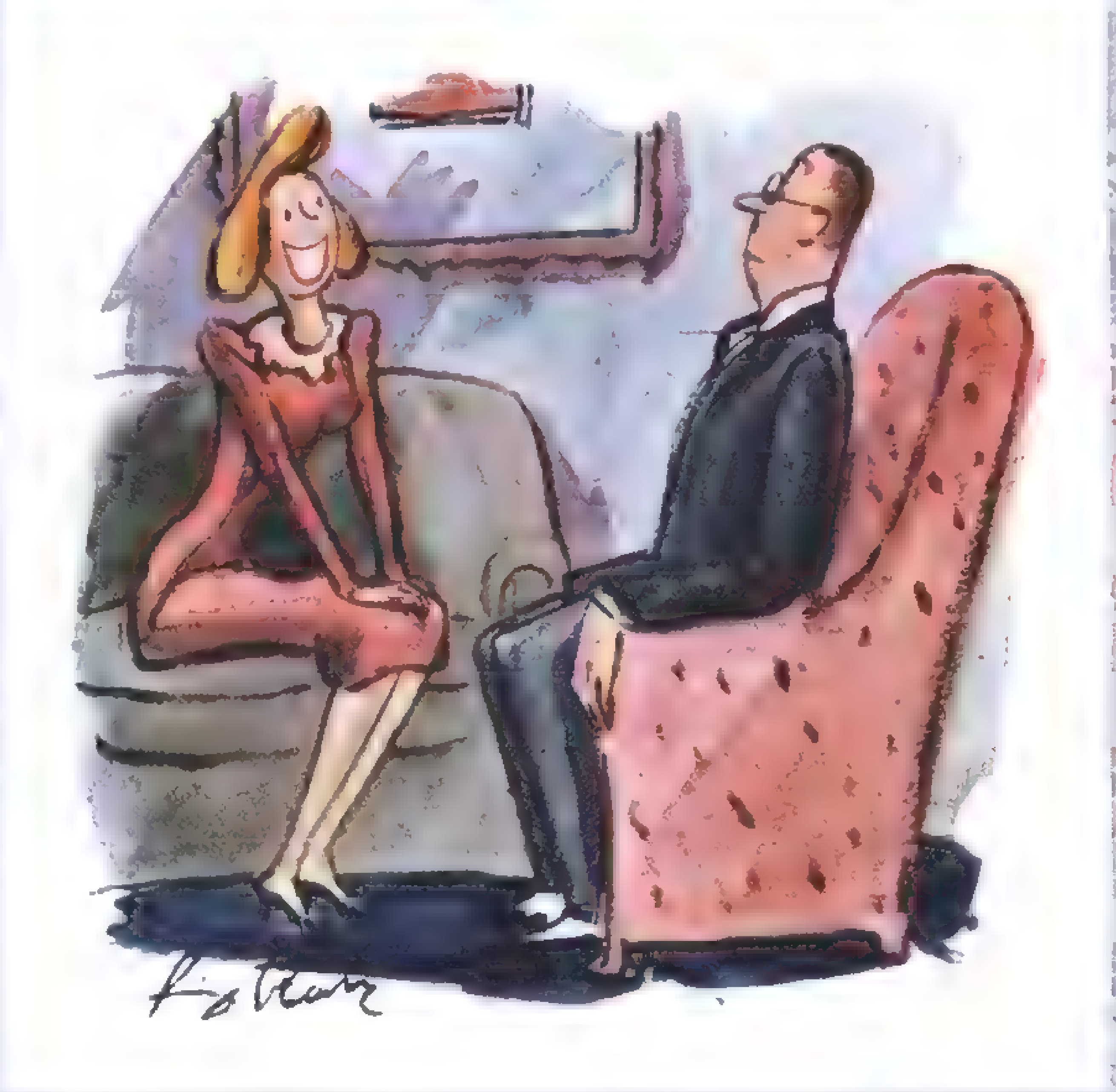

MUSEUM OF ART
GENTLEMEN
ARMOR
COLLECTIONS
GEORGE WOLFE



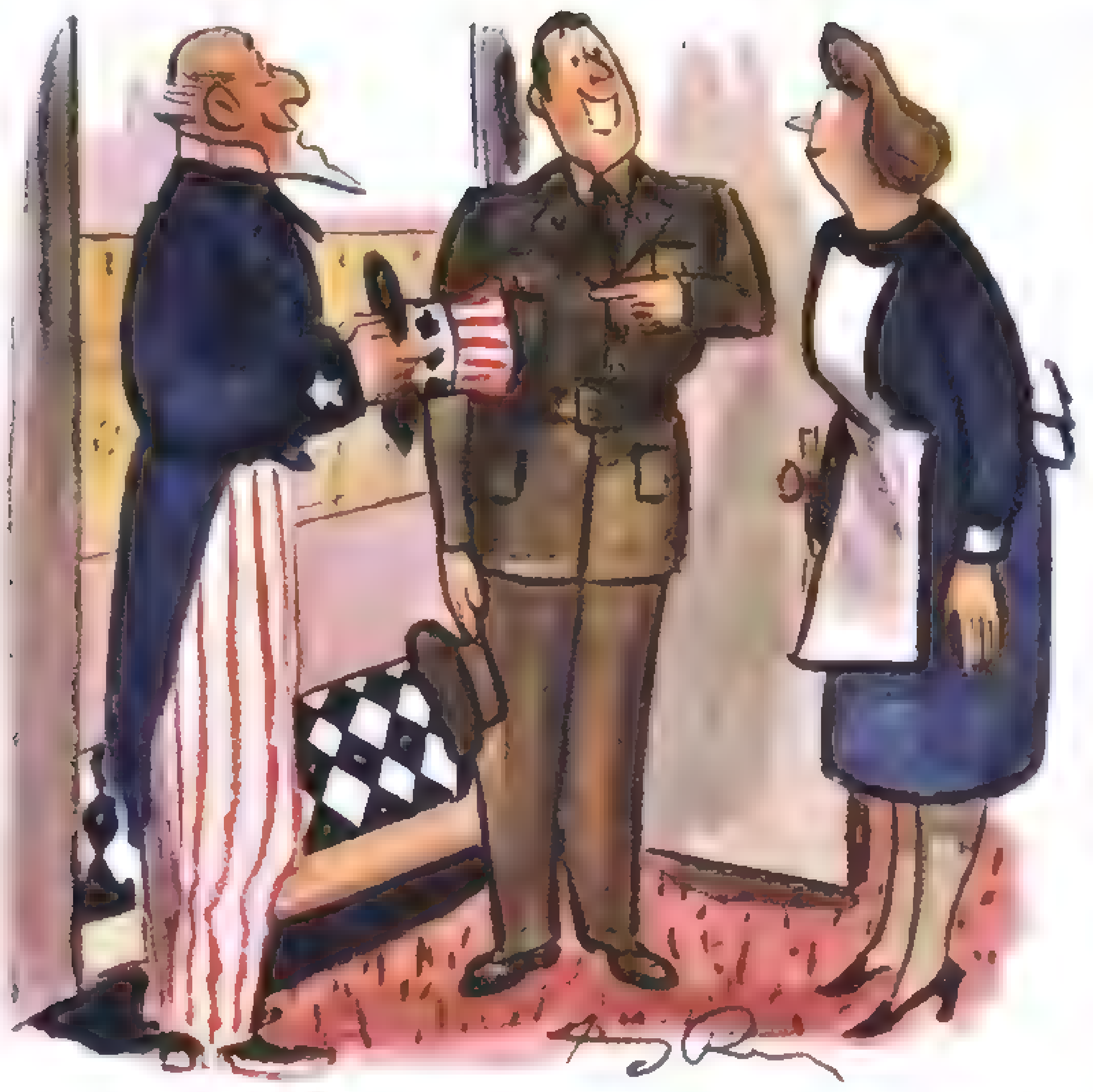
"What would happen if she went out with her pores open?"



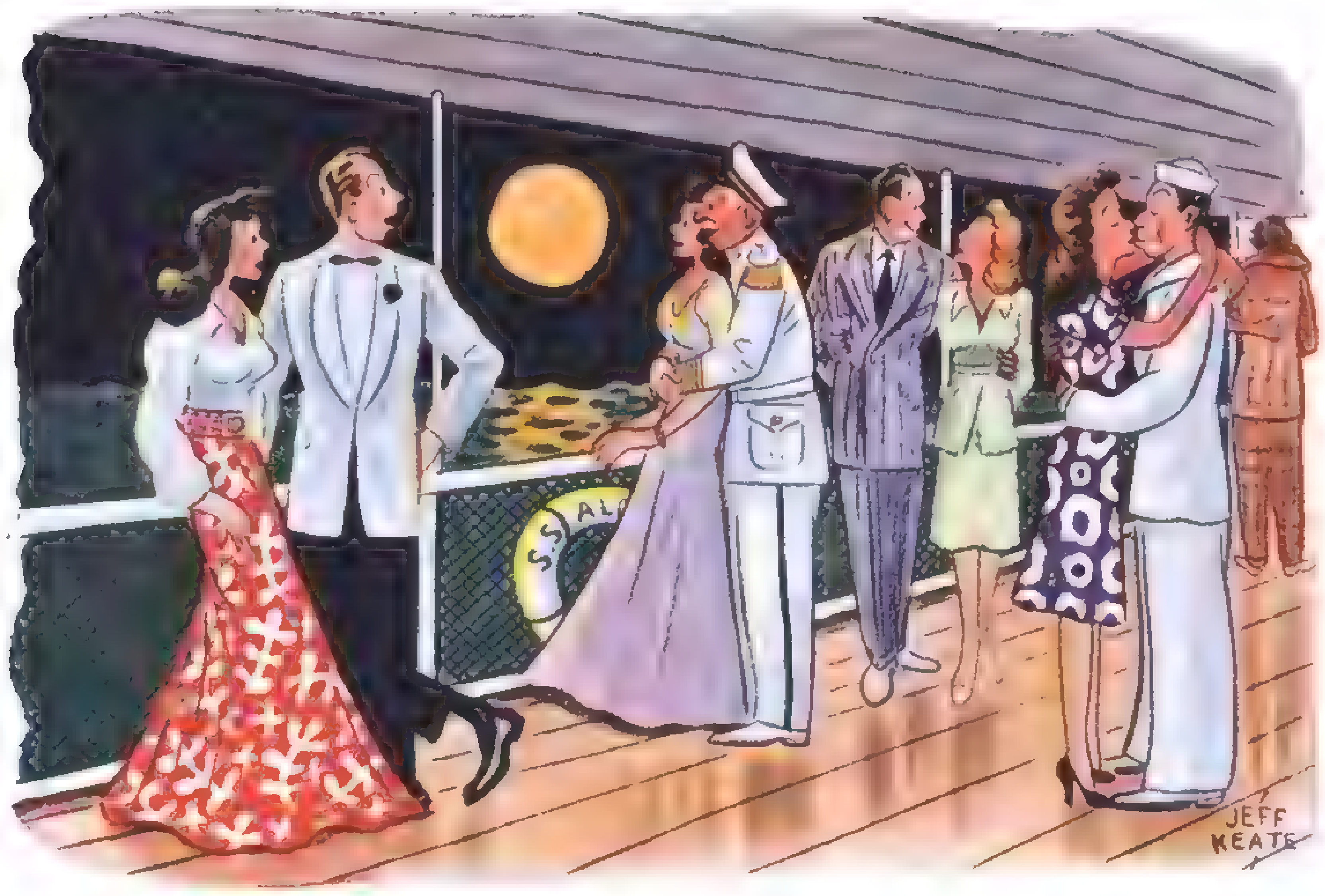
"Wow! The act won't be broken up after all, dear —the draft board rejected me because of my eyes!"



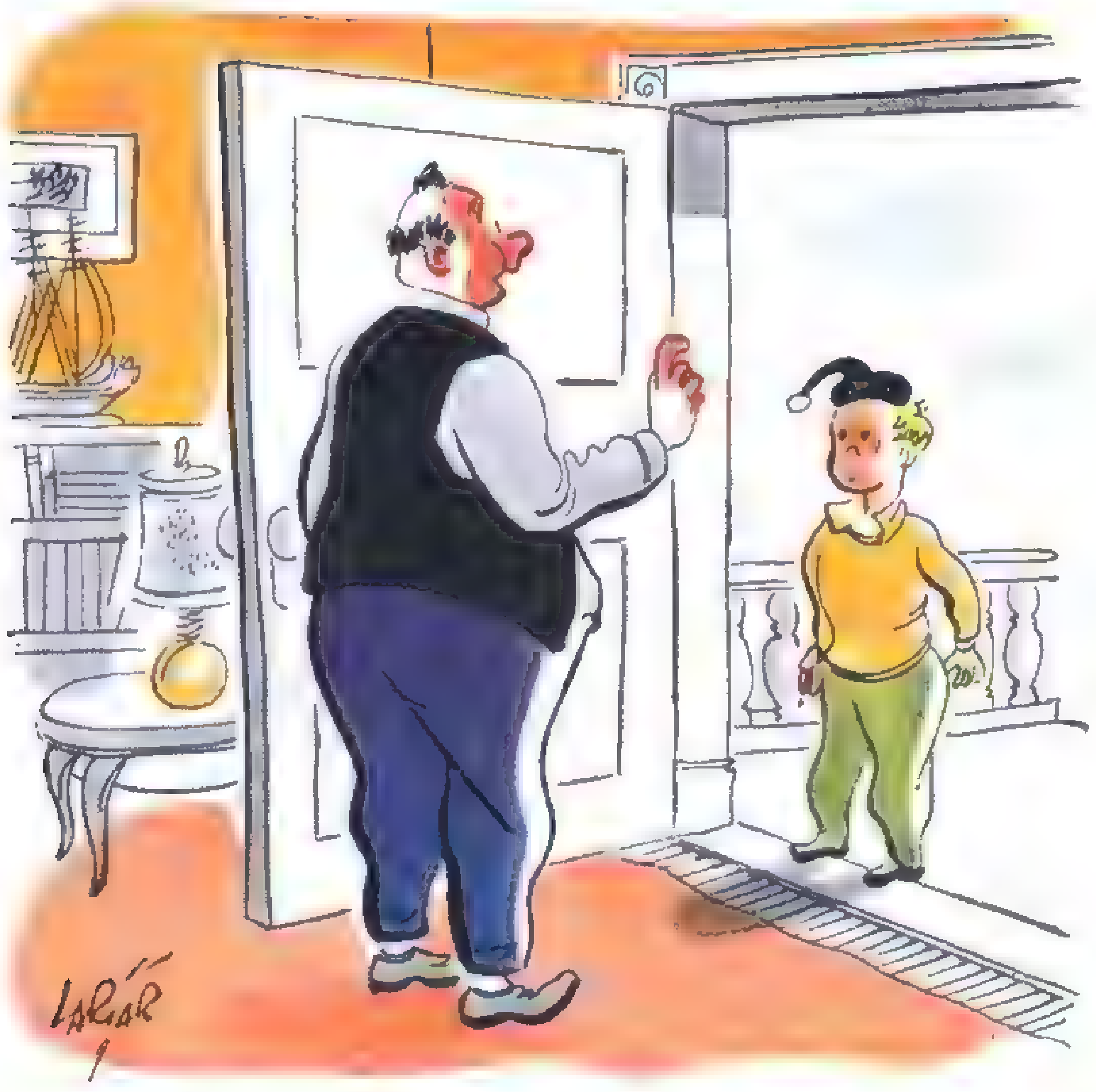
"You must tell me how you came to write a book with such a lovely red cover on it"



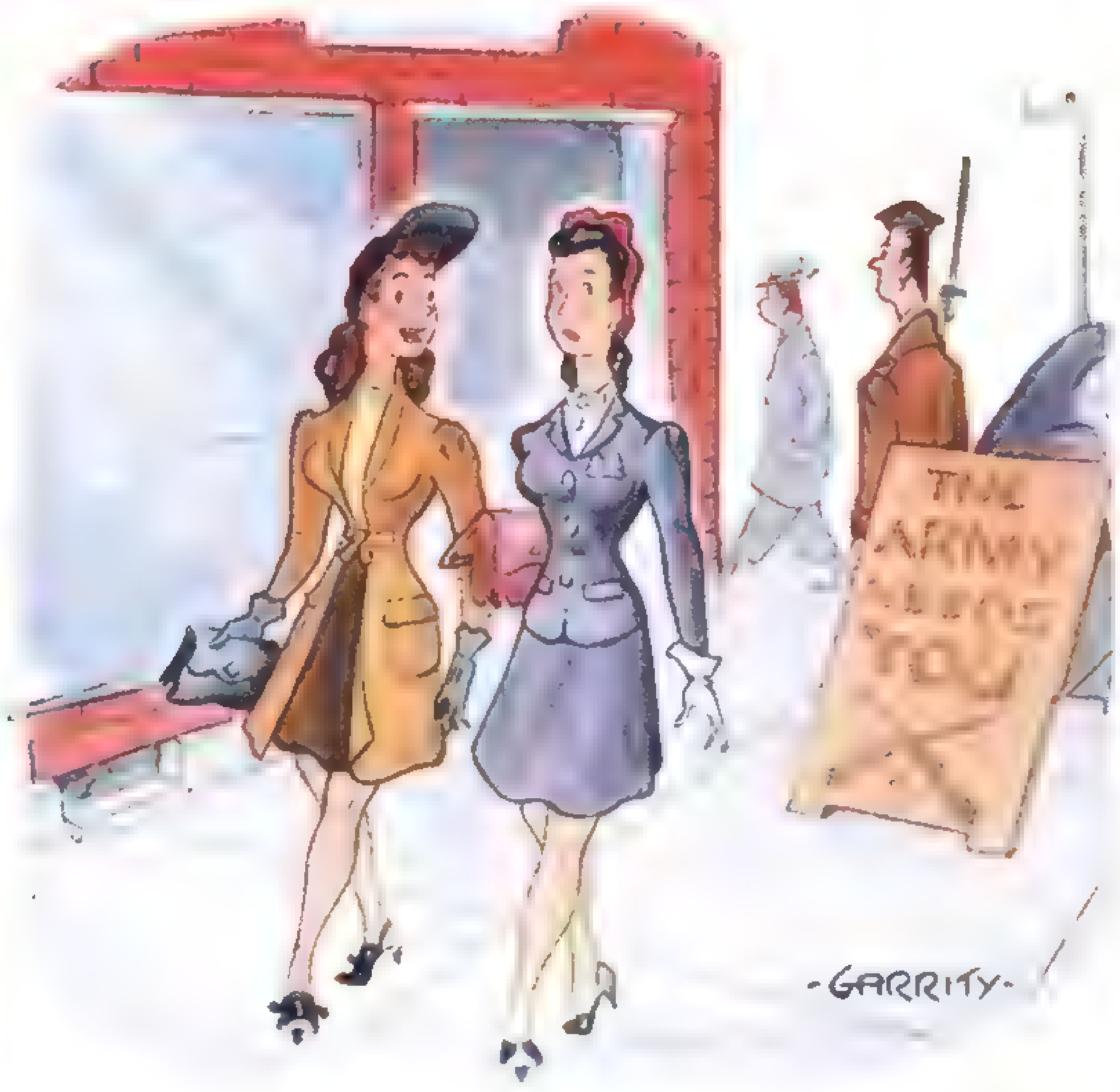
"I have a surprise, Mom! I brought my boss home for dinner!"


S.S. AL
JEFF KEATE

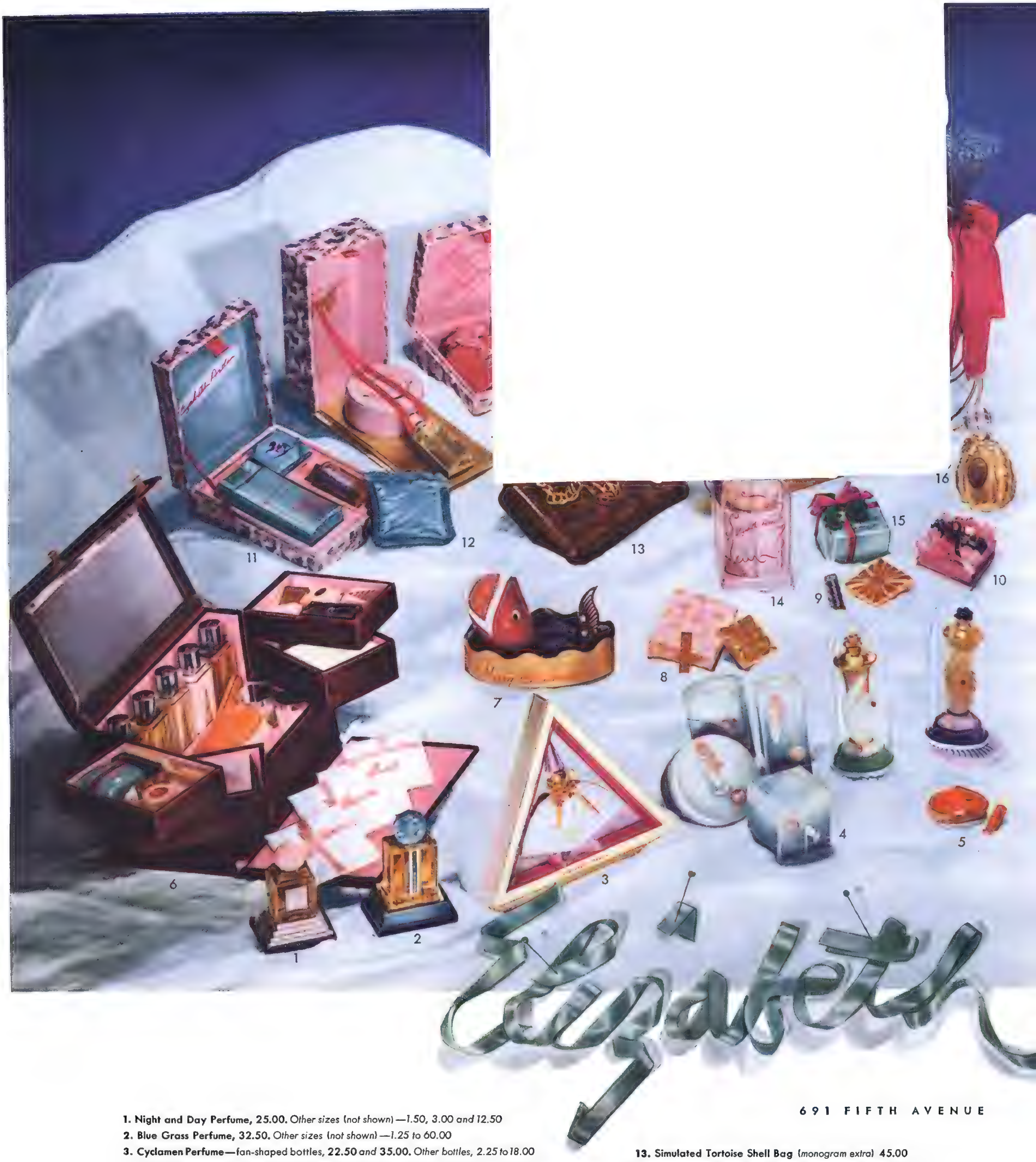
"I always thought it was just copy—advertising it as a romantic cruise!"



A corkscrew? Why, certainly, Sonny—you run home and I'll bring it to your father myself!"


THE ARMY NEEDS YOU
-GARRITY-

"I met my ideal last night—he's tall, dark, and has flat feet!"



691 FIFTH AVENUE

1. **Night and Day Perfume, 25.00.** *Other sizes (not shown)—1.50, 3.00 and 12.50*
2. **Blue Grass Perfume, 32.50.** *Other sizes (not shown)—1.25 to 60.00*
3. **Cyclamen Perfume**—*fan-shaped bottles,* **22.50** *and* **35.00.** *Other bottles, 2.25 to 18.00*
4. **It's You Sequence:** *Perfume—gilt or transparent hand bottle, 37.50—square bottles, 14.75, 24.75 and 25.75—pinch bottle with flower top (not shown), 6.50—one dram size (not shown), 2.25—Flower Mist, 1.50—Dusting Powder in flat and oval boxes, 1.50*
5. **Harlequin Compact** *(enamel and gilt),* **3.50.** *Matching Lipstick, 1.50. Set, 5.00. Also in black, gilt, purple, pink and light blue*
6. **Beauty-Travel Case**—*filled with Elizabeth Arden preparations—Brown or Black Alligator-grain Calf,* **135.00**
7. **Merry Christmas Whale** *containing June Geranium Magnum Soap,* **2.25**
8. **Leaf Compact** *(gilt),* **3.00.** *Matching Automatic Lipstick, 2.00. Set, 5.00*
9. **Sunburst Compact** *(gilt),* **5.00.** *Lucite (and gilt) Lipstick, 2.00. Set, 7.00*
10. **Carnation Perfume, 6.75.** *Other sizes (not shown)—1.50 to 20.00*
11. **Blue Grass Bath Set** *(Salts, Oil and new Soap Wafers),* **9.00**
12. **Blue Grass Satin Pillow Sachet, 2.00.** *Others (not shown)—1.25 to 5.50*

COPYRIGHT 1941, ELIZABETH ARDEN

13. **Simulated Tortoise Shell Bag** *(monogram extra)* **45.00**
14. **June Geranium Bath Set** *(Dusting Powder and Soap),* **2.25**
15. **Filmofoam—tissue-thin wafers,** *a magical substitute for handsoap to carry in purse and travel bag. Gift-wrapped packages—Three cases, 1.75. Six cases, 3.00*
16. **Blue Grass Eau de Toilette, 4.50 and 9.50**
17. **Carnation and White Orchid Bath Set** *(Flower Mist and Dusting Powder),* **2.50**
18. **June Geranium Bath Set** *(Salts, Dusting Powder, Soap),* **5.00**
19. **Blue Grass Magnum Flower Mist, 8.75.** *Gift-wrapped as illustrated in Merry Christmas Sleigh, (No. 20), 9.00*
20. **Large Merry Christmas Sleigh** *lined with 15 by 24 inch Blue Grass Sachet blanket (without other contents),* **25.00.** *Illustrated in Sleigh—Blue Grass Magnum Flower Mist (gift-wrapped), 9.00*
21. **Merry Christmas Stocking** *filled with Blue Grass Perfume (one dram),* **1.75**
22. **Christmas Cake** *filled with June Geranium Bath Soap,* **1.50**

Gifts of Beauty
32
33
34
37
38
35
39
28
29
36
30
21
22
23
24
31
25
26
27
Arden

NEW YORK

23. Clear Lucite Compact (gilt and mirrored), **5.00.** *Clear Lucite Lipstick* (and gilt), **2.00.** *Set,* **7.00**

24. Brocade Fitted Evening Bag (rayon) *with compact, lipstick and comb,* **16.50.** *Also in pastel rayon satins, black and red rayon velvet*

25. White Orchid Perfume, 8.75. *Other sizes (not shown)—1.25, 3.00 and 5.50*

26. Blue Grass Flower Mist—*gift-wrapped,* **1.50.** *Regular package (not shown), 1.25*

27. Blue Grass Satin Luxury Box (*containing Cameo and Illusion Powder, satin pillow sachets, Sunburst (gilt) compact, blue Lucite Lipstick, sachet powder and Blue Grass Perfume*), **25.00.** *Other Blue Grass Luxury Box (not shown), 12.50*

28. Blue Grass or Cyclamen Flower Mist in Peek-a-boo package, 1.75

29. Merry Christmas Sleigh *lined with 6 by 9 inch Blue Grass satin pillow sachet and carrying Blue Grass Eau de Toilette,* **12.50**

30. Plumed Rocking Horse *holding Blue Grass Flower Mist,* **3.50**

31. Blue Grass Sachet Powder, 2.00

32. Plumed Rocking Horses *holding Blue Grass or Cyclamen Flower Mist, each* **3.50**

33. Blue Grass Letter Box (*Flower Mist and Dusting Powder*), **3.25**

34. Merry Christmas Tree (*pink net trimmed with Blue Lucite Lipstick, Eye Sha-do, Cheek Rouge, Satin Sachet Pillow, one package Filmofoam, one dram of Blue Grass Perfume,* **10.00**

35. Treasure Kit—*eleven Elizabeth Arden preparations in a simulated alligator box. Royal blue, wine, rust, black, Arden pink and Blue Grass blue,* **5.00**

36. Santa Claus containing Blue Grass Dusting Powder, 2.00

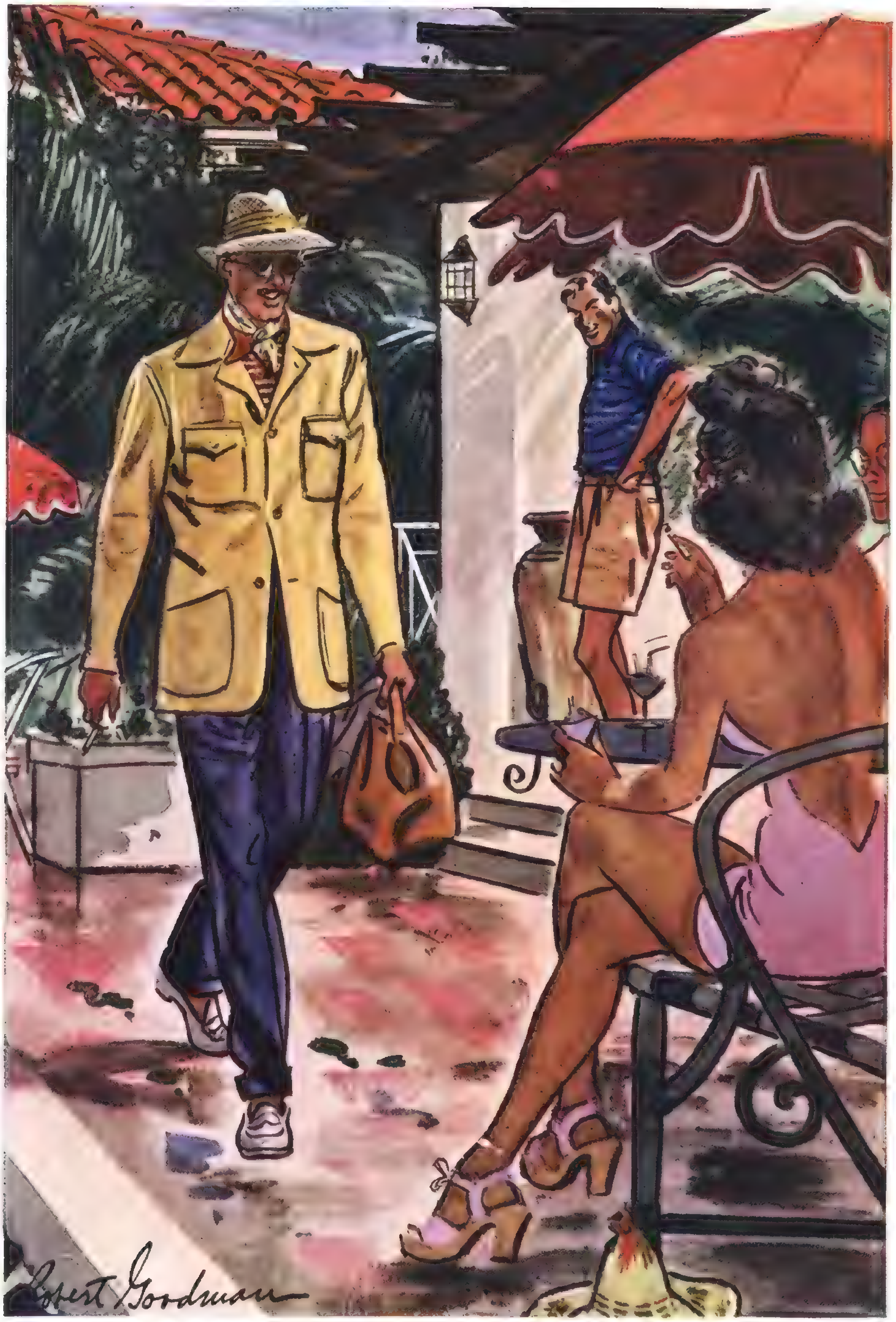
37. Double-Handle Fitted Hand Bag (*compact, lipstick and comb*) *in wine alligator calf,* **42.50.** *Also in calf and suede in black, brown and navy*

New Victory Fitted Hand Bag (*compact, lipstick and comb*) *in London Tan calf,* **48.50.** *Also in black, brown, blue, green, red and Magenta*

38. Beauty-Travel Case—*filled with Elizabeth Arden preparations—special compartment for gown and slippers. Simulated rawhide,* **15.00.** *Also in navy, wine, black, rust simulated alligator*

39. Beauty-Travel Case—*filled with Elizabeth Arden preparations—special compartment for gown and slippers—two side wings with zipper pockets. Blue Grass blue Crocodile Cowhide Grain,* **50.00.** *Also in black, wine, navy, rust, Arden pink and white*

PRICES SUBJECT TO FEDERAL AND LOCAL TAXES



resourceful resorter

Whether you're headed for Nassau, for Florida, or for California, you would do well to follow in the footsteps, or rather, the apparel, of this vacationist. His clothes contain all the ingredients of accepted fashions. The leisure jacket of gabardine is in the Sandune shade, which continues to gain in popularity. It contrasts with the knitted lisle polo shirt of red and white graduated stripes. A yellow and blue figured scarf covers his neck. His washable slacks are of the new Harbor Blue shade, a tone inspired by the colors of the water in the harbor at Nassau. They combine with jackets of various colors. His soft straw, tagged the Peanut Vender, is a native type idea for beach. Its puggree is of yellow linen. The white moccasins furnish a welcome change from the conventional dark moccasins. That's a leather duffle bag he's carrying. Observe also (if you can take your eyes off the lovely brunette): the man in tan cotton shorts with striped knitted cotton shirt, and frozen Daiquiris on the table.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Roulades and Cadenzas

Mozart is the only symphonist who is easily and completely successful, who says the right thing in the only way

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ MUSIC ▪

VIENNA. December 4, 1791. It was a melancholy Sunday night one hundred fifty years ago that a wasted, withered rachitic little man lay shuddering on his unkempt couch. The clock had struck twelve. He tried to raise his hands, he puffed out his cheeks as if to blow something. He was hearing the trumpet of the "Tuba Mirum" in his *Requiem.* But it was too late. From a tortured delirium his clouded gray eyes opened wide for the last time. Suddenly, he fell back and turned his head to the wall. The world's most gifted musician was dead.

A third-class funeral took place next day. At three in the afternoon his body was blessed; a small group of friends followed it to the city gates. The raging sleet storm was so fierce that they turned back and left the cheap board box and its content to go unaccompanied to Marxer Friedhof. There, without a note of music, forsaken by all he treasured, Mozart was buried, not even in a grave of his own but in the crowded poor-pit, the site soon lost.

This was the same man who had been the darling of Europe . . . who as a child had been fondled by the Empress Maria Theresa, picked up from the floor by the little Marie Antoinette, petted by Madame de Pompadour (of whom he said, "Who is this woman that does not kiss me? The Queen kissed me") and had been received as an "eighth-wonder" by George III of England. This was the incomparable wunderkind who at three sought out and played harmonies he liked on a clavier, at four daubed notes on music paper, and at five wrote a harmonically-sound concerto. This was the artist who wrote music as easily as other people write letters and who before he died had achieved complete and triumphant finality in the symphony, the string quartet, the sonata, and the opera. Of what he wrote, it is possible to say, "Here is ultimate perfection; and nobody, whatever his genius, can ever get a step further in these forms." His finest music has not only never been surpassed; it has never been equaled.

The fashionable world of his time could scarcely have been expected to perceive this. It doesn't know today. Princes and their modern counterparts—the art patrons of 1942—are more interested in display than quality, more responsive to sensation than mature genius. Fickle and superficial, they frequently support a brilliant novelty, a circus stunt, a flash-in-the-pan. It is small wonder that Mozart died a pauper.

A genius is, after all, a man apart: possessed by his gift rather than possessing it. And, as he is endowed and cursed with an abnormal sensibility, he inevitably isolates himself from Mr. Average Man. He measures others by his own standards and the apparent injustice of his criticisms (read Mozart on Clementi, Wagner on Brahms, Tschaikowsky on Debussy or Wagner, etc.) multiplies his enemies.

Moreover, Mozart lived in an era when composers were kicked about as servants in livery. "The two valets in attendance, the controller, the court quartermaster, the confectioners, two cooks and my littleness," he wrote his father from Vienna, "dine together. The two valets sit at the head of the table and I have the honor to be placed above the cooks." Denied copyright protection, the composer outside a court was helpless prey to pirates in the performing as well as the publishing world. Aside from the fact that he was not a good business man, Mozart's poverty is easily accounted for in terms of the general social and economic factors of his time.

II

That he was unhappy and suffered intensely from his status, from having to bicker constantly with usurers and in pawnshops, is true. But this did not materially influence his composition.

It was once believed that if a composer quarreled with his wife his next symphony would be a *Pathetique,* if his dog died he would pen a funeral march, if he had a toothache he would write a Lament, if he was drunk it would be a Drinking Song, and that if his liver were functioning normally, he would project a Hymn to Joy. Now we know that the creative imagination of a great artist functions too deep within him to be seriously affected by anything that may happen on the surface of his life.

The subconscious is of more importance to the creative artist than the conscious. And the subconscious functions by its own mysterious inner chemistry, obeys its own mysterious inner laws; the result being that if his demon feels light the man will write light music even though the bailiff be in the room below, whereas if his demon is wrestling with the problem of himself and the cosmos he will write a philosophical, and in these days doubtless a pessimistic, work even though the glad news be told him that his wife has left him.

We are not astonished then that Mozart in a summer when he was ill, when he was falling deeper and deeper into debt and his letters reveal his misery and despair, should have been able to give his genius the free flight it has taken in the *E Flat* symphony and the *Jupiter.* There is no need to assume that in June when he was writing the *E Flat,* life looked bright and smiling to him; that it suddenly became so much darker and drearier in July that he had to write the *G Minor;* while in August the clouds had cleared away again and, feeling less worried about his wife,

Continued on page 129

"Professor Krausmeyer said I was in the groove today"

Rose Bowl-Gold Bowl

Continued from page 48

New Year's Day football games and began this Bowl business, which has developed into the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans, the Orange Bowl at Miami, the Cotton Bowl at Dallas, the Sun Bowl at El Paso and the Pineapple, or Poi Bowl in Honolulu. It can even be remotely blamed for that standard joke of the defeated coach: "Well, we made the Toilet Bowl last season."

No one can tell you who the person was who first suggested a New Year's Day festival. The natives got to thinking about it back in the 1880's. This is such a pretty place, with practically everybody living in the middle of a garden, why don't we give a flower festival? And why not have it on New Year's Day, just to remind ourselves how comfortable we are in the middle of so-called winter? That's how it started.

And now look at it. The parade attracts more than a million outsiders to Pasadena on New Year's Day, and the game, which finances the parade, overshadows what used to be the main event as a national feature attraction. Universities are never too rich and the gate receipts help them to build up their own athletic plants. Alabama built its stadium largely through Rose Bowl funds; Tulane was also helped along by Pasadena proceeds. Tulane's stadium, enlarged in the last few years, is now known as the Sugar Bowl, principal rival of the Rose Bowl.

Under the Rose Bowl financial plan recently agreed upon by the Pacific Coast Conference and the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Association, all ten of the conference universities share in the profits of the western representative. Last year, Southern California, California, U.C.L.A., Washington, Washington State, Oregon, Oregon State, Montana and Idaho each received $7,433.64 for *not* playing in the Rose Bowl.

The rules for the host are made by the Pacific Coast Conference and by the time said host gets through living up to the regulations he has given away far more than he keeps.

When the latest Rose Bowl rivals meet this year, the new Rose Bowl financial plan will be in effect for its second game. Officials of the conference believe that this is the best plan that's been worked out for any game of this type.

As a starting point, let us surmise that the gross income at the Bowl this year will be $340,000. According to the contract between the Tournament of Roses and the Pacific Coast Conference, the western team may take about $20,000 from that sum for game expenses, such as printing and selling tickets, salaries for gatemen, ushers, guards, publicity, travel, etc.

The balance, $320,000, is figured as the net and the Tournament of Roses first takes its share, which is 33⅓ per cent of the first $100,000, 25 per cent of the next $50,000 and 15 per cent of all receipts over $150,000. About 23 or 24 per cent of the net receipts, this amounts to around $71,000.

The reason the Tournament gets a third of the first hundred grand is that this $33,000 underwrites the big parade.

After the Tournament takes its share, the balance is divided with 40 per cent—approximately $100,000—going to the visiting team and 60 per cent—about $149,000 going to the Pacific Coast Conference.

Now the conference starts whacking up that 149,000 fish. Twenty-five grand are peeled off first to pay the salary and office expenses of Commissioner Edward N. Atherton. It was an ironical note last year that after Mr. Atherton drew his salary from the Stanford game receipts, he proceeded to give the Stanfords the worst pasting of any institution in the league in his clean-up on proselyting. Eight Stanford athletes were declared ineligible for further competition if they remained on the farm and thirteen Texas and Oklahoma high school stars were told that if they ever enrolled at Palo Alto they would never be permitted to compete there in athletics.

After Mr. Atherton's office is taken care of, the host team gets 40 per cent and the conference splits the remaining 60 per cent ten ways among the member schools. The host team thus gets about $50,000 and each member drags down about $7,500 each. As the host also shares in the ten-way split, his cut of the $320,000 net from the game is about $57,500, just a little over half of what he has presented to the team he invited.

What is the reason for the conference's bite into the home team proceeds? A most worthy one, if you ask the gentlemen who put it over. It is to remove any urge that any school may have to make a grand rush for the game just for its golden gate. It is also to help out some of the schools of the Pacific Coast Conference that have never made the Rose Bowl grade. Montana and Idaho, smallest institutions in the league, appear to have little chance of ever winning the trip to the beautiful Arroyo Seco, while U.C.L.A. and Oregon State, although ranking among the larger institutions, just haven't been good enough yet.

There is no doubt but what the share-the-wealth plan of the Pacific Coast Conference removes any taint that may be attached to the game on the basis of commercialization. Had Stanford wanted to make any real money at the end of its startling unbeaten 1940 season, it could have scheduled Nebraska or some other good middlewestern or eastern team for a post season game in its own backyard in Palo Alto. The Indians could easily have picked up 100,000 smackers in such a game instead of going down to the Rose Bowl and playing in another fellow's park for $56,991.22.

When Southern California was winning conference championships, it also could have made more money playing post season games at home in the Los Angeles Coliseum, which holds 102,000 people against the Rose Bowl's 89,000, but the Trojans chose to stick with Pasadena. The conference and Bowl are bosom pals now and no conference member would think of turning down a Bowl bid or competing with Pasadena's big show at the nearby Los Angeles Coliseum. The conference assures the Rose Tournament folk that it will send its champion to their big game. In return the Tournament people get enough money to pay for their big festival as well as about $20,000 additional to pay on the stadium debt.

Of course, what happens at the other end is another matter. There really is a pot of gold at the foot of the western rainbow for the eastern, southern or middlewestern team that gets a bid, and this has frequently caused trouble.

Sometimes one-horse schools send wires and influential friends to tell the westerners how their team earned the bid by its convincing win over Sub Normal or Indignant State. Always, the high pressure stuff for a bid to the game results in failure, even if the team so pressured would be obviously a worthy choice.

An example of how a school can be the victim of over-selling and high pressure occurred three years ago in the case of Texas Christian. The Horned Frogs had had a great season and when Southern California finished with the Pacific Coast Conference championship and was the western choice for the Rose Bowl, newspaper writers began to surmise that a natural would be a Pasadena game between T.C.U. and U.S.C.

Unfortunately for the Fort Worth boys a prominent Texas publisher took up their cause and made it his personal crusade. Every prominent friend and every prominent friend of a friend was set to sending telegrams to the Trojan president, athletic board, athletic director and coach. Mr. Hearst's papers were ordered to turn on the heat.

Other strings were pulled and even the Hearst rivals took up the same cause. Prominent Southern California alumni found themselves roped into the ballyhoo for T.C.U. by pressure put on through business or political connections.

When the Trojan athletic board met to consider an opponent, the resentment against the high pressure was so great that T.C.U. didn't get a vote.

Wise athletic departments now know that the one sure way not to get it is to try to get it.

While the Conference and the Rose Bowl now see eye to eye in most matters, it hasn't always been this way. Nor has the game always been such a huge box office success. But let's briefly review how it all started.

Pasadena's most exclusive social organization today is the Valley Hunt Club. It was founded on November 3, 1888, by Dr. Charles Frederick Holder and among its purposes as set forth in its constitution were "the hunting of jack rabbits, foxes and wild game with horse and hound and engaging in horseback riding."

The twelve men and thirteen ladies who comprised the club soon got off on such a tangent that the jack rabbits found themselves safe for a while. Dr. Holder had read an editorial in the *Pasadena Star* to the effect that the town ought to have some kind of a flower festival. The Valley Hunt founder and a fellow member, Dr. Francis F. Rowland, started the club working on a floral pageant.

It was proposed that a civic event be modeled after the "Battle of Roses" at Rome, Italy, and the flower festival at Nice, France. At first their New Year's Day project was called the "Battle of Flowers" but this was soon changed to the "Tournament of Roses." Their premier celebration was staged on January 1, 1890.

The principal athletic events were bronco, burro, bicycle and horse races, but as a small part of the entertainment there was a short football game. The competitors were the newly organized University of Southern California team and a squad made up from two local outfits. There was little organization and no worry about such small matters as training, practice or keeping score.

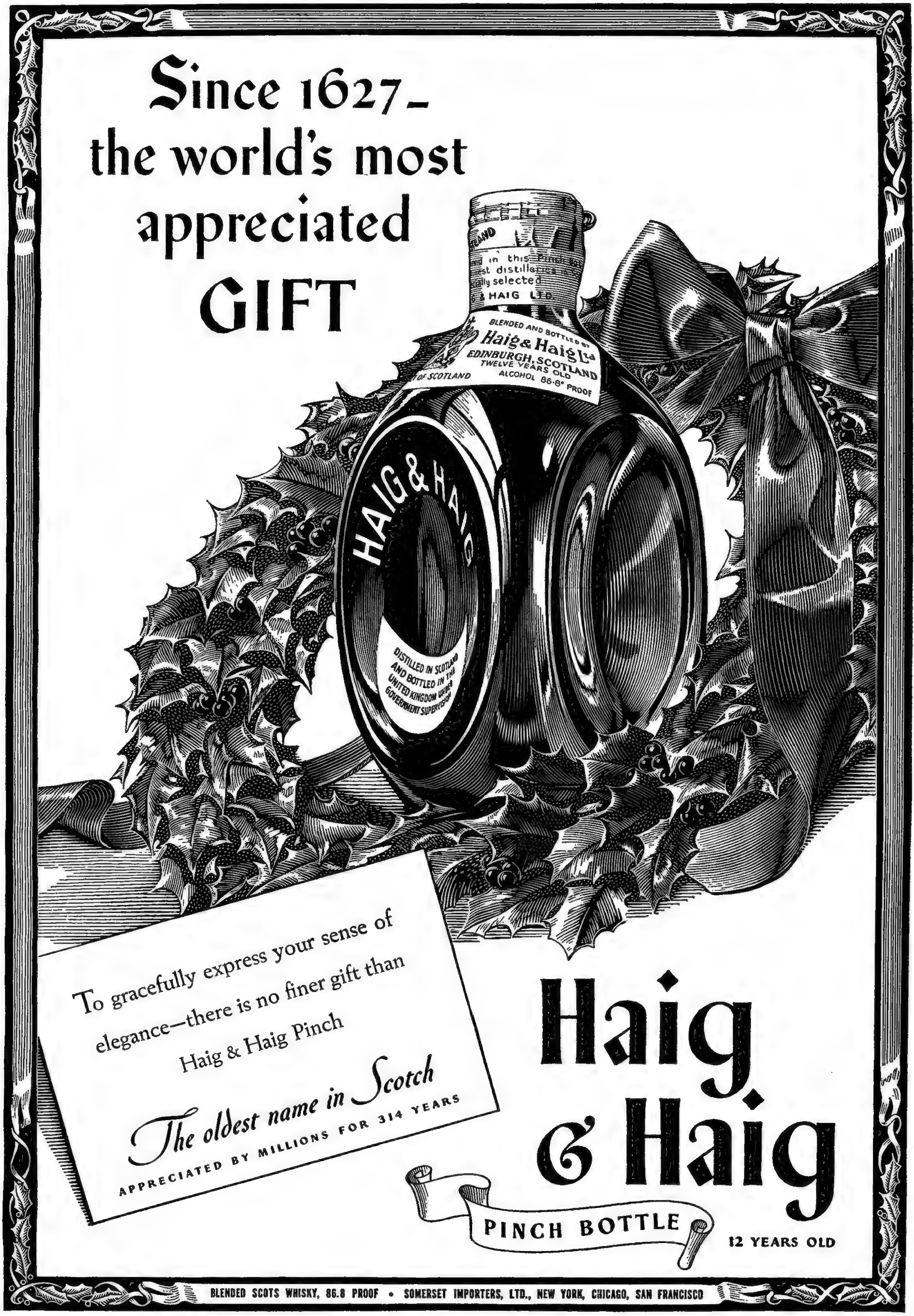
On the next New Year's Day, Pasadena had its first Tournament of Roses Parade and moved the afternoon of sports up to the picnic grounds at Devil's Gate Dam, which is about two miles north of the present Rose Bowl in Arroyo Seco. The pageant grew rapidly and the next New Year, 1892, the parade ended at Tournament Park, now across from the California Institute of Technology.

In 1894, the parade started to go fancy. Besides dressed up horses and buggies it featured decorated floats. So many people turned out from surrounding towns to see the parade that enterprising natives sold seats along the line of march at a dollar a throw.

By 1895 the parade was getting to be such a big event that it was almost too much for the Valley Hunt Club to handle and it was the last one staged under this organization's direction. For the next two years, the Pasadena Board of Trade took over the show and then in 1898 the Tournament of Roses Association was formed to run it.

Five decorated autos joined the line of march in 1901, but they were kept well behind the horses so as not to scare them. Also they required help frequently from the kind-hearted spectators as expiring motors and flat tires were

Continued on page 126


BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Haig & Haig Ltd
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
ALCOHOL 86.8° PROOF
HAIG & HAIG
DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Since 1627–
the world's most
appreciated
GIFT

To gracefully express your sense of elegance—there is no finer gift than Haig & Haig Pinch

The oldest name in Scotch

APPRECIATED BY MILLIONS FOR 314 YEARS

Haig & Haig

PINCH BOTTLE

12 YEARS OLD

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

For your most cherished friends this Christmas

A RECORD OF YOUR REMEMBRANCE

A VICTOR RECORD KEEPS ON GIVING, bringing to the home to which you give it the ageless delight of good music. There are Victor Records for every taste . . . for every *age!* Here are a few of over 6,000 selections which may be found in the Victor Record Catalog. They're also on many a Christmas list.

★ ★ ★

Silent Night, Holy Night—Adeste Fideles. Helen Traubel. No. 2186 75

Oh Little Town of Bethlehem—Eternal Father, Strong to Save. Richard Crooks. No. 2182 75

Trees—Home on the Range. John Charles Thomas. No. 1525 75

Hora Staccato—Holzapfel und Schlehwein. Jascha Heifetz. No. 1864 75

The Donkey Serenade—Giannina Mia. Allan Jones. No. 4380 75

Poet and Peasant Overture—Parts 1 and 2. Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. No. 11986 . . . . . 1.00

Moonlight Sonata—Minuet in G Major. Ignace Jan Paderewski. No. 16250 1.00

Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor (*Tschaikowsky*). Horowitz — NBC Orchestra, cond. by Arturo Toscanini. M-800 4.50

Great Songs of Faith. Marian Anderson —Victor Symphony Orchestra cond. by Charles O'Connell. M-850 . . . 3.50

A Christmas Carol (*Dickens*). G-29 3.50

Carols for Christmas Eve. Victor Chapel Choir, dir. by Coté. P-96 . . . . 2.50

Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (*Beethoven*). Arturo Toscanini—NBC Symphony Orchestra. M-640 . . . . 4.50

Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (*Tschaikowsky*). Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. M-828 5.50

Smilin' Through Album. Jeanette MacDonald, Soprano, with Victor Concert Orchestra. M-847 . . . . 3.50

Victor Herbert Melodies. Nathaniel Shilkret and the Victor Salon Orchestra. C-33 . . . . 5.50

Visit your Victor Record dealer now and order these favorite gift records—or choose from thousands listed in the Victor Record Catalog, the special Christmas edition of the Victor Musical Masterpieces Catalog, and the Victor and Bluebird Popular Record Catalog. *All list prices shown are exclusive of excise tax.*

★ ★ ★

A Classic for the Family
DICKENS'
"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"

A dramatic production, on Victor Records, with cast and musical background, narrated by Ernest Chappell. A new Victor Record masterpiece—just in time for the holiday season! Beautifully packaged in a colorful album—a perfect gift!

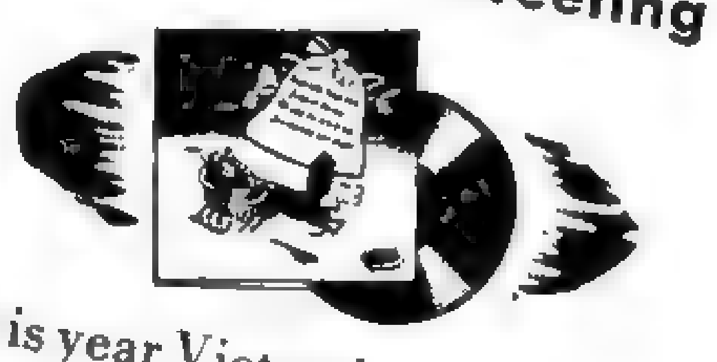
Album No. G-29

Ideal gifts for children. Ask about the Christmas list of Victor and Bluebird Records children love.

★ ★ ★

To hear Victor Records at their best, play them on the new RCA Victrola

The Special "MusiCard" Greeting



This year Victor dealers have a special treat for their customers—a beautiful one-record "album"—in 5 gay versions—and providing space for your written wishes. The supply of Victor Record "MusiCards" is limited, so hurry while they last.

The World's Greatest Artists are on
VICTOR RECORDS
A Service of the Radio Corporation of America

Rose Bowl—Gold Bowl

Continued from pages 48-124

often the lot of intrepid motorists. But they chugged on and the *Pasadena Star* of that day recorded with considerable awe that all five of the motor buggies finished.

From 1895 to 1902 there were no games after the parade and little entertainment. In 1902, however, it was thought that a football game between two universities would be a profitable attraction. Michigan, aided by credit from a kind-hearted railroad company that could use the advertising, came West and played Stanford. Coach Fielding Yost's Wolverines were much too good and won, 49-0. As an example of their serious preparations for the bloody battle, before the contest the teams rode in the parade in two large tally-ho carriages, waving at the crowd along the line.

The game was a flopperoo financially as well as competitively and the Tournament of Roses decided that it didn't want any more of that stuff for a long while. In 1904 Mr. D. C. Daggett came up with the idea of staging chariot races. Roman chariots were designed from the drawings on vases and the drivers were dressed in the short skirt style of Ben Hur.

The chariot events had the thrill of a race with a dash of danger and they proved popular for several years. In the 1905 races, Mr. E. T. Off, a local favorite, got into difficulties when the four horses drawing his chariot ran away. Suddenly they became entangled and stopped with such a jerk that they threw Mr. Off and his chariot clear over the horses. At first it was feared that the popular rider had been killed but later he appeared at his box amid the plaudits of the throng. By 1909 the chariot races were such hot stuff that the Tournament was awarding $1,000 prizes, but gradually the interest died down.

College football was just swinging into its boom days during the early days of World War I and the Tournament of Roses Association in 1916 decided to take another chance on staging a New Year's Day game. Washington State College and Brown University were invited as the participants, but a drizzling rain marred the day and the Association went $11,000 in the red.

The Tournament was willing to gamble once more and in 1917 it invited Oregon and Pennsylvania to play. This time a crowd of 18,000 came out to see "Shy" Huntington and his Webfoots down the easterners 14-0.

George Creel, U. S. publicity expert, is given the credit for keeping the Tournament of Roses game alive during the war years. With the co-operation of the publicity boss, the Marines from Mare Island met the Camp Lewis team from Washington in 1918 and then faced the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in '19, winning the first game 19-7 and losing the second 17-0.

In 1920 the Tournament of Roses pulled its prize coup when it got sedate John Harvard to break his tradition against post season games and come to the Coast for the New Year's battle.

However, Pasadena was told by Graduate Manager Moore after the game that while Jawn enjoyed the festivities, especially its 7-6 victory over Oregon, he'd never come back. Soon after this the "Big Three," which included Yale and Princeton, agreed never to go for post season games. It seems the Harvard-Oregon game drew a big gate for the Tournament, a shortage of seats for fans and the use in sports pages of the horrid phrase "commercialized sports."

The Big Ten, too, was a little wary of it but grudgingly allowed Ohio State to go out West in 1921. The Buckeyes arrived two weeks ahead of the game, went stale and played listlessly, while California's Brick Muller and Pesky Sprott were hot as firecrackers and won by a 28-0 count. That finished the Big Ten and Pasadena.

Up until this time colleges considered it such an honor to go to the New Year's Day game and play for liberal expenses that it seemed only necessary for the Pasadena people to raise a little finger to get whatever teams it desired. For the 1922 contest, however, times began to change. California again had a "Wonder Team" and was signed to represent the West. The Tournament of Roses invited Washington and Jefferson to represent the East. Unfortunately some of the California people said for publication that they didn't like the choice.

But the kayo to the California popularity came when, although a contract was already signed, Leslie B. Henry as business manager of the Bears demanded 50,000 bucks for the Berkeleyites or they would not play.

Since the Californians had the upper hand, the Tournament gave in and promised the fifty thousand. After the game when it was revealed that W. & J. was making the trip only for expenses, a publicity campaign was put on to do something also for the Presidents and they got a $35,000 chunk. The visitors from the East had made the Golden Bears look bad in a scoreless tie in the mud and it was several years before the people from Berkeley and Pasadena began to get along again.

After the beating they took on the Cal.-W. & J. game, the Tournament officials were anxious to get off the spot in the selection of teams. Accordingly, they asked the Pacific Coast Conference to name the western squad, after which this team could select its own cross-country opponent. This system was given a trial the following year, 1923, when Southern California was chosen by the conference to represent the West. The Trojans invited Penn State and gave the visitors a 14-2 beating.

Since the S.C.-Penn State fracas was the premier New Year's Day contest on the Arroyo Seco field, it was the first affair to be officially called a Rose Bowl game.

The "bowl" was really a wooden horseshoe, seating 57,000 persons and built at a cost of $250,000. A few years later the open end of the horseshoe was filled in with concrete construction, adding 19,000 more seats. Welcome facilities for human comfort were also provided, with another $200,000 being chunked into the project. The old wooden horseshoe section was done over in concrete in 1932 for $350,000. Improvements in 1936 for $200,000 in landscaping and paving brought the Bowl to its present complete state.

Altogether approximately a million dollars has been spent on the project. From time to time the Tournament Association has borrowed from the city of Pasadena, being at one point $300,000 in the crimson, but it is in such good financial shape now that two more years of games will probably pay off the present $40,000 balance.

Washington and the Naval Academy were selected as the opponents for the 1924 game. The gate split for some time had been 30-30-40, with Pasadena getting the 40 but also most of the expense. Now the Navy manager proposed that the participating institutions take their share of tickets in advance and sell 'em. This looked like smart stuff for the Middies, what with the fleet to peddle ducats to. But the admiral and the manager of the team got to feuding and then the whole blooming fleet up and went to sea just before the game. The Academy was sunk with nearly all hands full of pasteboards. Navy went home with a 14-14 tie and no great yen to return.

After this game, financial affairs settled down to fairly smooth sailing and the 30-30-40 split was continued until 1929. In the 1925 game, Fullback Ernie Nevers of Stanford couldn't remember not to throw a certain flank pass that Elmer Layden of Notre Dame kept intercepting for touchdowns. The Irish won 27-10. In 1926, George Wilson was a one-man gang for Washington, but the Alabamans put him out of the game in the third period and that was long enough for them to run up three touchdowns and win 20-19. Halfback Johnny Mack Brown, who got a movie test and entered a long picture career as the result of his Rose Bowl fame, and Fullback Pooley Hubert were the Bama heroes. The Stanford-Alabama 7-7 tie in 1927 was probably the dullest game in the long New Year's Day series and hurt the attendance at the '28 contest in which the Palo Altoans returned to defeat Pittsburgh, 7-6.

California was invited to represent the West in the 1929 game and from the Bears came a healthy kick about the 30-30-40 split. They wanted a three-way equal division and the man they plagued the most about it was the same Leslie B. Henry who as California business manager a few years back had led the $50,000-or-we-won't-play cry just before the 1922 game. It seems that things looked different this time to Mr. Henry as he was now representing the Tournament of Roses football committee.

The Bears got their way about the split but they lost a one-pointer to Georgia Tech, 8-7, on Roy Riegels' famous run to the wrong goal line after recovering a fumble. Next year one of the late Coach Howard Jones's powerhouse Southern California teams was invited to the Bowl and walloped Pittsburgh 47-14.

Alabama trimmed Washington State 24-0 in 1931 and Southern California defeated Tulane 21-12 in 1932 and Pittsburgh 35-0 in 1933. In 1934 Stanford's "Vow Boys," playing their first of three straight games in the Bowl, were dunked 7-0 on a wet field by Columbia. Then came a new arrangement, or rather a renewal of the old system of 1923, when the Pacific Coast Conference agreed to take over the responsibility of naming the western team.

Alabama's Howell-to-Hutson passes were far too much for Stanford in the 1935 game and the Southerners won 29-13. The "Vow Boys" finally got in the victory column in '36 at the expense of Southern Methodist 7-0. Then came Pittsburgh's first Rose Bowl victory in '37, 21-0 over Washington, and California's 13-0 defeat of Alabama in '38. Doyle Nave's last minute movie thriller passes to Al Krueger brought Southern California a 7-3 victory over Duke in '39 and the Trojans rolled over Tennessee 14-0 in '40. Frankie Albert's passing and Pete Kmetovic's speed were more than Nebraska could handle last year and Stanford defeated the Cornhuskers 21-13.

Although the history of the New Year's Day game records that it started with the Pasadena group taking most of the proceeds and has now reached the point where the Association gets the smallest share, there is no resentment among the Pasadena people on this point. They are not after any great profits. The idea is what it always has been—to finance the big parade and to provide a stadium available for many purposes to the city of Pasadena.

Since the very start of the Tournament of Roses organization, it has operated for the least possible expense, with leading citizens considering an Association job with lots of work and responsibility and no pay the highest honor their fellow townsmen can give them. Bill Dunkerly, executive secretary-manager of the Tournament of Roses, draws his salary from the Chamber of Commerce, also as secretary-manager.

Bill has only one boast. It's that the Rose Bowl and the Tournament of Roses festival which has brought world fame to Pasadena has not cost taxpayers a cent. ###

WENT STEPPING LAST NIGHT

BRISK AS A BREEZE TODAY!

HOW DOES SHE DO IT?

Last night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with Sparkling White Rock.

Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain, Sparkling White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve the flavor of your highball.

ALWAYS MIX WITH

A Thoughtful Christmas Gift "Home Pack" Carton of 12 bottles of White Rock—or of Q-9, Ginger Ale or Sarsaparilla. At food, drug and department stores.

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

Other White Rock Products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 114

instruments. Since music in China is ordinarily learned by rote, it is simple for the blind to become adept musicians.

Professional musicians there are not looked upon as celebrities. Picturesque, but improvident vagabonds, they are China's closest equivalent to gypsies. When a funeral or wedding comes off, they are in great demand to accompany white-coated professional mourners, or play festive tunes beside the red bedecked sedan-chair of bride and groom.

We should accustom our ears to man's earliest scale, and enjoy the riches of an ancient, serene civilization. A small beginning can be made with these albums. Should your dealer not have them, send $2.50 plus postage for *Songs of Free China*, and $4.50 plus postage for the album of classical music to United China Relief, 1790 Broadway, N. Y. C.

* * *

Most of Mozart's masterpieces have been recorded. In some instances, you can have your choice of two or three—and often four—interpretations.

Of his five most important dramatic works, *Figaro, Don Giovanni, Cosi Fan Tutte, Die Zauberflöte, Die Entführunog aus dem Serail*, only the latter is not in the catalogues. Best of the lot are Sir Thomas Beecham's albums (Victor) containing *Die Zauberflöte* and made in Germany.

The *Requiem* has been cut on discs by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Harl McDonald (Victor) but there remain many motets and masses not available.

As recordings, the instrumental albums are excellent. Interpretation varies in subtlety and sensibility. The three early concerti for violin and orchestra, are played by Menuhin with Enesco (Victor) or Huberman (Columbia), by Szigeti with Beecham (Columbia) or Kreisler (Victor), and Heifetz with Barbirolli (Victor). Yehudi Menuhin also plays the concerto in D Major (*The Adelaide*) written when Mozart was ten (Victor).

The early divertimenti are recorded by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor), Arthur Fiedler's *Sinfonietta* (Victor) or Szigeti with chamber orchestra (Columbia), and Sir Hamilton Harty and the London Philharmonic (Columbia). Two serenades for wind instruments are played by Edwin Fischer's chamber orchestra (Victor) and Arthur Fiedler's *Sinfonietta* (Victor); and the ineffable *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* is recorded by Bruno Walter for Victor and Columbia.

The early symphonies—*No. 25 in G Minor, No. 29 in A* composed when Mozart was eighteen, effervescent and full of good spirits, *No. 31 in D* ("Paris"), in the opinion of Sir Thomas Beecham the first incontestably great symphony to appear in Europe—are recorded by Alfred Wallenstein (Columbia Set), Beecham (Columbia) or Koussevitzky (Victor), and Beecham (Columbia).

From that period of his greatest development after he was twenty-two, Stokowski and the incomparable instrumentalists of the Philadelphia Orchestra perform the *Sinfonia Concertante in E Flat Major* (Victor M-760). This takes over thirty-five minutes; and when Stokowski keeps out of the way, you hear Mozart.

Both Koussevitzky and Beecham have recorded *Symphony No. 34 in C* (Victor and Columbia); both Toscanini and Beecham have directed *Symphony No. 35 in D Major*—the "Haffner" (Victor and Columbia); *Symphony No. 36 in C*—for vigor and dash there is nothing more exhilarating in the world—is conducted both by Sir Thomas (Columbia) and Fritz Busch (Victor).

All fifteen of the piano concerti are available on discs. I like especially *No. 24 in C Minor* recorded both by Edwin Fischer (Victor) and Casadesus (Columbia). In addition to the concertos, Gieseking has recorded two of the sonatas: *No. 14 in C Minor* (Columbia) and *No. 16 in B Flat* (Columbia).

If you want Mozart's most serious works, select those in the Kochel catalogue upwards roughly of 500. From his last years—the mature period in which he looks both backward and forward and his music takes on that tone of golden gravity, there is *Symphony No. 38 in D* ("Prague") conducted by Bruno Walter (Victor), Frederick Stock (Columbia) or Beecham (Columbia Set to be released) . . . and the transcendent three *without which no library of music is complete: No. 39 in E Flat* conducted by Weingartner (Columbia), Beecham (Columbia), or Bruno Walter (Victor); *No. 40 in G Minor*—the most perfect of all symphonies—interpreted by Beecham (Columbia), Koussevitzky (Victor). Toscanini (Victor) or Walter (Columbia); and *No. 41 in C*—the so-called "Jupiter," conducted by Beecham (Columbia) and Bruno Walter (Victor). There are also the string quintets (Columbia, Victor), the *Pianoforte trio No. 7 in G* (Columbia), the *Clarinet concerto in A Major* (Victor), that priceless series of quartets (Columbia Sets, Victor Albums), and *Ave Verum*.

This monument of Mozart's will last when the highest and noblest of marble columns are but wind and dust. ⧺

It's a Date
LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!
TIMBERLINE LODGE, MT. HOOD, OREGON

—for snow man's land!

Snow for two . . . and skis . . . and Jantzen sweaters that will warm your hearts and lift your winter morale mountain-high! Picard of Sun Valley created them in original Norwegian stitches and patterns, in bright new Indian designs . . . exclusively Jantzen. They have the rugged quality and handmade appearance of the finest imports, at American prices! Give one, give two . . . the perfect answer to your Christmas problem.

Illustrated: The "St. Moritz". . . Men's 8.95—Women's 8.95

Jantzen
SWEATERS

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON; VANCOUVER, CANADA

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 123

and his creditors, the *Jupiter* followed as a natural consequence. Mozart the man was uniformly wretched throughout the whole period: changes in the moods of his three greatest symphonies were due simply to changes in his aesthetic chemistry with which the experiences of his conscious mind had a minimum relation.

It is likewise a mistake to assume that, because the life around him was full of artificialities, his music, too, is artificial. There are listeners who say his music sounds tinkly, ornamental, makes them think of powdered wigs, old lace, candlelight. If that is all, they have not heard Mozart.

III

The externals of his epoch are there, to be sure. But he speaks of the grand passions of all humanity. His music is a fresh and penetrating commentary on your life and mine. In his operas, he writes real dramatic music. Gone are pasteboard knights, the gory dragons and sham situations of legendary plots. In their place are human beings endowed with a humor, a reality and a tenderness unknown before in Western music.

And, what is more, the characters are individuals. Not only can you detect an amiable person from an unamiable one in his music; but you can discover unmistakably any one of a half-dozen scoundrels. Compare his comics: Leporello with Osmin with Papageno. Think of those delightful dreamers about love: of Tamino with his freshness of heart and youthful zest, of Zerlina, of Constanza, of the countess and her gentle melancholy in *Figaro*, of Suzanna's sleepy voluptuousness; of the disquiet and enchantment of Cherubino's heart under the mysterious influence of love. Where else is such variety, such versatility?

Never does Mozart allow his inspiration to run away with him: he leads it, makes its course for it, removes obstacles, holds it from gadding erratically after this or that passing fancy, and finally produces with it an admirable whole, the appreciation of which keeps every faculty on the alert.

He alone among the symphonists is unaffectedly and completely successful from first note to last. Beethoven is less clear-headed than Mozart, Haydn of commoner clay. By comparison, Schubert's essays in the symphonic form seem mere debauches of exquisitely musical thoughtlessness; Mendelssohn's, only sewing-circle gentilities. By Mozartean standards, contemporary symphonies are not more than patchwork *suite de pieces*.

Bach, who alone touches Mozart in musical facility, had a different aim, another and more exalted horizon. Bach was almost exclusively concerned with problems of the soul and the hereafter.

But in those ardent regions—where all the rest are excited, vehement and even a bit self-conscious, Mozart alone is completely self-possessed: his gentleness of touch never deserts him: he is considerate, economical, practical, under the same pressure of inspiration that throws Wagner, for example, into convulsions. This is the secret of his unpopularity with Titan fanciers. We all in our native barbarism have a relish for the strenuous: the tenor whose B flat is like the bursting of a boiler will always bring down the house, even when the sound brutally effaces the song; and the composer who can artistically express in music a transport of vigor and passion of the more muscular kind, such as the finale to the seventh symphony, the *Ride of the Valkyries*, the Love Music of *Tristan*, or the Hailstone chorus, not to mention the orgies of Tschaikovsky, Liszt, and Berlioz, is always a hero to the intemperate in music.

With Mozart you are safe from inebriety. Hurry, excitement, fluster, loss of consideration, are to him purely comic or vicious states of mind, for example, Monostatos and the Queen of the Night. He takes our experiences, feelings, aspirations, distills them until he has their essence, and lets them live and disport themselves on Parnassus. And, at the same time, he goes about his work as effortlessly as a common man goes about his ordinary business.

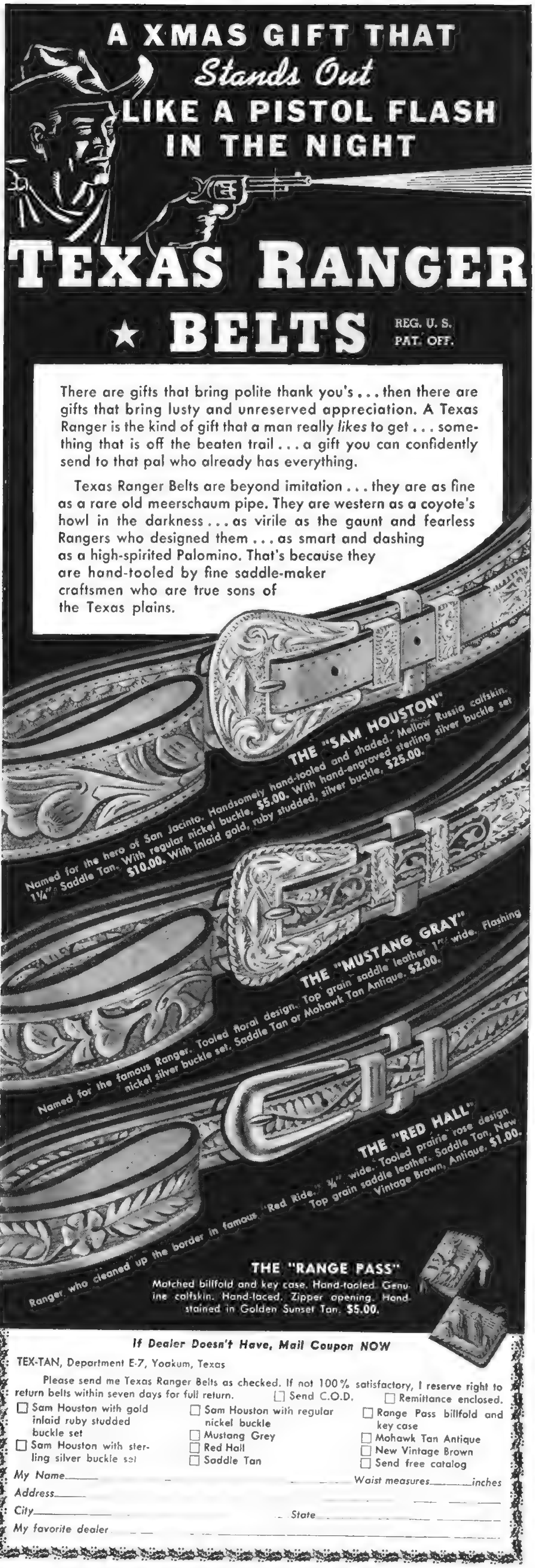
When, for instance, there was difficulty in getting the original Zerlina to scream with sufficient vigor and at the proper moment, Mozart ordered the orchestra and singers to repeat the scene and, hiding in the wings, he suddenly pinched the lady so that her scream was heard for blocks.

In my small boyhood I had by good luck an opportunity of learning thoroughly Mozart's *G Minor* symphony, a half-dozen of his string quartets, *Cosi Fan Tutte*, *Figaro*, and *Don Giovanni;* and if it were only for the sense of the value of fine workmanship I gained from them, I should still consider that lesson the most important part of my education. Indeed, it educated me in all sorts of ways and disqualified me in only one: that of criticizing Mozart.

IV

The reason that Mozart has been slow in catching on is that he is far beyond the capacities of our performing artists. The surest way to stop any prospective auditioner is to ask for a song or a piece of Mozart. You cannot make a cheap effect with Mozart, or work up your audience by playing on their hysterical susceptibilities. Nothing but the finest execution, completely poised, will serve; and the phrases are so clean and straightforward that a boy from Postal Telegraph can tell the moment you swerve a hair's breadth from perfection. Naturally, singers prefer something they can bellow and in which, if they break, a blare

Continued at top of page 130



A XMAS GIFT THAT *Stands Out* LIKE A PISTOL FLASH IN THE NIGHT

TEXAS RANGER ★ BELTS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

There are gifts that bring polite thank you's . . . then there are gifts that bring lusty and unreserved appreciation. A Texas Ranger is the kind of gift that a man really *likes* to get . . . something that is off the beaten trail . . . a gift you can confidently send to that pal who already has everything.

Texas Ranger Belts are beyond imitation . . . they are as fine as a rare old meerschaum pipe. They are western as a coyote's howl in the darkness . . . as virile as the gaunt and fearless Rangers who designed them . . . as smart and dashing as a high-spirited Palomino. That's because they are hand-tooled by fine saddle-maker craftsmen who are true sons of the Texas plains.

THE "SAM HOUSTON"
Named for the hero of San Jacinto. Handsomely hand-tooled and shaded. Mellow Russia calfskin. 1¼" Saddle Tan. With regular nickel buckle, $5.00. With hand-engraved sterling silver buckle set $10.00. With inlaid gold, ruby studded, silver buckle, $25.00.

THE "MUSTANG GRAY"
Named for the famous Ranger. Tooled floral design. Top grain saddle leather 1¼" wide. Flashing nickel silver buckle set. Saddle Tan or Mohawk Tan Antique. $2.00.

THE "RED HALL"
Ranger who cleaned up the border in famous "Red Ride." ¾" wide. Tooled prairie rose design. Top grain saddle leather. Saddle Tan, New Vintage Brown, Antique. $1.00.

THE "RANGE PASS"
Matched billfold and key case. Hand-tooled. Genuine calfskin. Hand-laced. Zipper opening. Hand-stained in Golden Sunset Tan. $5.00.

If Dealer Doesn't Have, Mail Coupon NOW

TEX-TAN, Department E-7, Yoakum, Texas

Please send me Texas Ranger Belts as checked. If not 100% satisfactory, I reserve right to return belts within seven days for full return. ☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ Remittance enclosed.

☐ Sam Houston with gold inlaid ruby studded buckle set
☐ Sam Houston with sterling silver buckle set
☐ Sam Houston with regular nickel buckle
☐ Mustang Grey
☐ Red Hall
☐ Saddle Tan
☐ Range Pass billfold and key case
☐ Mohawk Tan Antique
☐ New Vintage Brown
☐ Send free catalog

My Name________ Waist measures______inches
Address________
City________ State________
My favorite dealer________

HILDICK Applejack BRANDY
HILDICK OLD FASHIONED Applejack 86 PROOF BRANDY STRAIGHT AGED IN WOOD 2 YEARS
84 PROOF HILDICK FIVE BRANDY Distilled from Apples DISTILLED LIQUORS CORP. AGED IN WHITE OAK CASKS 5 YEARS
On Holidays and other days America turns to a Tradition
HILDICK
Made by Americans for Americans!

Excellent! Eggnog, punch, straight or highballs
Apple Brandy 5 years old 84 proof ★ Applejack Brandy 2 years old 86 proof
DISTILLED LIQUORS CORPORATION ★ NEW YORK, N.Y.

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 123-129

from the trumpets will cover them up.

Take it from one who has suffered in the attempt, it is not possible today to cast ideally any one of the Mozart operas. Nor does one often hear a worthy, inspired performance of his greater symphonies. All the famous conductors, including Toscanini himself, have at one time or another failed with Mozart. I saw the incomparable Arturo rush into his NBC dressing-room after a broadcast of the *G Minor*, shake his fists at himself in the mirror and shout in desperation: "Oldt man! Oldt man!" He had not realized Mozart's intention and he knew it.

I have heard Bruno Walter distort, over-phrase, become soft, soppy, sentimental—in short, vulgarize Mozart. Koussevitzky has been harsh, incisive, four-square, brutal, even. Fritz Busch with all his meticulous neatness and understanding of the style can be dry. Stokowski dares not undertake Mozart, the hem of whose garment he is not worthy to touch. You cannot express *yourself*, as Stokowski does, through Mozart.

Conductors, as a rule, are merely sensitive musical instruments. They feel a work in a particular way because that is the way of their own temperament, and play it accordingly. With Mozart, this is more dangerous and more revealing of a conductor's true character than with any composer.

Mozart's scores contain scanty indications of how they are to be dealt with. But this is not the difficulty. It is the spirit that is elusive. And even if they were played by a whole band of Mozarts, their spirit would be elusive. For Mozart demands attentive, sympathetic listening as well as playing and singing.

The careless, or otherwise occupied listener—or the one who hears only externals—will come away from Mozart unaware that anything particular has happened. The closer the listening, the greater the reward. And the stronger the feeling that the right thing has been said in the only way. #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 113

dip them in the concoction, then in breadcrumbs, and fry on both sides in butter. When they are a nice dark brown, place them on a hot plate and cut the sauce in the pan with lemon juice. Add a bit of sherry, heat the sauce again, pour it over the steaks, and serve with quartered lemons.

The sauce for barbecued meats is prepared the following way:

Boil two tablespoonfuls of powdered English mustard in water, add two leaves of thyme, and let it simmer five minutes; the consistency should be that of cream. Mix this with a bottle of Escoffier Sauce Provençale, and a pint of heavy cream.

I want to advise you to take fish very seriously while near a southern sea. Pompano, shrimps, stone crabs, crawfish, frog legs, smoked barracuda, and conch are especially recommended.

Conch is a *fruit de mer* that has quite a history. Venus-Aphrodite, goddess of love, was born in a conch on the foam of the ocean. Conch is a univalve, and it resembles a snail; in fact a certain variety is called Giant Sea Snail.

The edible part inside is as large as a human tongue; it's tough as hell when cooked, yet delicious. Sautéed conch with tomato sauce, and conch salad are divine dishes. In Florida the natives eat it, as do visitors who know the ropes. The average American shies away from this type of eccentric food, as in the case of barracuda, which is also delicious when smoked.

As for oysters, be sure to eat your fill of them in the East before going south; I can't suggest that you use them in the southern states. I did once and regretted it. On the way to Florida we stopped in a beautiful Georgian city, and with great naïveté ordered oysters from the menu card of one of the best restaurants. Everybody knows that a reasonable time has to elapse between the ordering of oysters and getting them actually in front of you on the table; they have to be freshly opened. The Georgia kind arrived in a few seconds—and in disguise! A large glass cup was placed before us filled with thick Bordeaux red tomato sauce. This was called "oyster cocktail," but the poor shell fish were drowned in the mess! My companion refused them, but I fished out and tasted a few, simply because I did not intend to be disappointed. The results were swift and inevitable.

I still felt out of sorts when later on that night we resumed our journey to Florida. To brace myself up, I asked my friend to let me take the wheel. Paying more attention to my pains than to the road, I ran into a small cow. It was no bigger than a dwarf Alderney but the impact was terrible. We whirled around like dervishes, and when we finally came to a halt beheld several men appear out of the darkness, as though by magic. They looked at the little cow's body, and then at us. My friend pushed me away from the wheel, trying the starter and gas with a familiar toe. We bounded away and I, with a heavy conscience, wished a healthy appetite to the gentlemen and their unexpected barbecue. Now see what can happen if you eat oysters that are camouflaged?

If you must have a sauce with oysters, being tired of them neat, bake them and serve with this sauce:

Mix a tablespoonful of melted butter with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of white wine, on the sweet side, a pinch of finely chopped parsley, and salt and paprika to taste. Before mixing the sauce, rub the vessel in which you do it with a clove of garlic.

I am what they call in gourmet-language a *piscinaire*, a fish fetishist. I am fascinated by their often fantastic forms, and by the fact that they come from another world, uninhabitable by humans, dumb and deaf and nearly blind. According to St. Augustine, fish are the only innocent animals of the universe; they carry no curse on them as all the rest of us creatures do. Pythagoras never touched fish; he held that since they were dumb, they were divine, for silence itself is divine. And Crassius, the famous Roman orator, dressed in mourning for a year when one of the fish that he kept in a tank in his garden, died.

Being less superstitious I only worship fish, grilled, barbecued, in ragout, cold with mayonnaise, in soup, jugged, smoked or canned. I am well aware of their nourishing, light-on-the-stomach qualities and I am convinced of the virtues attributed to them by Montesquieu. The most affectionate people I ever saw were the inhabitants of a fishing village in Rumania near the Danube delta; they seldom ate anything but fish.

So don't overlook the finny creatures while in Florida. The very best food in the world is the fish that you have just caught and broiled over the glowing embers—even if you are not interested in its aphrodisiac powers.

In order to enjoy such delightful seafood, Gabriel Pascal, movie producer of Bernard Shaw's plays, is negotiating for a small island off the shores of Florida. He is an accomplished amateur chef, particularly over a camp fire. Mr. Pascal is justly interested in food, having made his fortune with a modest luncheon. One day in London a few years back he called up Bernard Shaw, usually inaccessible to strangers. Pascal told the great man that he wanted to talk to him on business, and boldly invited him to lunch. Shaw was silent a second, then laughed and agreed. After the meal, Pascal put up his proposition of producing and directing the Shaw plays. "How much money have you got?" asked Shaw. "Having paid for the lunch, I have four shillings and sixpence left of the pound I borrowed from my agent," answered Pascal frankly. Ever since, he has been producing and directing the Shaw plays.

In case you don't have an open fireplace I shall give you a list of the best places for food in Miami Beach and Palm Beach.

In Miami Beach: the "Patio" has a huge grill out on a patio; steak, kidneys, chops are excellent. The "Versailles" has very good French food; snails, and native shell fish of all kinds. Both places have a fine wine cellar. At the "Brook Club" pompano *en enveloppe* is the pièce de résistance. "La Bohême" is proud of its Chicken Tetrazzini and Cherries Jubilee. The "Green Mansions" (a good place to go with someone else's wife, being a hideout) specializes in steaks, chops and fried chicken; don't forget to order the mixed green salad with Roquefort dressing. A Mr. Phillips runs a place six miles out of Miami Beach where you bring your own steaks, potatoes, bread and butter, uncooked; Mr. Phillips grills your food to perfection on his open fireplace for fifty cents, but makes up the difference by selling expensive wine to you, and preaching unpopular political doctrines. "Joe's" is renowned for its stone crabs, and stone crabs were small and expensive last season.

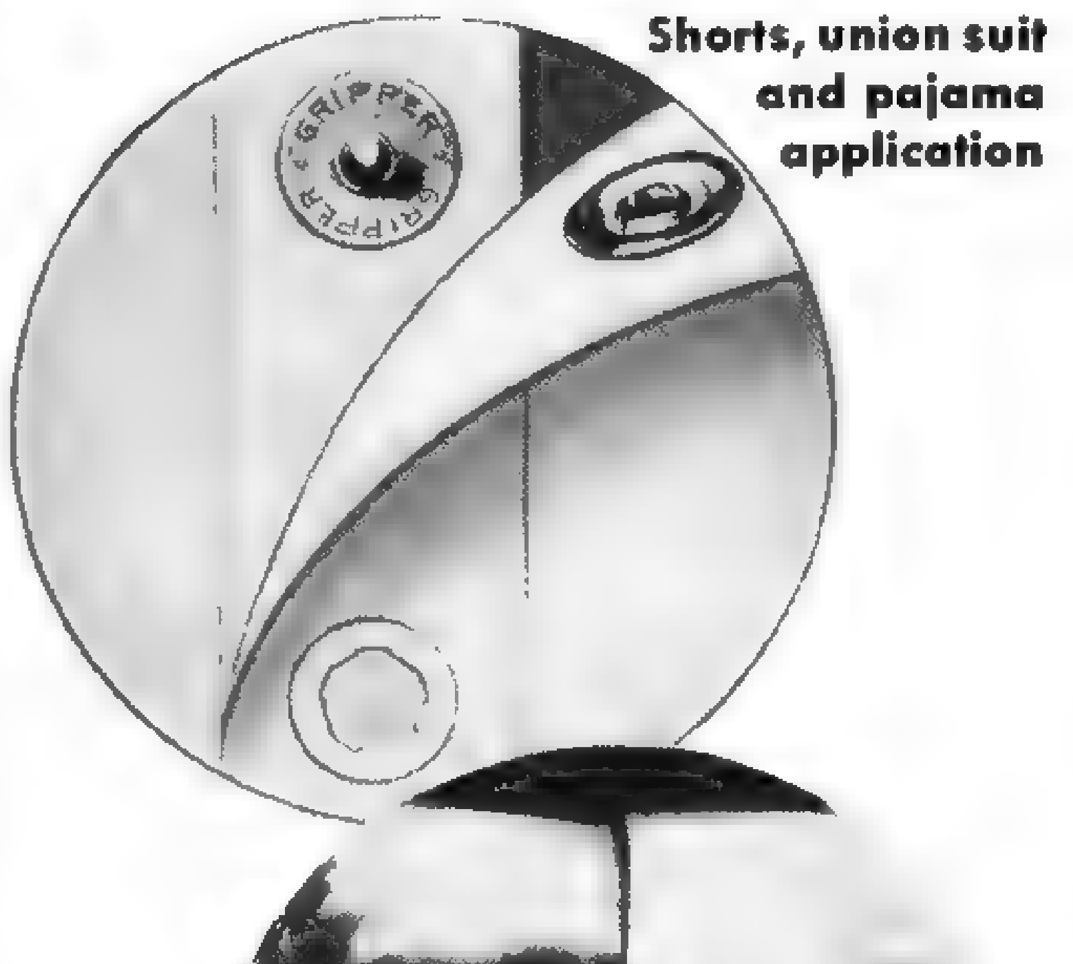
"Gatti's" sells the best Italian food in Miami Beach; the hors d'oeuvre is marvelous. "Olney's Inn" has good dishes, but of the tea room type. "Mother Kelly's" —Mother is a man—is good for grilled meats; ask for Mother's superb steak sauce, also sold in bottles. Try to get invited to a gala Saturday dinner at the "Surf Club," ruled by Alfred Barton, the Ward MacAllister of Miami Beach; the decorations are so lavish that you expect naked Rubensian women to fall out of the chandeliers; you'll marvel at such showpiece dishes, as elephants of ice laden with caviar.

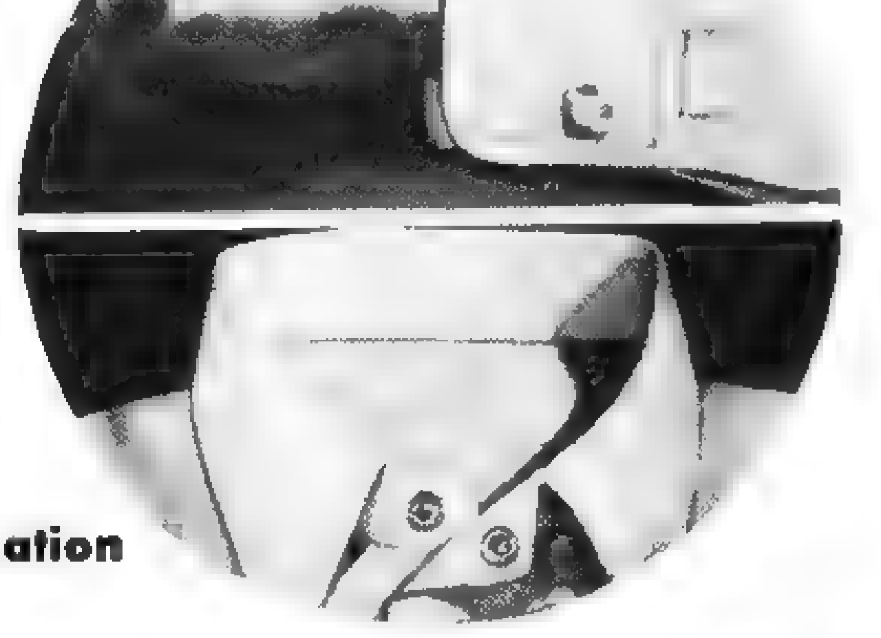
"Captain Tom's" is a favorite Sunday dinner restaurant; the specialties are turtle egg pancakes, turtle steaks, pompano, red snapper, crawfish, and heart of palm salad. At "Edith and Fritz's" you may eat all the delicious shrimps you want for thirty-five cents; drink beer. At "Baker's Haulover" you may have fish sandwiches, or fish and chips from the catch just brought in by native fishermen. Good, plain American cooking is to be had at the "Cottage Inn"; eighty-five cents from soup to nuts; packed most of the time. The "Southern Cafeteria" is a relic of depression days; you pay twenty-seven cents for an entire plain, simple, but delicious meal, if you have the patience to stand in line. On Lincoln Road is "Hotel Pharmacy," a drug store, where the food is excellent if you don't mind lunching among the unblushing counter displays. Order egg plant and okra, or creamed chicken. At the "MacFadden-Deauville," an elegant hotel, you may have all the health food you want.

At Palm Beach: The very swanky "Alibi Bar" has an excellent $2 cold buffet, and five or six hot dishes for luncheon; "Wertz's" is a late spot where the best people go after two a.m. to eat hamburgers. The "Dixie Inn" is in West Palm Beach.

As to raw material, there are a few superb markets at Miami Beach, and three of the top butchers of New York maintain branches during the season. So, you don't have to fill your suitcases with iron rations. Maybe the list of the restaurants is not complete; if you find anything new, think of me while enjoying a meal and send me a post card. *Bon voyage!* #

"Psst! Where will I leave these shorts, shirts, and pajamas with Gripper fasteners?"


Shorts, union suit and pajama application


Shirt application

Here's one gent who's going to have a Merry Christmas . . . and a Happy New Year too!

Think of it! No buttons breaking and popping off . . . no buttonholes tearing! Gripper fasteners are neat, convenient . . . put on to stay on . . . secure and trouble free!

Give the men on your list underwear, shirts, and pajamas with Gripper fasteners . . . they'll bless you every day in the year!

But remember . . . get GRIPPER fasteners, not ordinary fasteners. They're not only laboratory tested but have been proved in use by the country's foremost manufacturers for more than five years! Better men's stores will supply you!

☞ Gripper fasteners are also available on men's and boys' union suits, slacks and trousers and on all kinds of clothes for the children.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN.
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS
*The Snap Fastener that Ends "Button-Bother"

Perfect last minute gift!
- Even for yourself
FOR DRIVING A CAR
FOR ALL OUTDOORS
Merry CHRISTMAS
Dad - from Mother

POLAROID* Day Glasses

IF HE'S a man who "has everything" – if he'd appreciate a present that's smart and useful NOW and all year 'round, yet *truly* different – give him a pair of Polaroid Day Glasses in a smart simulated pig-grain case.

Unlike ordinary sun glasses, Polaroid Day Glasses are almost uncanny the way they choose between dazzling winter reflections and useful light – give you plenty of "seeing" light.

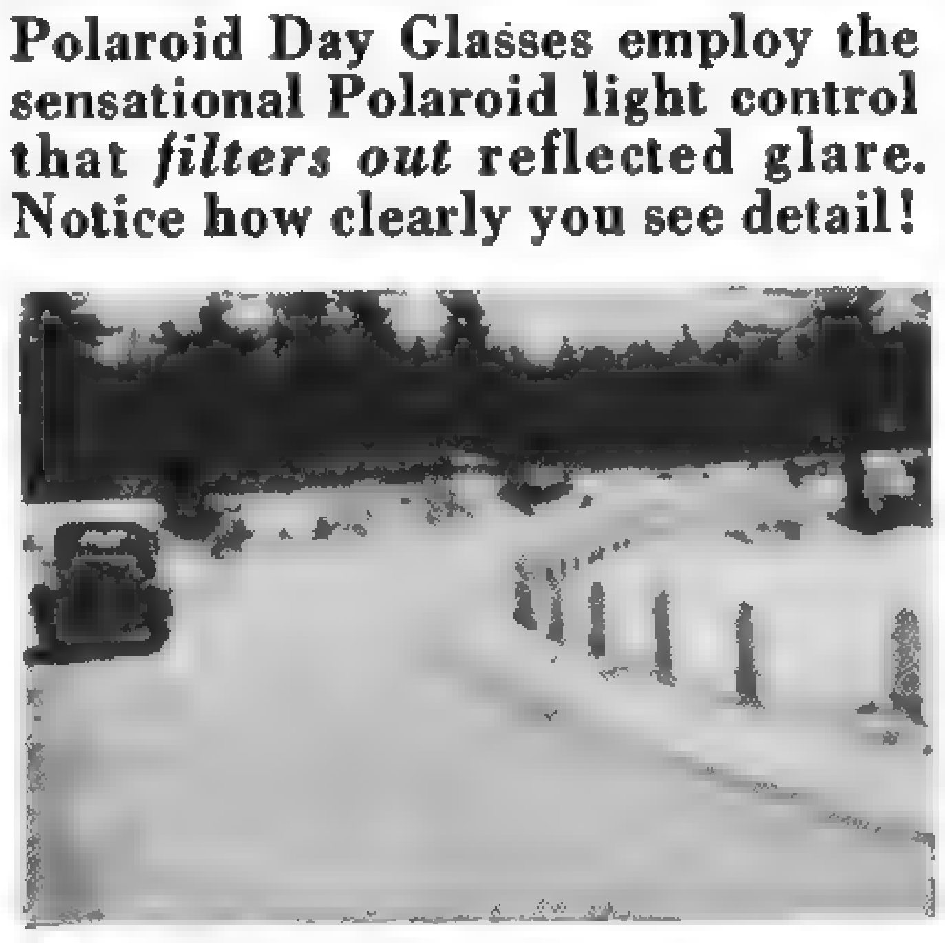
Effective even on brilliant ice and crusted snow, they give you eye-comfort free from blinding glare. Perfect for driving, outdoor activities; safety-glass construction lends added safety in sports. (P.S. – they tame sunlight in winter vacation spots, too!) Select Polaroid Day Glasses as smart Christmas gifts for anyone, any age (even yourself)! Wherever fine sun glasses are sold . . . $1.95 up.

POLAROID DAY GLASSES, available everywhere *protect* your vision from year-'round glare from land, water or ice. If you wear glasses, ask your ophthalmologist, optometrist, or ophthalmic dispenser about Polaroid Day Glasses that can be ground to your prescription.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.
World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Products

THEY WORK LIKE MAGIC!

Through POLAROID Day Glasses
Polaroid Day Glasses employ the sensational Polaroid light control that *filters out* reflected glare. Notice how clearly you see detail!



Through ORDINARY Sun Glasses
Ordinary sun glasses only dim reflected glare. Notice how details are hidden by glare.

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

Ring of the Cash Register

Continued from page 64

sembled in New York. The Dempsey-Tunney fight at Soldiers Field, Chicago, drew 104,943. The largest indoor fight crowd was the Dempsey-Levinsky exhibition in the Chicago Stadium, which drew 23,400. The Illinois Commission insisted that the show be regarded and officially publicized as an exhibition.

I might mention that the Illinois Commission, when George Getz, Packey McFarland and I constituted the Commission, was one of the first to license wrestling matches as exhibitions, not contests.

Wrestling today has ceased to be a competitive sport. If the Mike Jacobs domination continues with its policy of freezing out real competition, boxing will follow wrestling into sports' masquerade section.

The National Boxing Association at its 1941 annual meeting adopted a resolution that may restore free and sporting competition in boxing to the whole nation. The NBA resolution reads, in effect, that any boxer or manager who signs exclusively for one promoter will be suspended from NBA territory.

If this resolution is enforced professional boxing again will become a strong, healthy national game instead of being kept alive in Mike's iron lung. Don't imagine for a minute that efforts won't be made to get state commissions to waive this new NBA rule. When cities in NBA territory are so fight-hungry they will go for matches that wouldn't draw the proverbial flies in New York, Mike's guile will begin its road work.

In viewing the Jacobs domination anyone would be grossly unfair not to pay tribute to Mike's pleasant personality and his top genius as a promoter.

Mike as owner of house fighters is in no different position than the neighborhood fight club promoter who also sees to it that matchmaking protects his property.

So, any analysis of the present situation in professional boxing in fairness must absolve Mike from being guilty of anything but responsibility for conditions that temporarily protect his business.

As a matter of logic, Mike undoubtedly would be the most prosperous and foremost promoter were his monopoly non-existent.

In financing alone Jacobs has an advantage that other promoters seldom could offset.

Say that a large city, other than New York, wants a championship fight. When such a match becomes a possibility the local Chamber of Commerce and Hotel Men's Association begin to dust off the welcome mats. But, although the welcome mat is put out, money isn't; and the promoter's expenses already are mounting. Local big business men must be interested to underwrite that part of the financial help the promoter expects for his risk in drawing a great deal of money to the town.

But those men of financial stability and high local reputations rarely want anything to do with boxing.

So, lacking strong financial support right at the start, the local promoter has only an outside chance of putting on a show in Mike's manner.

Fight clubs, such as the Hollywood Legion Post, the Chicago Stadium, the Marigold Garden in Chicago, and a few others have attained conspicuous success by having permanent reservation lists. They are fairly certain that there'll be a margin over fixed expenses the instant the doors open.

Those promoters have taken a tip from Mike, and Mike, in turn, took it from Rickard's galaxy of ringside millionaires. Until local promoters learn this knack of selling season tickets to individuals and blocks of seats to business houses for their officials and guest customers, they'll be far, far behind Mike as a promoter.

And 50-50 with the ticket merchandising is the matter of matchmaking. One serious defect in boxing is the lack of competent match-makers. The practice of carding too many house fighters has helped to reduce the roster of men competent to make interesting matches. There's where smaller promoters have copied the one Jacobs idea that should have been let exist as a Jacobs monopoly.

Weakness in preliminaries is another shortcoming partially responsible for the ebb of boxing.

Every promoter should be forced to pay not less than $25 to a preliminary boy. After the boy has paid $5 a month to the gym, several dollars for sparring partners, a few dollars for bandages and a split of the pitifully small remainder to an unscrupulous manager, the boy is lucky if he doesn't go hungry.

The boys soon lose their zest and ambition at the basement rates preliminary fighters are paid. Even if they get soundly whipped they get to come back for they are cheap. The promoter's policy should be, "if you can win you can come back; if you can't you're no good to yourself or me."

When one gets into the higher brackets of boxing again the compensation factor is important. Fighters paid guarantees tend to become indifferent as crowd pleasers. The boy who's paid on what he draws and shows a good batting and fielding average in the ring, is the fighter the public wants to see advance to a championship.

That boy, with all his skill, strength, heart and zip, now must aspire not to being recognized the best fighter in his weight division, but to being billed by grace of Mike Jacobs and the Internal Revenue Department.

Today, when the checkbook is mightier than the gloved mitt, we can't say that boxing is the lusty, flourishing sport it was when it determined all its championships in the ring. #

Bombs Over Broadway

Continued from page 80

American ports, or the colonial ports of one-time France. A "Q" ship could fuel at Martinique, sail for the Canal Zone, some 1,380 miles away, and launch some Dornier Do 26's, loaded with 10,000 lbs. of bombs. Loaded to this limit, the Do 26 still has a range of 2,400 miles.

A pilot could creep up, on shipboard, to within commuting distance of the canal, zoom off, lay his eggs in some unsuspecting lock, and eight hours later tipple rum swizzles with a fraternal Vichyman, on a veranda of St. Pierre.

If you will take a look at a map of the West Indies, you will find quite a little empire devoted to Vichy clichés.

Multiply these by aircraft carriers, Nazi ingenuity, and the number of the bottles of wine France mislabelled and you spell *katzenjammer*.

* * *

It seems unlikely that an overseas armada would be sizable; and the bombers could be driven off in short order. But this snap guess should be qualified.

It is reasonable to assume that some of the bombers could be converted into flying forts. Instead of carrying bombs, they could carry a bristling array of machine guns and cannon. These could ward off attack and interceptor planes, from our bases, until the big boys laid their eggs.

The bombers could fly high; and if protecting clouds were available, they could do an ingenious job of playing hide and seek until their peculiar purpose was accomplished.

Manhattan Island could be bombed blindly; every hit would be a vital hit—as far as the civilian population was concerned.

As for the Bronx and Brooklyn, many would hold that a few thousand tons of bombs could do these unhappy boroughs no harm; and if the residents could be evacuated this column would even take hand in the work.

If the bombers broke through the city defenses, and profited by some internecine dispute between our Army and Navy planes, much military damage could be done. The Navy planes might fight from the five-mile limit up to the Kill van Kull, which separates Staten Island from the Jersey mainland; but to what branch of service would fall the defense of the Spuyten Duyvell?

Should this catastrophic confusion take place, many a pie would lay bare on the rim of the city. Take the city of Paterson, New Jersey; the great Curtiss-Wright engine plant and electric-propeller plant lies there. Or nearby Newark, where the Bell plant turns out Airacobras.

Take the little town of Farmingdale, L. I. A few well-placed bombs would reduce the Republic plant to smithereens, to say nothing of the Grumman plant, and the Ranger plant—which makes inline engines for the Navy. All of these plants are above ground, without camouflage.

* * *

Most engineers agree that New York has the greatest architectural and engineering bulwarks of any city in the world.

A direct bomb hit on top of the Empire State building would bow a crater in the top five or six stories, but leave the rest of the building virtually virginal.

This means that people who duck into basements, or stay in the higher floors of a steel building are safe from everything but direct hits. The lower floors are more dangerous because of the street or court frontage.

The subways have their good points and their bad points, as refuge centers. The deep tunnels, are reasonably safe from bombs. But a bomb can burst water mains, gas mains, or sewage pipes, and invite their contents to seep into the caverns below.

If you are so foolish as to go about your wonted way when these Dorniers, and Heinkels, and Savoia-Marchettis come winging over, your passing acquaintances will learn the solemn truth that male and female necks look about the same in a picture of a double-decapitation.

* * *

Fortunately, protective steps are in progress. Air raid wardens have been established in New York; and signs in the elevators of most apartment houses, ask for more volunteers. Fire department heads after apprenticeship in London, are ready to meet fire bombs with speed, dispatch, enthusiasm, and carbon dioxide.

It has not been established that specific bomb shelters will be required—except, possibly, in the one-storied suburban districts. Since every modern steel-frame multi-storied building is a natural bomb shelter, all we will need is greater democratization—the opening up of the swank Park Avenue tenements to the denizens of Dead End and a 24-hour schedule for downtown and midtown office buildings.

When you consider the punishment the Telephone Building in Madrid took, without cracking, the prospect for the thousands of structures firmly embedded in Manhattan's rock foundation seems bright.

The best course, however, is to fly behind a couple of pairs of blazing machine guns. For in this curious and inverted time, your best chance of surviving lies in fighting; and the most dangerous form of fighting has become, by the law of opposites, the safest. No bomb has yet been dropped on an air fighter—in the air.

The moral of this dissertation is clear: when bombs fall on Broadway, when the Great White Way turns red, don't flee—fly. Join the Air Force, gun your P-40 . . . and relax. #

In the tradition of
THE GREAT
FRENCH COGNACS
LEROUX
84 PROOF
4/5 QUART
Brandy
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
LEROUX & Co. INC.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
N.Y. LL-27

Those who have tasted this magnificent brandy proclaim that it is destined to attain the same eminence now enjoyed by only a few chosen cognacs of world fame.

For in its bouquet, body and clean taste, you recognize a worthy companion to the very choicest imports. One of the world's truly great brandies.

LEROUX
★★★★★ BRANDY

LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia • New York City • Brussels, Belgium
Producers of LEROUX LIQUEURS—THE WORLD'S FINEST • 84 proof

The Master of Vermont

Continued from page 91

pelling him to stop school at one place and start at another. In that way he learned less and more than most boys of his age. The places in which he remembers living as a boy include Indianapolis, Richmond, Washington, Butte, Chicago, San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. When he grew up he revisited some of these places, among them Anaconda (near Butte) where he painted, as an illustration for *Fortune*, the very smelter his father had built when he was a boy.

Although he made sketches of cowboys and Indians as a kid he did not feel toward art the urge of a vocation. He assumed that when he grew up he would go into business, the customary way of making a living. He didn't relish the idea, but neither did he rebel. His brother Donald felt the same way. They would have long talks about the things they would like to do, and business wasn't one of them. His father sent Paul to Dartmouth, where there came to the young student a glimpse of other possibilities, but only a glimpse, as yet. He became much more interested in athletics and sports than in any form of culture or learning. He played football and basketball and won the collegiate heavyweight championship. As a boy he played the flute, to which, in his middle forties now, he is returning. At college, he played the saxophone, not because he ever loved the instrument but because he could earn some money, by tootling on it. He does not want to see or hear a saxophone so long as he lives.

Between his sophomore year and graduation, the World War intervened and he enlisted in the Navy, working mainly on transports and supply ships bound for France and South America. He started as a quartermaster and ended as an ensign. He became so fond of the life that before leaving the service he took out a third mate's license in the merchant marine. Had he followed his own inclinations he would have remained in the Navy but his family persuaded him to return to Dartmouth which he did, reluctantly, graduating in 1921.

The following four years were the most critical and crucial in the life of Paul Sample. It was the period of his struggle against tuberculosis, from which, in 1925, he emerged triumphant. It was the period during which, combatting inactivity and boredom, he made the first faltering, but decisive, steps toward becoming an artist. The painting, *Ward Room*, comes out of memories of the Veterans Bureau Hospital at Lake Saranac. His earliest professional teacher was the late Jonas Lie, who gave instruction at his home to both Paul and Donald. Out of the hospital in 1925, Paul Sample came to New York to study art, but being limited by the government requirement affecting art schools for veterans, he spent six months in a commercial art school, which was not the thing he wanted. For the moment he wanted art a little more than he wanted economic rehabilitation. He went west, to Los Angeles, to comfort and companion his dying brother and upon his death remained in that region, trying to learn to paint and taking courses at the Otis Art Institute. He then came to realize that he had put the cart before the horse. He was trying to paint before he had learned to draw. He gave up art in oils and took up the sketch pencil. He devoted the next several years exclusively to drawing. He continues to take time out for this purpose. Since learning to draw is not, in itself, a source of revenue, he seized upon whatever came to hand. He played the saxophone in the Barbary Coast Jazz Band, tried to sell pictures in a Los Angeles picture shop and, finally, obtained a part-time instructorship in art at the University of Southern California, which gave him enough to live on and leisure to paint.

Ever since then Paul Sample has kept the pot boiling principally by teaching. His painting has been his prestige, justification and inward satisfaction, but institutions of learning have kept him on sustaining, as they might say at the radio station. In this Paul Sample is not extraordinary; his is a typically American career in art, in this respect.

After awhile, the University of Southern California made him a full-time member of the faculty, which post he held for eight or nine years, and then he became head of the painting department, which was good in one way and bad in another. There wasn't enough time in which to do any creative work. He had to work nights, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays in order to squeeze a tube of paint onto a palette once in a while. The division of the year between California and Vermont began in 1929, following his marriage to a Vermont girl, Sylvia Ann Howland, whose father had been president of the National Life Insurance Co. Thereafter, for something like thirteen years, the Samples spent their summers in Vermont, crossing the continent in slow stages to allow the artist to make sketching and painting forays. Sometimes they crossed by car, less often by train. At first Sample established a studio at Willoughby Lake, near Orleans, Vermont, and later at Montpelier, Vermont. In the spring of 1937 he kissed California and the University of Southern California goodbye. The Samples spent several months in Europe that spring and summer, visiting particularly France, Italy and Belgium. That summer Sample saw the original canvases of Peter Breughel the elder, saw them and studied them, and his own painting has never been the same since. That is, it has been the further enriched by human values. In the fall of 1937 he returned to Dartmouth, at Hanover, New Hampshire, and there became artist in residence, which place he has since held.

The arrangement is ideal, for the art of painting, for Paul Sample and for those students genuinely interested in art and not in getting credits out of a snap course. Sample has no formal class to conduct, no work to assay. He does his own work with no restriction. In the studio built for his use, in the college art building, he plans, sketches and executes his own projects and is generally available for advice and guidance. The relationship between Sample and the boys is purely voluntary. Only interest brings the student to the artist and because of this Sample feels that he is teaching more effectively at Dartmouth than he was ever able to teach anywhere else. With those young men particularly interested he goes out on sketching expeditions, which provide wonderful occasions for the give and take of the best kind of art instruction.

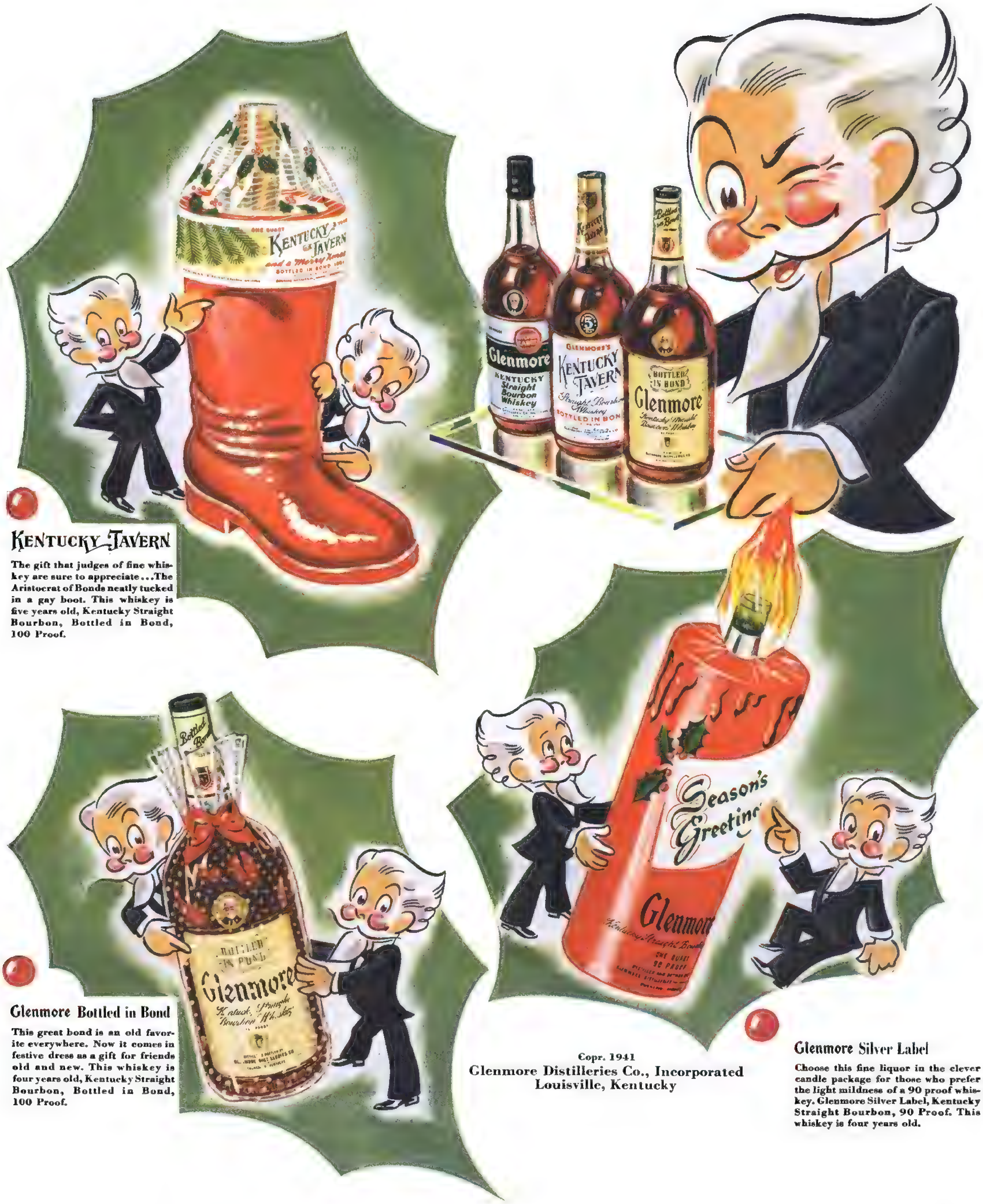
As a painter his first recognition came as the result of a picture sent to a California county fair in 1928. The title was *Boats at Anchor*, and the judges awarded him an honorable mention. Thereafter he began to exhibit with other Southern California artists, with whom, until recent years, he has been generally identified. His pictures came east around 1930 when, at the Chicago Art Institute, he won an honorable mention for *Inner Harbor*. He came into something like national prominence when the judges of the National Academy awarded him one of the Hallgarten prizes in 1931 for *Dairy Ranch* and when, in Philadelphia, he was awarded the Temple Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy, for *Miners Resting*. His first one-man show in New York in 1934 at the Ferargil Gallery put him on the map and when *Barber Shop* won a prize at the Carnegie International and *Janitor's Holiday* was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum his position as an American artist was fixed.

Emotionally Paul Sample lives off the country. That is, the place in which he lives gives him his models, his landscapes, his inspiration. He is not introspective, or studio, type of painter, although he has done several still lifes. He is fond of old men possibly because they are reposeful and philosophic and possibly because the old men of New England have character and salt. He is perhaps best known for paintings in which he has worked in old men he has known, such as the ancient barber of Orleans, Vermont (he is one of the central figures in *Barber Shop*) and the janitor who took care of the building at Montpelier where the artist used to have his studio (*Janitor's Holiday*). Out in Los Angles he used to watch elderly men playing croquet on a park lawn faced by a line of gingerbready Victorian houses, and he painted *Roque*. There is *Whiskey for Jim's Cold*, and *Politics* and the painting built on the country auction. At Lyndonville, Vermont, he used to watch, rather than hear, the band concerts in the square, and painted a genre picture on that theme. *Winter Visitor*, the gatefold reproduced in this number of Esquire, represents a partial view of White River Junction, Vermont, in the foreground of which flows the Connecticut River, somewhat impeded by ice cubes. Snow and ice have transformed the otherwise nondescript little town into a place of beauty, although the art and skill of Paul Sample may have had something to do with that. *Winter Visitor* also indicates the artist's penchant for painting his pictures as if from a commanding elevation, one of the characteristics of Breughel's landscapes, and an excellent device for containing a panorama within the scope of a single canvas.

Sample is keen about circuses, prizefights and fishing. He used to follow the circuses in California and continues to get a kick out of the small traveling shows that pass through the towns of Vermont. Whenever he comes to New York he makes it a point to see a fight, or watch fighters in training at one of the gyms. He is a spectator also at fights put on in Vermont. He has painted several watercolors on the manly arts of fighting and wrestling, among them *Stranglehold Barred*, *Punching the Bag* and *Technical Demonstration*. In this last there is a note of irony for the demonstrator is a squat, fat, flashily-dressed race-track tout of a man, while the demonstratee, a colored fighter, is a perfect specimen of rippling muscles. But his most ardent hobby, incidentally, if at all, represented in his art, is fishing, for trout and salmon. These he pursues up at Maine and Newfoundland whenever he can get away for a holiday. He loves music and reading and I venture to surmise, only from internal evidence, that he is mad about Vermont. His paintings are both a statement of debt and an expression of gratitude to the people and the landscapes of the state. Perhaps it is only the merest accident, but although Dartmouth is in New Hampshire, his home is in Vermont, at Norwich, across the river from Hanover, where recently he bought six acres (merely a garden plot by most farm standards) and put up a squarish modern house, which all his country neighbors are united in regarding as ugly. As yet, he has not produced a crop even of radishes or string beans, but maybe later he will do so. #

Give Kentucky's Finest...

ALL DRESSED UP FOR THE HOLIDAYS!


KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore
KENTUCKY Straight Bourbon Whiskey
GLENMORE'S KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore
Bottled in Bond
Season's Greetings
Glenmore

KENTUCKY TAVERN

The gift that judges of fine whiskey are sure to appreciate...The Aristocrat of Bonds neatly tucked in a gay boot. This whiskey is five years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.

Glenmore Bottled in Bond

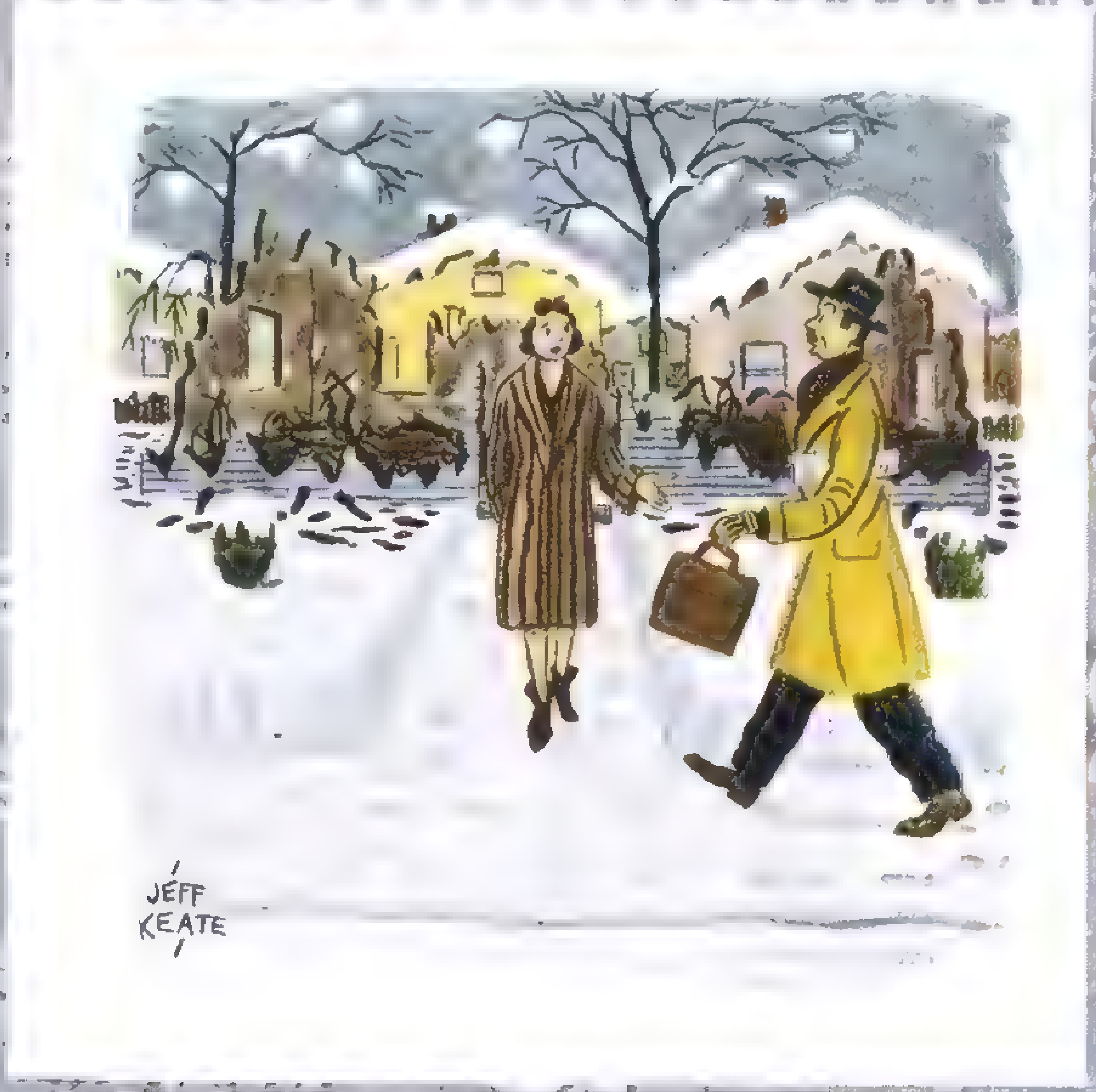
This great bond is an old favorite everywhere. Now it comes in festive dress as a gift for friends old and new. This whiskey is four years old, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof.

Copr. 1941
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated
Louisville, Kentucky

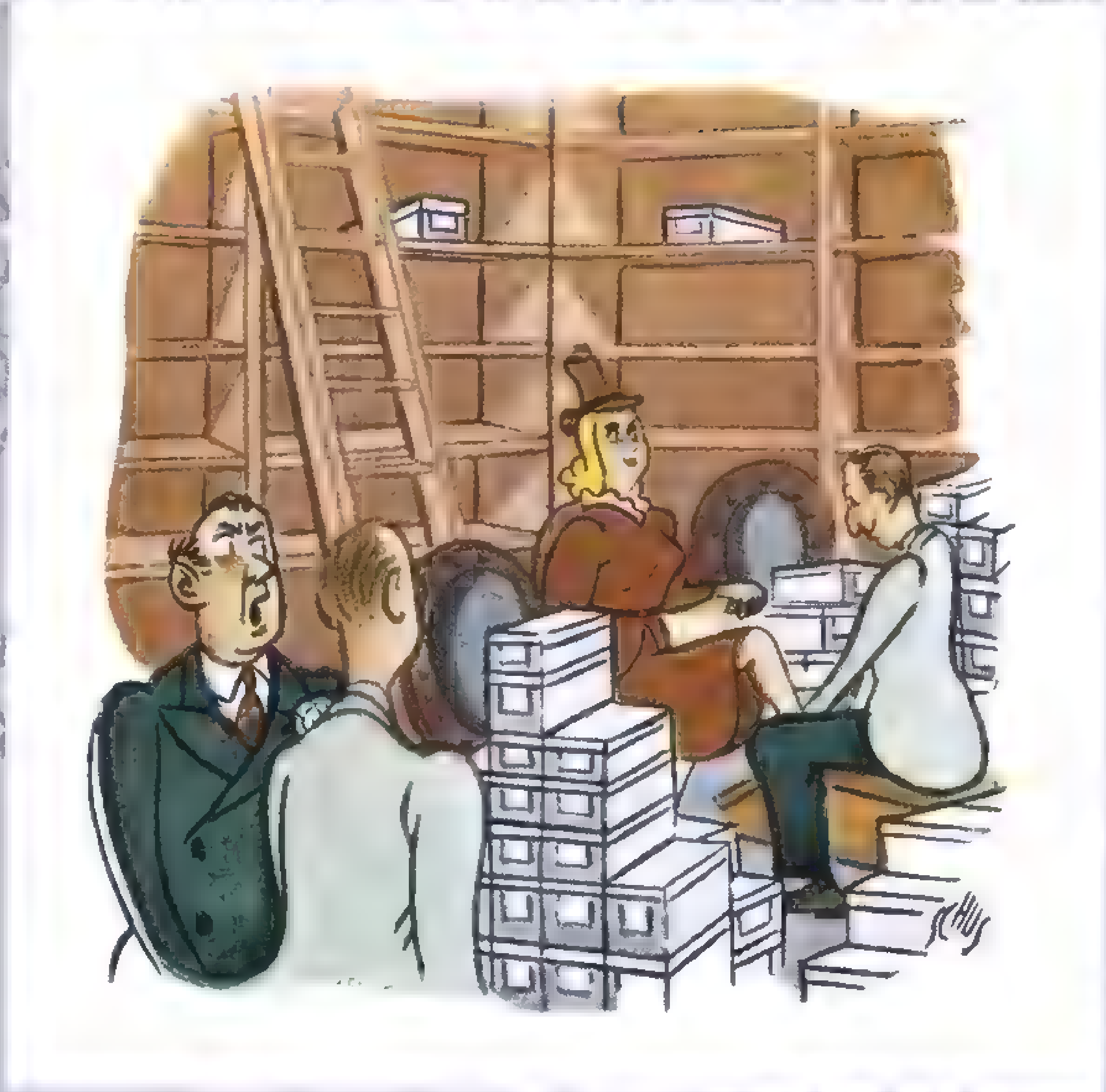
Glenmore Silver Label

Choose this fine liquor in the clever candle package for those who prefer the light mildness of a 90 proof whiskey. Glenmore Silver Label, Kentucky Straight Bourbon, 90 Proof. This whiskey is four years old.

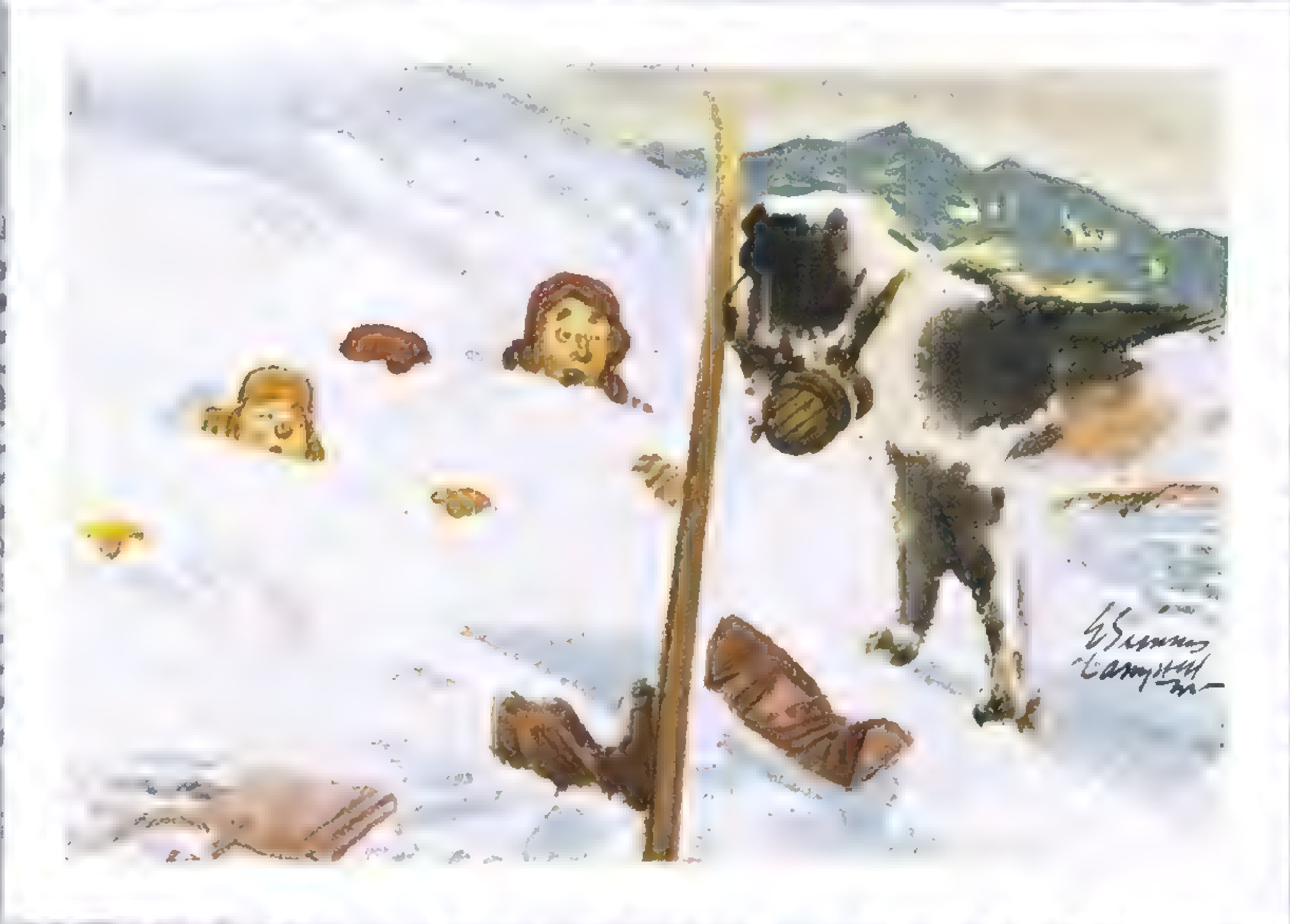
POUR GLENMORE...YOU GET MORE



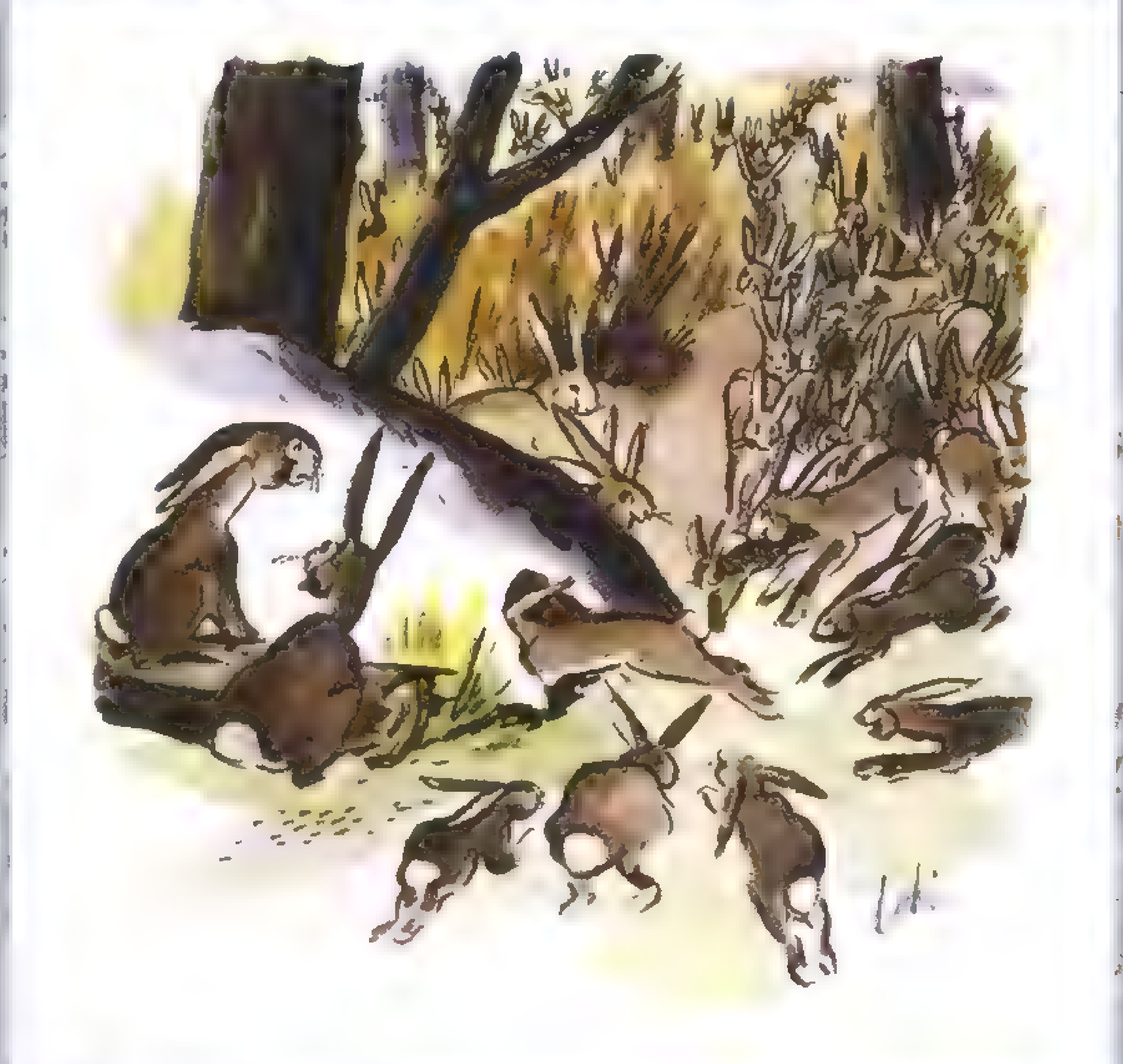
"Fred, guess what happened today?"



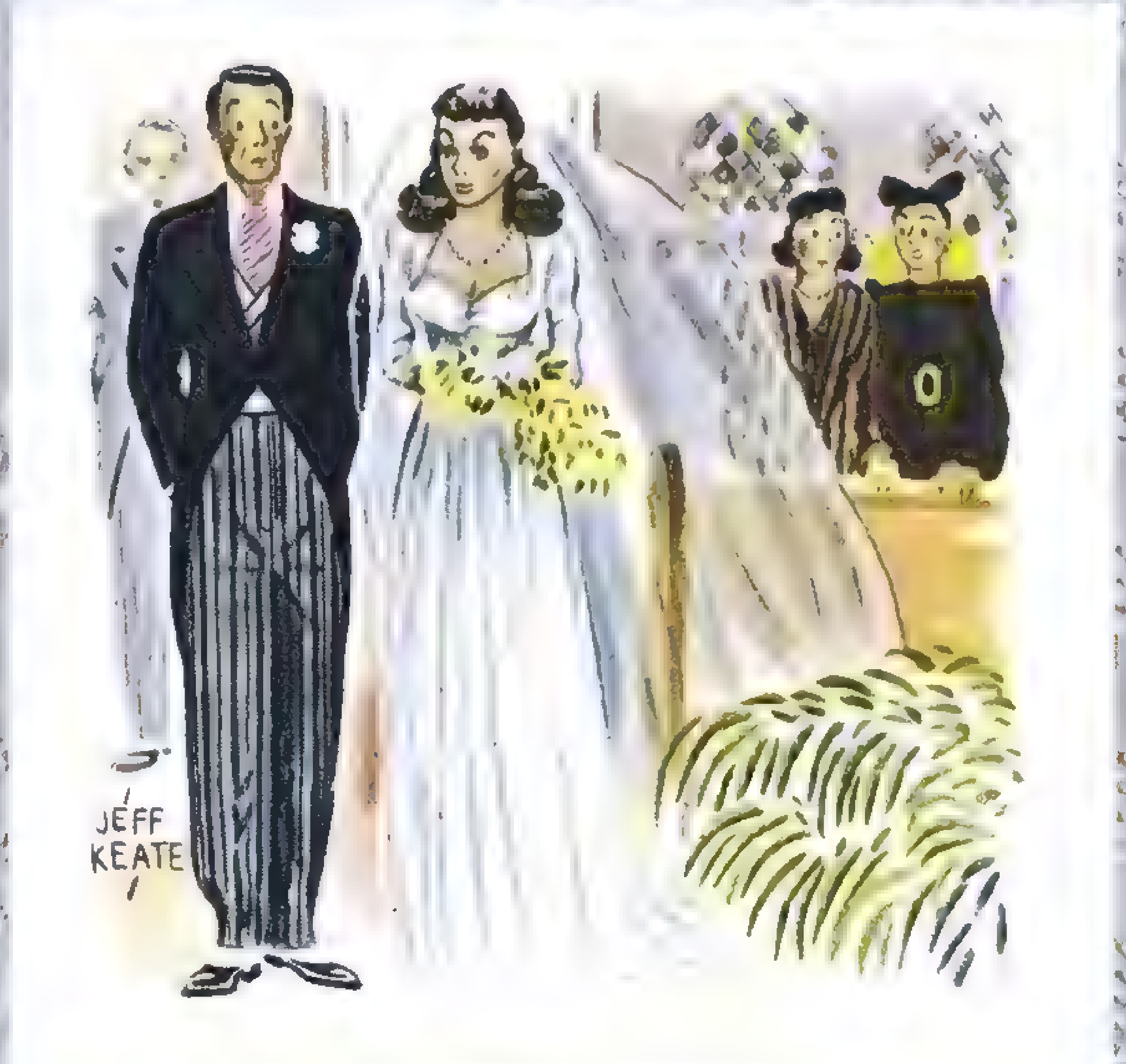
"I think you'd better tell Harrison to start forcing the issue"



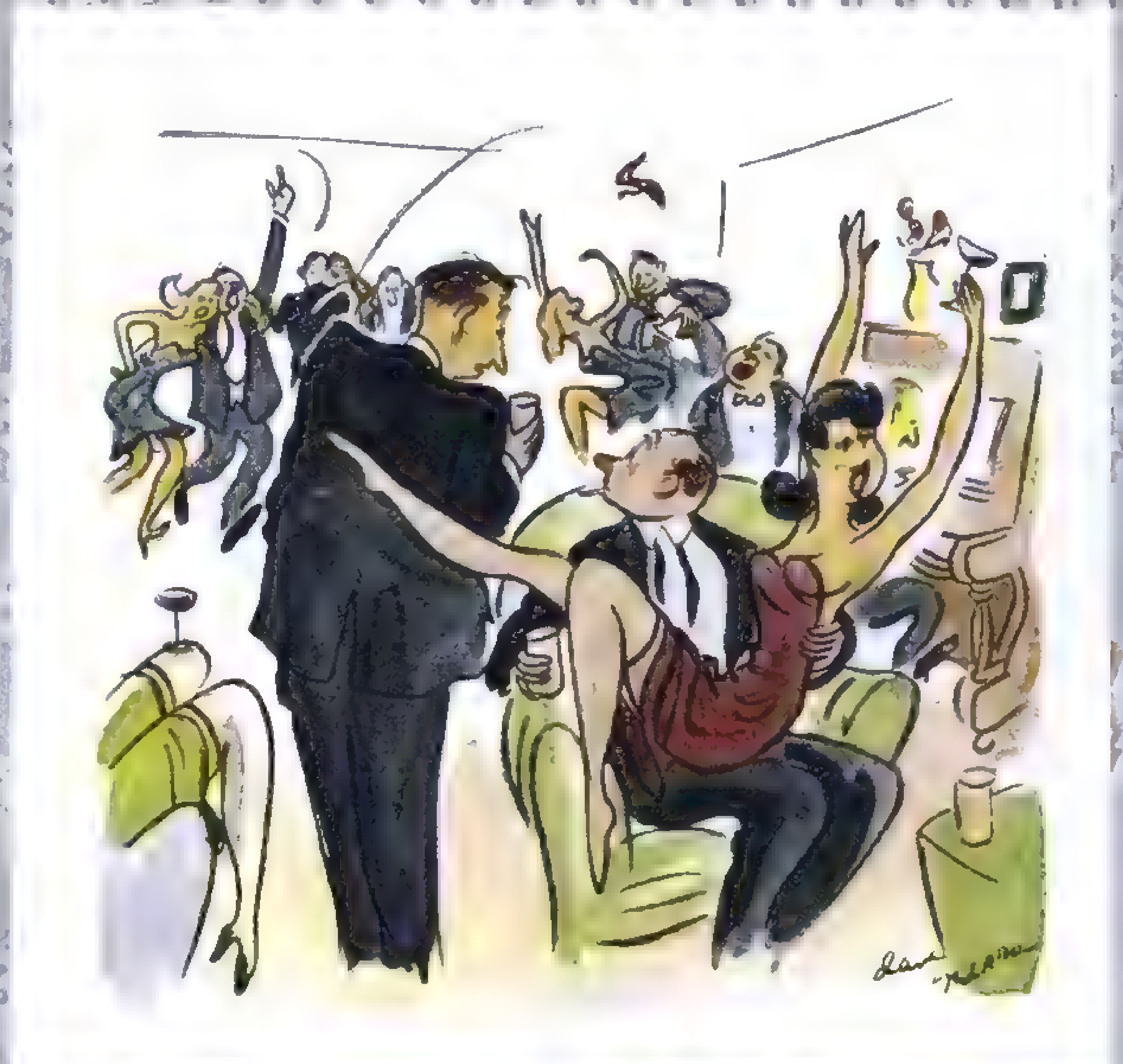
"Do you have any cigars? My friend here doesn't drink"



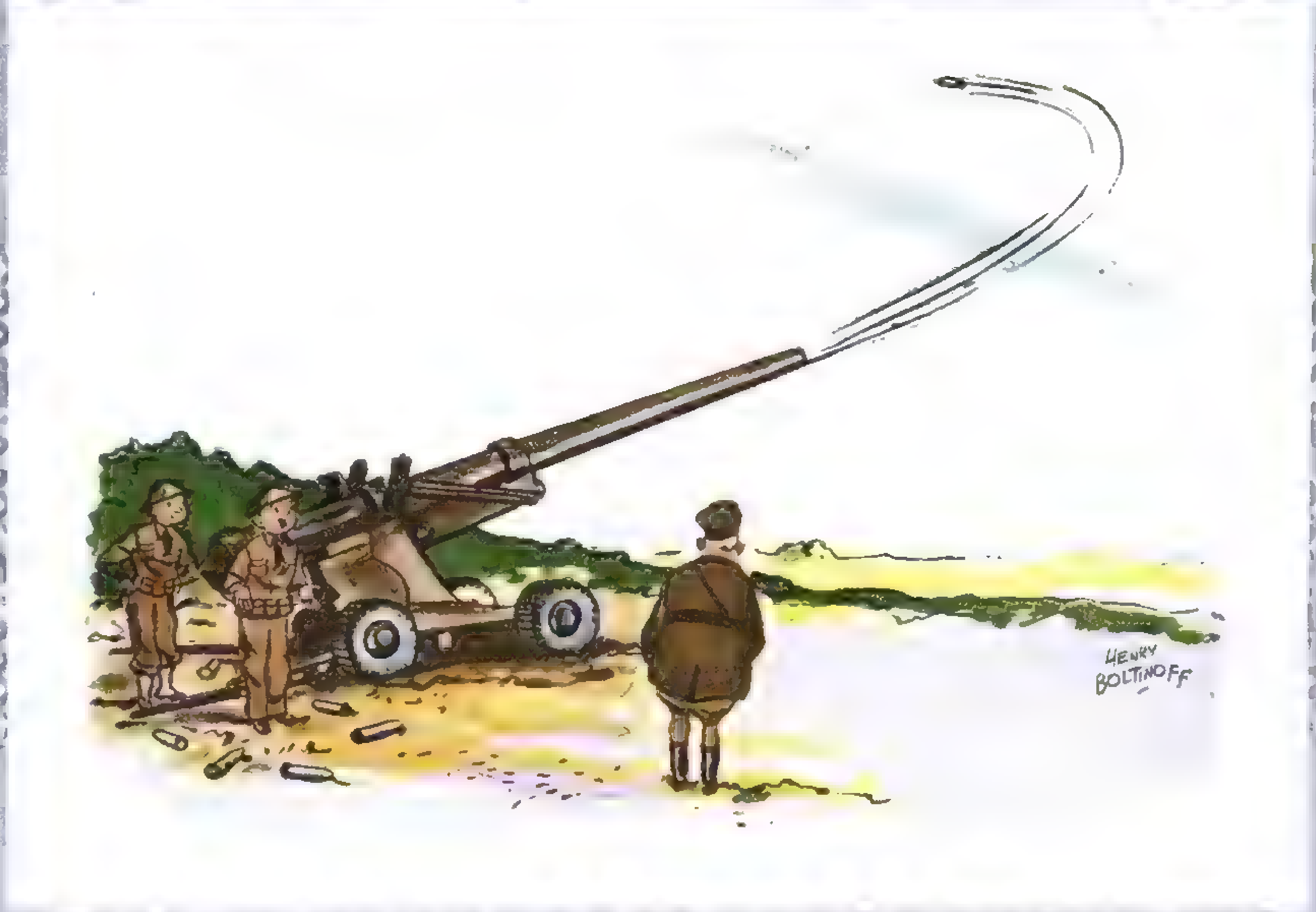
"You and your family reunions!"



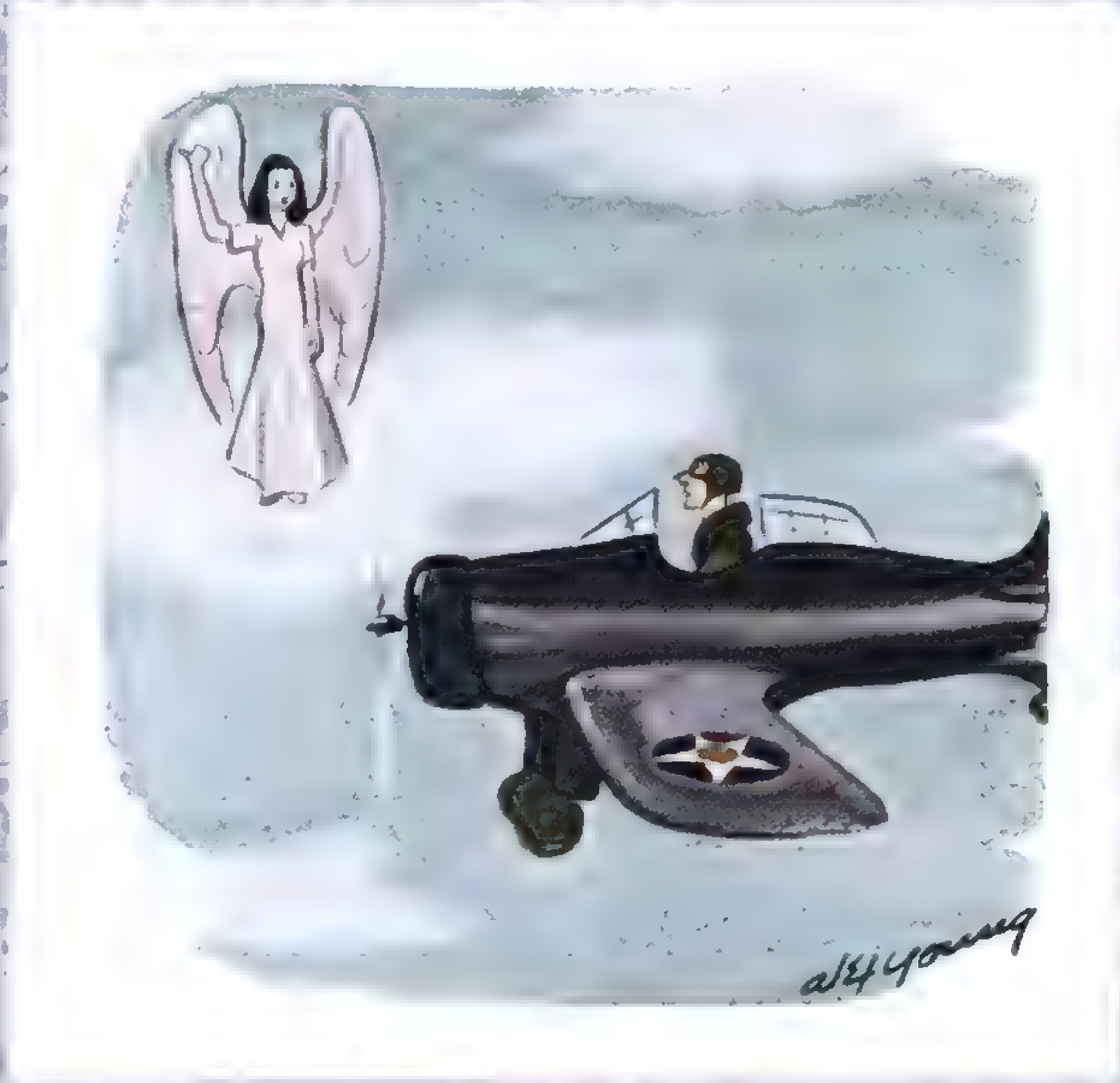
"She's having a victory dinner this evening!"

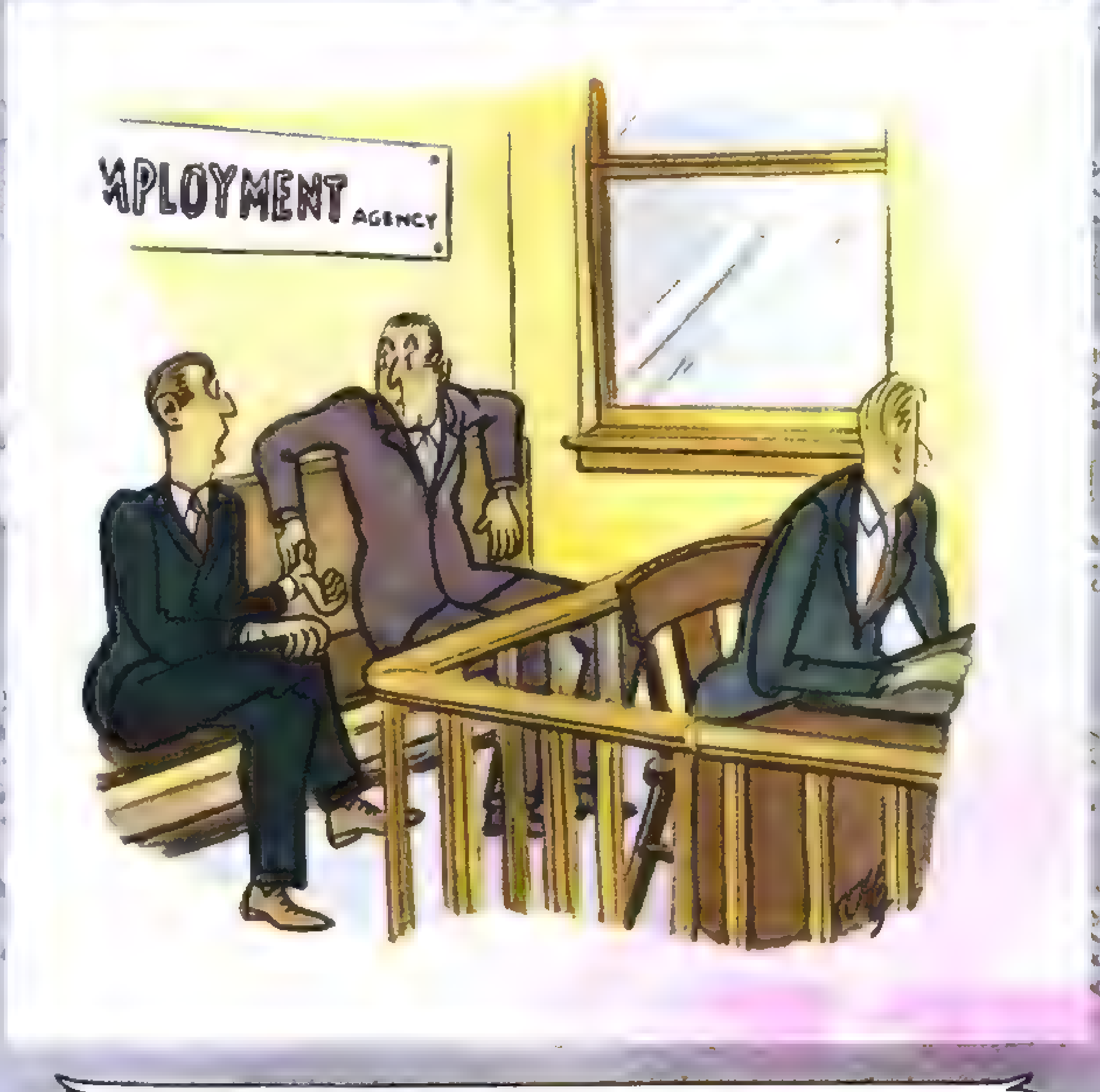


"I see where Ripley says it isn't really New Year's Eve"

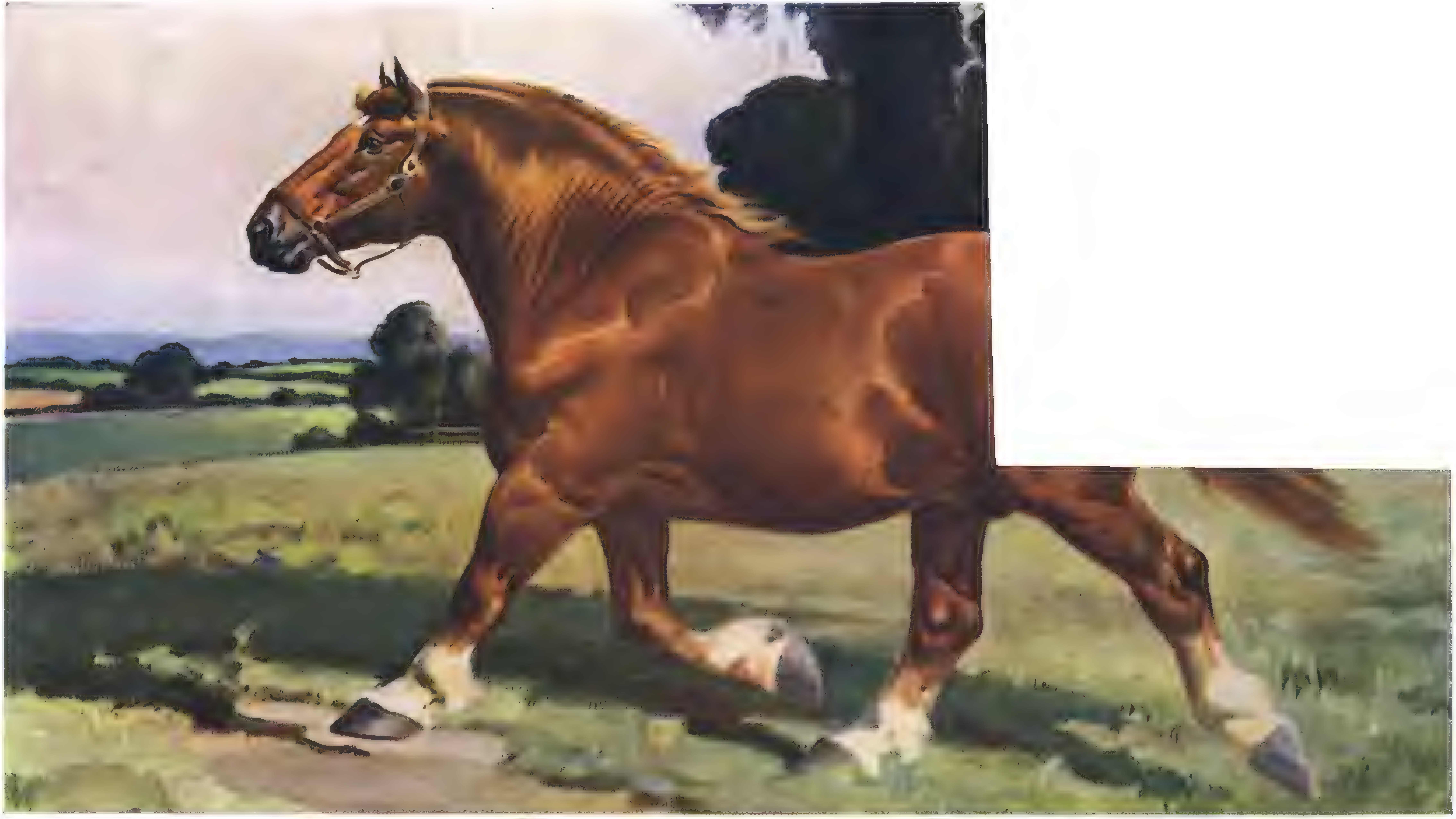

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"I hook on the golf course, too!"




MPLOYMENT AGENCY

"I got fired on account of my sister—
she divorced my boss"



The Suffolk Stallion is the pluckiest of draft horses, with the power and spirit to pull loads that stop other breeds dead in their tracks. A good Suffolk is a rarity in this country but in the Suffolk and Norfolk counties of England he is every farmer's mainstay. The highest ranking Suffolk Stallion in this country is the magnificent Boxted Confider.

Boxted Confider

He is Grand Champion of the Maryland State Fair for 1940 and '41 and International Grand Champion of the 1940 Chicago show. He weighs 2,200 pounds. Imported to this country from England as a two-year-old in 1938, Boxted Confider is the pride of Holiday Farm at Rectortown, Virginia, owned by Edward R. Johnston of Chicago.

NO. 9 IN A SERIES OF AMERICAN HORSES PORTRAYED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY WESLEY DENNIS

Twice-Told Truth About Japan

Continued from page 43

by assassination.

In my 13 years in Japan I've covered nearly a score of attempted and actual assassinations. Frazier Hunt and I were next door to a real one when the army boys machine gunned Premier Inukai. The Feb. 1936 revolution was the highlight of the Japanese army seizing power.

With the passing of Meiji and the aging or death of his closest advisers, who had been for the most part educated in Europe and America, came the idea in Japan that no further assistance from abroad was required. Foreign advisers in governmental departments were dropped, with two or three exceptions; foreign technical advisers in manufacturing were dismissed; in every line the foreigners including school teachers and missionaries were weeded out, while the Japanese were forced more and more to buy Japanese goods.

Following the Nazi Neimoller pattern, the Germans now in control of Tokyo have been able, through the Japanese Home Ministry and Education Ministry, to drive out all foreign missions, destroy hospital property and even jail a dozen American and British missionaries in Korea. Notwithstanding hopes by many mission boards, Christendom in Japan is finished until the army is thrown out of power.

The outbreak of World War No. 1, just at the time this movement to dispense with foreign aid was getting well under way, accelerated the national plan and convinced the Japanese that they had acted wisely. In the four years of the world stress, when every manufacturing nation was at death grips with its neighbor, Japanese manufactures grew by leaps and bounds. Wages doubled and quadrupled, war millionaires set unheard of examples in extravagance; money poured into the country until a trade balance of $700,000,000 piled up between 1914 and 1918. With work plentiful and wages high and with an urgent demand for almost anything that could be produced, prices at home went skyward, the cost of living doubled and all standards soared.

In World War No. 2, the Japanese expected a boom, particularly in shipping. They find themselves without export markets, without gold reserve to purchase raw materials, inflation, a controlled currency at 4 to 1 with a natural level of 20 to 1, state control of all business and finance from August, and no ships for overseas markets because the army needs them for sending supplies to its forces in China.

Then came the lean years of post-war depression. America, Great Britain and nearly every other country faced the situation logically, cut their losses, readjusted their industrial position, went through the labor turmoil and emerged. Japan was afraid to follow suit and even today with vicious inflation is still attempting to carry on without readjustment. Foreign trade in manufactured goods fell away. Instead of using the war-sent opportunity to acquire and clinch new markets, the Japanese turned out shoddy wares, crammed their ships with goods below the standards of the samples on which they received orders and greedily seized every dollar in sight without thought of the aftermath.

With luxurious tastes and inflation income, with labor that is inefficient and highly paid, with capital almost exhausted and with a foreign trade dependent upon the United States, and China, both for markets and for a bulk of raw materials used, Japan is financially unable to go to war with any maritime power. No victory, even were one possible, could help her; defeat would spell her doom as even a second-class Power and might, in the present temper of the people, even upset the Government and produce anarchy.

The fighting efficiency of the Japanese is yet to be proved. The nation won two wars on its own account and took a minor part in the World War on the side of the victorious Allies. The first war was with China in 1895, when the Chinese failed to make a stand in a single pitched battle and surrendered even so strong a position as Port Arthur after one day's assault. In the second war, with Russia, the Japanese were again uniformly successful on land and sea. The history of that war, however, shows that the Russian army was honeycombed with corruption. The soldiers of the Czar, stupid peasants for the most part, fought with ammunition that was two-thirds "dud" and were fed by a quartermaster department more interested in padding accounts and overweighing supplies than in getting food to the army. Japan's share in the World War consisted in forcing the surrender of the relatively small garrison at Tsingtao, the holding or loss of which was immaterial to the Germans, and in performing patrol and convoy work. Japan did well in her small share in the war. Her sons faced the Russians gallantly, for the first time in modern history an Asiatic race defeating a European nation, and in the war with China the Japanese demonstrated their right to be known as the military leaders of the Asia continent. But on no battlefield and in no campaign have the Japanese demonstrated that they are the equal of the troops of any of the European Powers who fought along the Western front.

No army raised through conscription can be above the rank and file of the people from whom it is conscripted. The personnel of no navy, filled through conscription, can be above the average of its nation. Ability to think in emergencies and a spirit of initiative cannot be conferred upon a man through putting him in uniform. The average Japanese is a slow thinker and as an individualist is almost a total loss. In Japan conscripts drafted into the army and navy are even below the national average. University and college youths are exempted from conscription. Youths of special ability in any line are kept out of the ranks through the influences of employers. The ranks are filled yearly by those able-bodied boys who can be withdrawn from civil life with the least disturbance, and they are, naturally, not the best of their years.

High losses in the present Sino-Japanese campaign are attributed to taking men early in the war in 1937-38 in the 30-40 age group which meant greater casualties due to lack of training. The Japanese underestimated Chinese resistance and thought their older men could beat down the Chinese force. Japan was using her best, and young men, in Manchuria and Korea in two battles with Russia, at Changkufeng Hill and at Nomohan Border. In the latter, the Japanese admitted losses of 18,000 men in six weeks. The Japanese were defeated in both contests. Japanese colleges are overcrowded. Young men, wishing to avoid conscription, have flooded the country's many schools. Farm boys do not escape conscription.

The whole political and social structure of Japan is founded upon obedience. All must obey the Emperor, to question whose divinity is treason. The Emperor is the supreme head of the national family. Under him the heads of the clans, then the heads of the individual families, must be obeyed. In government, in school, in business, in politics, in army and navy, initiative is not only not favored, but is consistently eliminated by training. Originality of thought or method is frowned upon by teachers, discouraged by employers, hounded by police and disciplined sternly by commanders.

Since 1932 the Japanese have had thought police who want to know "what are you thinking?" The economic police have rounded up 598,000 business men and dealers in the past six months for violating economic and price control laws. The Japanese counterpart of Leon Henderson slaps them in jail without argument. On Feb. 11, 1940, 180,000 were released from prison by Imperial amnesty. None of us realized that many were in prison! I heard the news over the prison radio.

The result is a nation that has to be told what to do and when to do it, a people that can work only in gangs, cheer only in chorus, think only in mass. Except upon the several long-established national holidays, which have become a habit, no Japanese house or shop displays a flag for special occasions until after the police have paid house-to-house visits and instructed the people to rejoice.

The people "rejoice" at every German victory. They "rejoice" when Japan's No. 1 Chinese puppet, Wang Ching Wei of Nanking, visits Tokyo. They "rejoice" when a South American economic delegation arrives to barter in celluloid toys and porcelain ware. They "rejoice" when a Japanese girl is married to the Manchurian Emperor's brother.

The police tell the people when to have their regular spring and fall housecleanings, and visit the houses afterward to see that the cleaning has been done. They tell the people when to swat flies, when to be careful about fires, when to change from winter clothes to summer wear and innumerable other little things of everyday life, thus keeping the people entirely disinclined to do their own thinking.

Not even ex-Foreign Minister Matsuoka can do his own thinking. After 50,000 copies of his speech, given on his return from Europe, were distributed in Tokyo, the secret police seized the pamphlets. Next day, the Cabinet ordered a special Thought Commission to Investigate the Thoughts of Government Officials.

The great earthquake of 1923 threw a large section of Japan into complete anarchy. All means of communication vanished within a few minutes. Authority was blotted out and the people, frenzied by the destruction wrought by nature, lost their heads. For a time there was no one to give orders, no power from above to restrain natural passions, and hopeless confusion reigned. It was ten hours before any troops were moved in Tokyo to assist the fire-fighters or help maintain order, although ten regiments, including the crack Imperial Guard division, are garrisoned in the city. It was thirty-six hours before a naval vessel appeared in Yokohama harbor, although the great Yokosuka naval base, with a hundred vessels, large and small, and 20,000 blue-jackets, is within half a day's march or one hour's steaming of the port. The earthquake demonstrated what Japan is when things do not follow their accustomed groove. Inflamed by wild rumors, the people turned savages, and a thousand Koreans and an unknown number of Chinese and Japanese, scattered throughout

Last year over 319,000 good men and true were caught up in the rush for copies of the Varga Calendar. Most of them had to wait weeks to get theirs. This year the waiting time will be kept to a minimum —if you act promptly and clip and mail now the "enabling coupon" on page 157

Continued on page 140

Twice-Told Truth About Japan

Continued from pages 43-139

the earthquake zone, were murdered, many to the accompaniment of torture.

Japan is a land of red tape, with rules and regulations for everything, from wireless telegraphy to prostitution. Should a business man desire a telephone, for instance, for his shop or residence, he must file a formal application with the proper Government bureau, giving full particulars regarding himself. If he is in what passes for a hurry in Japan, he encloses from $400 to $500 with his application, and if he is lucky he gets his instrument in five months. If he desires to wait on the list of applicants, his telephone will reach him in from six to seven years. If he desires to move his shop or home and take his telephone with him, he must file another formal application, accompanying it with ten dollars. This application must carry the seal of the owner of the house from which the telephone is to be moved, the seal of the owner of the place where it is to be moved to and must also set forth a reason, satisfactory to the bureau chief, explaining why the instrument is to be moved. The actual moving, after an inspector has visited and on the spot inspected the telephone and also visited and inspected the place where it is going, and a job that an American could do in twenty minutes invariably takes the three Japanese upward of half a day. The Japanese cannot hurry, will not take short cuts and are opposed to working alone. . . .

To enforce all the endless rules whereby the Japanese people move and act, great armies of officials have to be employed, the majority on meager salaries that make petty graft almost inevitable. Seemingly tons of paper are consumed for the making out of reports on all kinds of subjects, filled with unessential details, the very voluminousness of such reports making them useless. The work of gathering meaningless information regarding the people is duplicated over and over. The Japanese patiently and unquestioningly relate their life's history to official after official, while the resident or traveling foreigner grows exasperated as he fills in the police blanks with details as to his age, birthplace, name of father and maiden name of mother, matrimonial status and his "relation with your family," which means whether he is firstborn, an adopted child, the head of his own family or one of those who take their orders from an older relative. This matter of filling in blanks takes place at every hotel one stops at, every time one moves from one police district into another, every time a guest stays for more than a day or two at one's home. Every separate police station has its own records, which are never interchanged. If a traveler arrives from China he is examined by the immigration officials and harbor police at Shimonoseki, the first port of call. Here he answers such ponderous questions as "Why are you traveling?" "Why did you come to Japan?" "When are you leaving?" Successfully running this gauntlet, the traveler in a few hours reaches his next Japanese port, Kobe, but here again he must answer questions. . . . And so it goes on at Yokohama, Tokyo, only thirty minutes from Yokohama, and every other stopping place.

The same today is true in occupied China. In Manchuokuo, plague inoculation certificates are required to enter a department store. Five to seven types of certificates are needed to pass through Japanese lines in China. If your questionnaire and vaccination are out of order, you wash your hands in creosote dip in a hog trough, roll up your sleeves and a masked Japanese horse doctor shoots three doses of anti-cholera serum in your arm.

Such procedure requires many police, and this may account for the system. There are so many people in Japan and so few necessary positions that what there are must be overmanned a thousand per cent and many unnecessary positions created to provide for all the sons and grandsons and nephews of everybody with influence. Offices, banks, stores, and government bureaus are invariably so cluttered up with assistants that real work on the part of anyone is made almost impossible. A small, branch post office, for instance, where all the work could be easily done by two efficient clerks, has one to sell stamps, one to sell post office orders, one to register letters, one to cash post-office orders, one to make up reports of stamps sold, one to copy the reports in the official book, one to sort and deliver the mail sent to the branch and some half a dozen others with unspecified positions, whose occupation appears to be to talk to the particular clerk required when one of the mere public appears at the wicket.

The convenience of the general public is the last thing taken into consideration by authority. If, for example, someone should drown in any one of the hundreds of canals in Tokyo, the body cannot be taken out of the water until a policeman is summoned, and no policeman hurries. If this officer should see that the body had floated in the meanwhile to the other side of the canal, he will not touch it, but will send for a police-

THIS IS THE YEAR TO GIVE
Sterling

Below, left to right: *Greenbrier, Fairfax, King Edward, Chantilly, Lyric, English Gadroon, Sovereign*

Put your money in something real, this year . . . something with lasting pleasure-value . . . a good buy per dollar invested. Gorham offers you a choice of thirty active patterns, averaging about $18.50* per place setting of six pieces, and magnificent hollow-ware. Get a priority order in at your jeweler's now!

Send for free folders on leading patterns illustrated.

*FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

Lovely gadroon-decorated Cambridge sterling sugar, $12.00; cream, $12.00*; and tray, 9", $12.50.* Complete, $36.50.**

*Three-piece lady's boudoir set, plain or butler finish, $30.00.**

*Berry bowl of many uses. 2½" deep; extreme diameter, 10¼", $28.50.**

GORHAM
America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831
Sterling
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

man with jurisdiction on the other bank. The writer once watched two police arguing over a body floating in the middle of a canal, with head in one precinct, and feet in the other, while a gaping crowd stood around. Finally the two reached the conclusion that neither should touch the corpse but that the water police should be sent for. The water police arrived several hours later, delayed because their launch could not navigate the small canals until high tide, and, of course, no water police could travel except by water.

Nowadays the water police do not operate their launches because there is no gasoline.

The Japanese never drive horses, but walk and lead them, and almost invariably their beasts are overworked. The underlying idea is that as long as a horse can move a load on the level it should be able to move it uphill, and if it proves unwilling a few kicks in the ribs or a few twists to a rope around the tender upper lip should teach it not to be stubborn. Policemen watch with amusement when horses are beaten for falling down under loads they plainly cannot move. The average Japanese will not kill an animal because the taking of life is forbidden by Buddha. Looking after street accidents is the job of the police and interference, such as giving first aid, is sternly rebuked. So the street crowds simply step around a sufferer on the sidewalk and let him lie until a policeman arrives to enter a careful report in his notebook before he sends for an ambulance.

To get an ambulance today, sick persons must apply to the nearest police station, fill out long questionaires and wait for permission for an ambulance, providing the ambulance has gasoline, and if you survive long enough, you will reach a hospital.

Just as animals and children are overworked, so is machinery. That a machine can be loaded beyond the point of economical efficiency has not yet occurred to the average Japanese engineer. If a one-ton truck can be made to carry two tons the owner believes he is the gainer, while his truck breaks down long before its natural life. The streetcars in all the larger cities of Japan are constantly losing money, although a car not loaded to double its capacity is never seen, and in Tokyo cars designed to carry 70 passengers are jammed for at least half of every day with from 100 to 200. The extra fares, however, do not cover the losses through the rapid wearing out of the mechanism and electrical parts due to the overload.

The Japanese bought an American auto plant, thinking that domestic production would drive out General Motors and Ford. The test came in the present war in China. Japanese automobile skeletons are as common in Chinese roadsides as carcasses of Indian slaughters among the forty-niners. American auto firms, instead of losing business from Japanese competition, made huge profits from parts sales. The Japanese scorned the fact that autos and trucks need parts, and thought the finished product, overloaded as usual, would run. To finish off their remaining cars and trucks, they use charcoal burners to save gas. Charcoal provides no lubrication, hence pistons stick and buses, trucks and the few private cars left, are seen broken-down everywhere. Cars cannot climb hills. There is insufficient power from charcoal or cobs. This is an excellent test of Japanese efficiency.

The Japanese people are taught that they are the superiors of any white race. Through purchase of patents or through patent piracy, Japanese plants produce imitations in machinery, electrical apparatus that outwardly resemble the products of foreign plants. These Japanese imitations, marked with Japanese ideograms, are taken throughout the country as the original products of Japan. Off the beaten track foreigners are frequently asked by the Japanese if in America or England there are such conveniences as electric lights, streetcars or telephones.

With the exception of a few achievements in bacteriology, medicine and seismology, Japan has given little to the world. This, however, does not limit the claims of her press. Once it was solemnly announced that the Imperial Aviation Society of Japan had voted to confer a medal upon the Japanese inventor of the first airplane. It was explained that this man had submitted a suggestion to the War Department during the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 to the effect that machines that could fly would help wipe out the Muscovites. The War Department listened but did not act. The inventor had not actually flown his proposed machine, the press explained, but had worked it out on paper and was convinced that it would have flown had the War Department taken it up. Therefore a Japanese invented the airplane and no great credit need be given further to Langley or the Wright Brothers for only copying the Japanese idea. Again, when it was reported that Japan proposed to lift her tariff and license embargo against German dyes and in exchange Germany was willing to impart to Japan her secret process for the extraction of fixed nitrogen from the air, through which process Japan would have an independent source of nitrates for fertilizer and for the manufacture of explosives, the Minister of Commerce denied the report, saying that Japan did not have to go to Germany for any ideas in chemistry, that in Japan a new and better process of extracting fixed nitrogen had been worked out, and that though the process had not been tested practically it would work. Rarely a month passes without some Japanese discovering something great and wonderful, and the fact that the same discoveries have all been made and announced in other lands years before is never mentioned.

Although over 98 per cent of all Japanese can read and write and although Japan has hundreds of

Continued on page 142

she'll *Measure* this *Treasure* with *Pleasure*

Gift packaged in slim silver tubes

Lovely matched set...two dress-saving Playtex Make-up Capes in a shimmering silver tube... she'll always have one at hand to protect her dress when powdering her nose and combing her hair...at home, in the office, or when traveling. Sheer and feminine, Playtex helps to keep her smartly groomed the year 'round. Of flower-scented liquid latex in matched, petal shades...with a little swing pocket to hold puff, lipstick and hairpins. A godsend for the busy man with an office full of girls. Live tip for military men, from generals down! $2 *(plus tax)*

At leading stores everywhere, or use this handy coupon.

International Latex Corp'n, 350 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me.........................matched sets of Playtex* Make-up Capes at $2.20 *(tax included)* per set. Gift packaged.
I am enclosing ☐ check ☐ cash ☐ money-order for $......
Name ....
Address ....
City.. *State*..................
Copr. 1941 Int'l Latex Corp'n. *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. E4112

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF

The Royal Horse Artillery

(Full Dress)

This gallant corps shares the battle honours of countless British regiments which it has brilliantly supported on scores of far flung fronts. It has gloriously lived up to its motto —Quo Fas et Gloria Ducunt—Whither Fate and Glory Lead

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

Award of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1892 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky

At "stand-to" before your favorite bar, or at ease in the home station, it is brilliant strategy to draft the services of this seasoned campaigner. Command DEWAR'S *White Label*... highball of the highlands . . . medal Scotch of the World.

COMMAND DEWAR'S ...AND BE "AT EASE"

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL SCOTCH
and a set of Scotch Officers

Full-color reprints. Edition No. 4 now ready—*Includes 6 new 9 x 12 full color officer prints, without advertising, suitable for framing. Sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corporation, New York City, N. Y. Department E.*

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old also known as Ne Plus Ultra*

A blend of the highest quality whiskies produced in Scotland—each at the absolute peak of mellowness, smoothness, richness.

White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth

Dewar's "White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
Copyright 1941, Schenley Import Corporation, New York.
Schenley IMPORT

Twice-Told Truth About Japan

Continued from pages 43-139-141

daily newspapers, some with circulations upward of a million daily, the people are kept in a state of woeful ignorance concerning the conditions in Japan as compared with those elsewhere. This accounts in large part for the conceit of the Japanese as a race, particularly the military elements and government bureaucrats. They are taught that they are superior in brains and valor, and the daily, weekly and monthly publications that flood the land confirm this in every issue. The Japanese are not taught to think, nor allowed to think.

I was flying from Tokyo to Peking. At an intermediate airport we came down to change planes. A thought policeman appeared and presented his card. He asked: "I want to know what you think about American-Japanese relations." Knowing the dangers of expressing such thoughts, I explained that I was on holiday and that I was not thinking on that particular day. "Ah, so you do not think today. Very funny. Ha! Ha! Thank you. So sorry." "Do not think today" he repeated, writing it down in his note book as he walked off with a copy of an old American magazine I gave him.

When the stir of new ideas in practically every land reaches Japan, strict orders are issued by the Department of Education that no student in high school, college or university should be allowed to belong to any club or association formed to study social conditions or discuss political subjects, and that rule is sternly enforced. University teachers who diverge from their official textbooks to discuss live subjects are hastily disciplined, discharged or imprisoned.

Some 1,200 college professors have been jailed for not thinking in the right order about the New Order. In the same jail where I was held were two professors emeritus of Imperial University of Tokyo, who, after heading their departments about thirty years, retired. They were arrested for not thinking or teaching the right things on political economics and political science for the past quarter century. They were still in when I got out with a suspended sentence. The prosecutor told me the problem was whether to prosecute the venerable deans, or round up all the thousands of students who had studied under them.

At labor meetings there are invariably on the platform for every speaker two policemen, who interrupt at any suggestion of liberalism and hustle the speakers away to jail as they see fit. No free discussion on labor questions is allowed.

Isoo Abe, father of Japanese baseball—Japanese baseball crowds run to 60,000 a game—was leader of Japan's Labor Federation numbering 7,000,000 people. The Federation's labor party "dissolved by mutual consent" according to a police announcement.

The Japanese are inefficient and happy and this self-complacency is putting the nation further and further in the rear of the first-class Powers, one of which they believe themselves to be. Foreign visitors to Japan, seeing what the country has accomplished under Meiji and comparing Japan with China, India, Burma and other Oriental countries, in nearly every case become enthusiastic over the cleverness of the Japanese people. In speech and interview they spread their praise with a trowel, and the Japanese accept this as a proper tribute to their greatness. Such travelers, failing to see beneath the surface, repeat their praise of Japanese progress and modernity wherever they go, deceiving the world because they themselves are deceived.

The foreigner who has lived long in the country knows the Japanese as they actually are. They are lovable, courteous, artistic and kindly, but they muddle along as best they know how under the restrictions nature and their rulers have placed upon them; they can follow the rules they have been taught in industry and warfare, but are lost and confused the moment the rules are not adhered to. In industry they do what they have been taught to do; in warfare they would, perforce, do the same.

If a war in which Japan should be engaged were fought according to the textbooks on strategy and tactics, Japan would have a good chance, but if the rival commander, on sea or land, introduced something new, no Japanese commander could adjust himself, nor could he rally his troops from the confusion into which they would be thrown.

Chinese commanders welcome a Japanese blitz. The Japanese people wonder what becomes of their blitzkreigs which the Germans told them would work. Recently, a Japanese army spokesman in Shanghai announced his forces were opening their nineteenth blitz in four years with six divisions of 120,000 men. Soon as the blitz is announced, the Chinese separate to let the blitz move in and settle down. When settled, the Chinese pounce on the invader to get new supplies. No Japanese commander can adjust himself to such tactics.

Japanese fighting men have proved their courage in successive victories; their courage under a preliminary defeat is yet to be shown. They have demonstrated their fighting prowess against poorer trained and slower thinking people; they have yet to meet a nation that can out-think them, as can every other nation today ranking as a first-class Power. Those who know the Japanese do not believe they could stand up in any vital test of the kind, except in defense of their homeland, when they could fight on their own terms on a terrain they know thoroughly and for the land they love.

As a menace to any country of any fighting consequence, Japan does not exist.

As a first-class Power, Japan is a myth.

The sooner this fact is recognized, the sooner will all talk of war with Japan die away, to the betterment of the world and to the betterment of Japan. ##

Lesson of a Cockfight

Continued from page 61

good-looking, strong legs.

"You know . . ." He hesitated. "Lucille, I'm sorry about last night. I mean wanting to swing on the guy and all. But goddam it I didn't like the way the guy was draping his hands all over you. You know how I get. All of a sudden something . . ."

She was sitting up now on the blanket, her hands on her knees, rotating her torso. Her face was flushed from the exercises and she looked pretty.

Her words came out in short jerks with the rhythm of her movement. "You scare me . . . when you look . . . like that . . . I don't know . . . what you'll . . . do."

He laughed and turned back to the mirror and began to shave. The blade was a new one and cut cleanly along his cheek and down over his throat. It was almost a pleasure to shave with a sharp new blade and he began to feel hungry for breakfast.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "I'm harmless."

The street, when they went out, was crowded and noisy with people and the Sunday afternoon stream of passing cars. The sunny air was stimulating and when they had had breakfast at the drug store on the corner they both felt well and not at all as if they had been up till five that morning.

They stood for a few minutes in the shade of the awning in front of the drug store. A juke box was booming out from a bar across the street and as they stood there they both began to tap in rhythm to it.

He smiled down at her and said, "Well, what'll we do this bright and sunny Sunday afternoon?"

"We better go back to the room," she said, "and try to get going on that new routine."

He shook his head.

"I been thinking about that one, Lucille, and confidentially I think it stinks. We're not getting anywheres with it. I got to think up something new."

She started to interrupt him but he held up his hand.

"No, I been thinking it over and I can see it's no good. It's no use going on with it." He shook his head again. "No, I got to get some new ideas. I need a change."

"Temperamental," she said, and he said, "Now don't start that again, will you? No, but listen, I know what let's do. Domingo was going on about it last night—you know, the accordion player. About these cockfights they have here. That ought to be fun. Something different. You ever see one?"

"No. But anyway we can't afford it."

"You leave the financial worries to me," he said and raised his hand to a cab standing at the corner. "Anyway I'm going stale, trying to make something out of that routine. I need a change."

"So you said," she said, and again he felt that momentary stiffening of his body but then she smiled up at him and he laughed and said, "You just have a little confidence, that's all."

They drove over the Causeway, across Biscayne Bay where the shining white yachts were lying at anchor, through Miami, then over the tracks among wooden shacks in which Negroes and Cubans lived, and finally down a dirt lane to a circular brown building patched with rusted tin signs.

A breeze blew through the upper half of the little arena but even so the place was heavy with heat and the smell of sawdust, cigar smoke, and sweat. Within the sloping red-painted tin sides of the pit were two wooden cages with the birds in them, their trainers squatting down next to them. In the center of the ring a group of dark men were shouting at each other in Spanish and others, waving handfuls of bills, were taking down bets in a grey ledger book.

"My God," she said as they sat down on the hard wooden benches, "what an idea this was!"

"You wait," he said, sitting forward and lighting a cigarette. "You'll get a kick out of this."

Presently the men began to climb out of the ring, the two wooden cages were raised to the ceiling on ropes and each trainer took up his bird, holding it carefully and tenderly, murmuring to it. They took a step forward and slowly swayed the two birds, facing each other, from side to side. Then they put them on the ground and backed away.

The birds faced each other for a few seconds without moving. Then the ruffs around their necks began to swell and their necks stretched forward until their beaks were almost touching. They crouched so, as if tied to each other, their heads motionless, their bodies tense, and their ruffs circling and swelling at their necks, their little eyes stitched together by each other's hate.

In the hot-smelling still air nothing moved. Then suddenly there was a flurry of feathers as both birds, as if shot by simultaneous springs, leapt straight up, striking in mid-air, and at the same time a splitting shout from every opened mouth, a cry of agony and triumph and release. "Aie!" the voices screamed as the two wicked little heads struck, and "Aie, aie!" as the spurs raked the feathers along one back, and "Aie, aie, aie!" as one of the birds staggered and for a fraction of a second fell to the sawdust and rose again in a whirl of wings.

The voices moaned and blared as the birds locked, rolled, sprang, flew and darted in the ring. The birds clinched like boxers, their quivering red-wattled heads pushing against each other's shoulders, their vicious clawed feet scrabbling for foothold in the ground. They flew apart and together, jerked by the wires of their blind compulsion, thrown at each other by the springs of their obscure insatiable malice. From the tight

Continued on page 145

He's wonderful

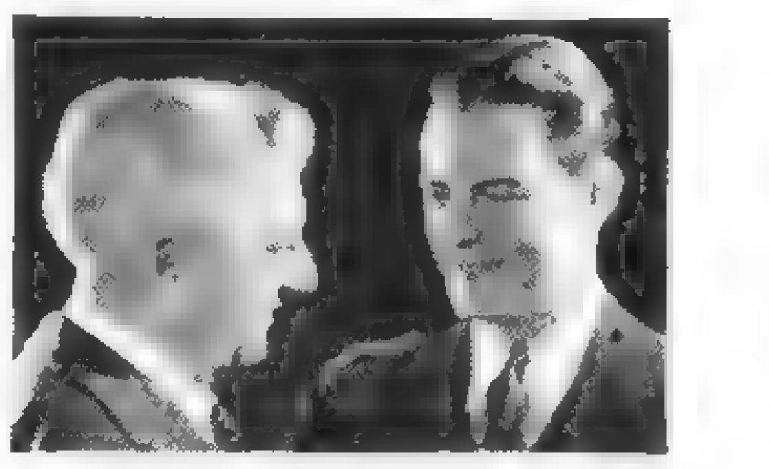
I'm so proud of his beautiful hair

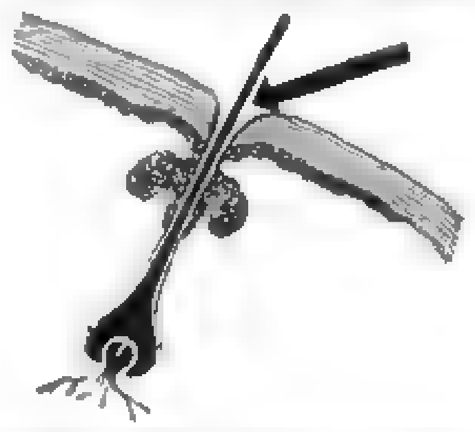
Important? You bet! Sometimes handsome hair means *everything* to a man! So keep your hair always at its best.

If your hair is dry, thin, or oily, chances are that over a long period of time, the tiny hair openings on your scalp may have become clogged. Your scalp may be sluggish. It probably doesn't function in a normal way. So your once rich-looking crop of hair is paying the penalty. *Don't let this go on any longer!*

Normalize—now! Massage a few drops of Ideal Tonic into your scalp every day, and *keep those hair follicles open!* Let the oil flow out naturally over your neglected hair. Quicken that "do-nothing" circulation into nourishing energy. Let Ideal Tonic keep the way clear for full operation of nature's life-giving functions. No more itchy scalp or dandruff. No more excessive falling hair. Ideal Tonic combines with natural oils to give a lustrous, young-looking appearance to your well-groomed hair.

Start using Ideal Tonic today—while you can still get that much-in-demand rubber scalp massage brush free!




KEEP THIS HAIR FOLLICLE OPEN

AND KEEP YOUR HAIR

Special **OFFER**

A 50c rubber scalp massage brush FREE with the purchase of a 50c size of Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic. $1.00 value. SPECIAL—both for 49c. Ask your druggist. If not available send carton top to The F. W. Fitch Company, Des Moines, Iowa, and receive brush free.

You'll like Fitch's
DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO
Use it regularly each week. It is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application

FREE 50¢
Fitch's IDEAL 49¢
HAIR TONIC
Tested and Approved 4580 Good Housekeeping Bureau

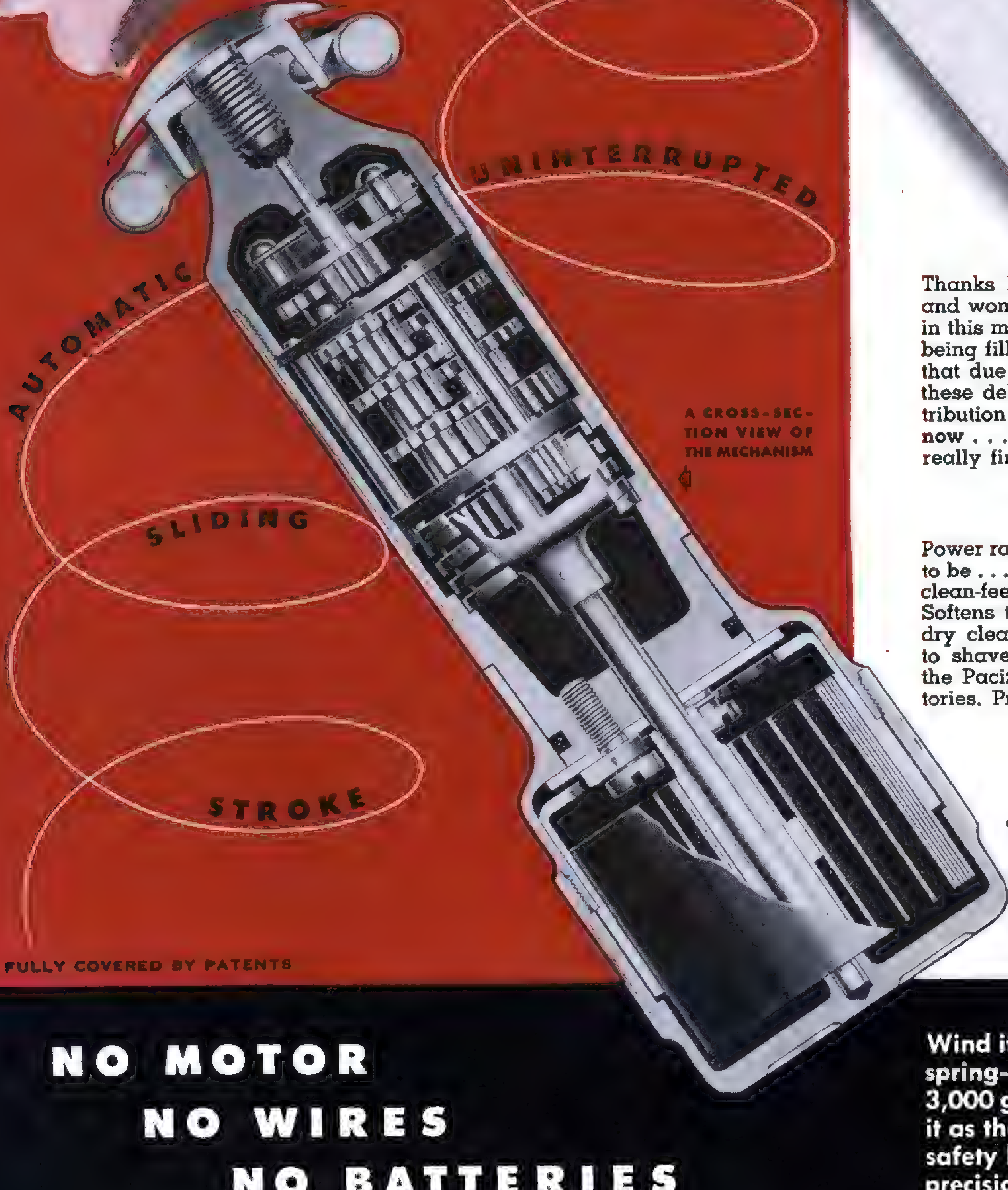
Copr. 1941 F. W. Fitch Co.

Fitch's IDEAL HAIR TONIC

Now there IS a better way to shave

A Merry Christmas
TO A LOT OF LUCKY MEN

ACTUAL SIZE
Weight 6 ounces...comes encased in handsome crystal clear modern plastic box.



A CROSS-SECTION VIEW OF THE MECHANISM

FULLY COVERED BY PATENTS

Thanks Esquirers and Esquirettes—your acceptance is terrific! Men and women everywhere responded to our first national announcement in this magazine, of the "better-way-to-shave" razor . . . their orders are being filled . . . they will have razors for Christmas. Again, we explain that due to defense demands and priorities only a limited number of these deluxe model razors can be made at this time. Wide retail distribution will come later . . . but . . . you can **order direct.** If you do it **now** . . . you'll get Christmas delivery. Do you want to give a man a really fine and lasting gift? Here it is.

He'll enjoy a clean, gentle WET shave with this
COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC RAZOR

Power razors as you know have always been dry shavers . . . they *have* to be . . . electricity and water won't mix. The really **good shave** . . . the clean-feeling smooth shave, is, and always will be, *the WET shave.* Softens the beard and cleans the pores at the same time. You can't dry clean your face day after day without irritation. It's a pleasure to shave with the new STAHLY. Buy it at a few leading stores on the Pacific Coast **or send check or money order direct** to our laboratories. Price $17.50 delivered, in crystal case handsomely packaged.

STAHLY
THE LIVE-BLADE RAZOR

Registration Applied For

BIRDSELL LABORATORIES, INC., DEPT. 113
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
MAKERS OF THE STAHLY STROKE SAVER
Birdsell . . . A Name World-famed for Precision Engineering Since 1855

© 1941 BIRDSELL LABORATORIES, INC.

NO MOTOR
NO WIRES
NO BATTERIES

THE SCIENTIFIC SHORT CUT
TO THE PERFECT SHAVE

Wind it like a watch . . . a few turns of the handle starts the spring-driven power. The blade moves in an even flow of 3,000 gentle side strokes per minute. That's why we describe it as the "LIVE-BLADE" razor. It uses any good double edge safety blade . . . the LIVE action prolongs the blade life. Its precision mechanism is factory sealed . . . water tight in a reservoir of oil. There is nothing to learn . . . just shave your natural way. You can shave anywhere . . . it's always ready and trouble free. Every owner receives a Registered Warranty.

Lesson of a Cockfight

Continued from pages 61-143

knot of the brain the fury leaped in hot sparks down their spines and into the action, lightning fast, unpremeditated, and deadly, of their spurs. Around them the air rocked with the cries and the pleadings and the screams of men, but in the pit where they were fighting there was a silence. It stood like an almost palpable column surrounding the violence of their struggle with a stillness like the stillness at the center of a hurricane, a core of quiet at the center of the hatred and the fury which whirled up from the darkness of their inflamed and unrelenting hearts.

"Aie, aie, aie!" and suddenly one bird lay on the ground, its claws moving slowly in the air while the other stood over it, motionless, a look of curious, half abstracted calm in the cock of its blood-smeared head. The claws on the ground waved slowly, with grace, like hands guiding the motions of an orchestra. The top bird did not move, standing with one foot planted on the other's head. The seats swayed and trembled and the roof reverberated, but in the pit the silence stood motionless and calm as the bird stared steadily away from the one beneath his feet while the hidden needle of his spur bored silently into the other's brain.

A trainer jumped into the ring. In his hand he held a small minute-glass. He squatted by the birds and held up the minute-glass. In the dusty sunlight the red sand ran slowly down inside the glass. A silence fell now over the whole arena, and all the eyes were drawn in converging lines to the red flow of time, the measured stream of seconds through the glass above the heads of the birds.

The girl whispered, "He's dead," but the man shook his head.

"Look at his hands," he said, then laughed for a second. "I mean his feet. They look like hands."

The yellow pocked claws moved slowly as the seconds fell.

Then the glass was empty. The trainers picked up the two birds and again held them facing each other, swaying them slowly back and forth before putting them down. And it was so: the bird was not dead and now he flew at the other and staggered him with a long sweeping stroke of his spur. For a few seconds the air was a blur and then suddenly both birds began to trot together, side by side, around the ring. To see them you would have thought that there was something beautiful about the two animals going along so in this harmony with one another. There was a calm and a grace about their movements, a precision and a controlled beauty.

But again there was a whirring of feathers and this time the claws of the bird beneath moved only a few times, and jerkily, not with grace, while the other stood above him, his foot planted on his neck and his head stretched down, pecking with calm deliberation at his dying, and then dead head.

The shrill triumphant crowing of the bird flew up into the air.

"Come on," Ray said, reaching for Lucille's hand. "Let's get out of here."

"What's the matter?" she said as they got out. "Can't you take it?"

He looked down at her. Her face was flushed. He laughed and said, "Sure, can't you? But listen I've got something. I mean I knew I'd get something." He pulled her toward the waiting cab.

"Listen," he said when they were inside and had started off. "Listen, I told you that other routine stank. But listen, I've got something here." He slapped his hand down on his knee. "Baby, will this wow them! Lucille, listen. A dance, see? Us dressed up like roosters, see? Feathers and everything. Can't you just see it? A cock fight. Looking at each other first, then jumping up, wings, and that circling around the way they do, can't you just see it? Why, it's got everything."

An expression of admiration came over her face.

"Ray," she said. "Ray . . ."

"I told you I'd get something," he said, and took her hand. "Honey, listen, and then at the end, the kill. You see it? Me killing you, the way your hands'll move and then lay still, the way that chicken did and . . . Why, my God, it's a natural. It's got everything: eccentric, adagio, and then at the end—Death. That's what gets them. Death. You know, like the old Apache stuff. You know how it used to wow them. Remember when I'd bend you backwards, real slow, and put my hands around your throat . . . Remember?"

Her eyes were shining as she looked at him.

"Honey, I think we've hit it," she said. "I mean, really." She shuddered for a second. "But, God, isn't it awful? I mean those birds. It's so . . . so brutal."

"Hell," he said, "it's only natural. For them, I mean. Why, they'll fight anything in sight. It's their instinct. You know, to kill."

"I know," she said, "but . . ."

"Funny," he said. "I had sort of a hunch I'd hit on something today. I don't know . . ."

For a few moments they didn't say anything, then she said, slowly, "You know, Ray, I'm sorry . . . about this morning but . . ."

He patted her on the knee and said, "Forget it. But it was just because I . . . well, I'm still crazy about you, kid, and when a guy like that . . ."

Suddenly she put her arms around his neck kissed him on the mouth, long and hard.

His hand stroked her shoulder, then moved until it was lightly touching her throat. Even with his eyes closed he could see its smooth white roundness and he could feel its cool beauty beneath his curving hands. #

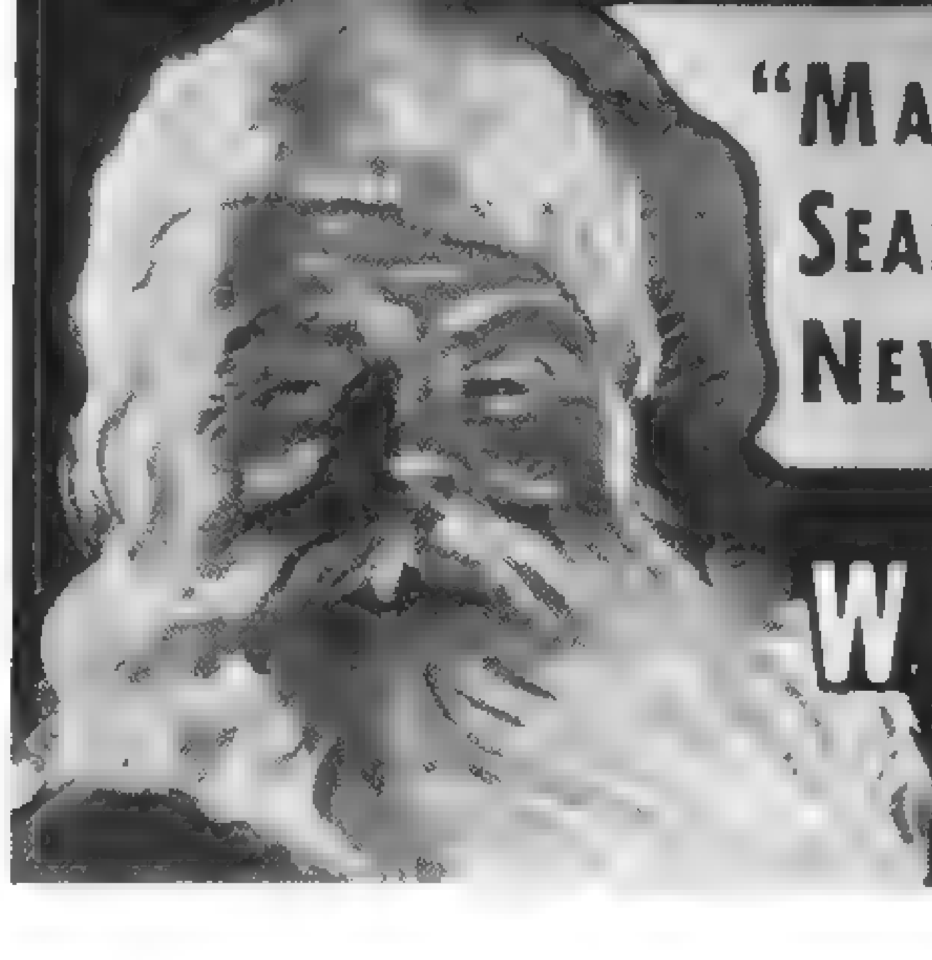
"COME ON—LET'S CELEBRATE . . .

. . . I'M HAVING A *RECORD-MAKING* CHRISTMAS!"

Christmas Day . . . New Year's Day . . . *ANY DAY*—you can always celebrate if you have a new 1942 Wilcox-Gay RECORDIO. Make recordings of your own voice or favorite radio programs and hear them played back immediately. There is nothing like this marvelous recorder-radio-phonograph for putting zest in a party . . . educating the voice for speaking or singing . . . adding new life to radio reception . . . listening to swing or symphony from recordings of the world's greatest artists. Try to imagine what this wonderful instrument will do for you!

Beautiful styling and advanced engineering features make RECORDIO the big radio buy of 1942. Why not treat yourself to a new thrill? See the RECORDIO line today at your nearest Wilcox-Gay dealer and then buy wisely—a new RECORDIO.

RECORDIO
RECORDER · RADIO · PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION



"MAKE THE JOYOUS HOLIDAY SEASON *LAST ALL YEAR* WITH A NEW WILCOX-GAY RECORDIO"

WILCOX-GAY CORP.
CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 105

run musicals, only *Hellzapoppin* falls into the freak category.

Of all the freak plays produced in our theatre in the last twenty-five or thirty years, the only ones that I can at the moment recall that got anywhere at all with popular audiences were *On Trial*, a melodrama played backwards; *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, which fooled an audience with tricky dramaturgy; *The Tavern*, a lunatic roughhouse travesty; *The Unknown Purple*, in which the vengeful hero made himself invisible and, represented by a purple glow, moved about among the other characters and raised the devil with them; *Processional*, a paraphrase of German Expressionist drama; . . . *one-third of a nation*, the Federal Theatre's Living Newspaper experiment; and *The Night Of January 16*, with members of the audience sitting in a stage jury box and nightly passing the verdict on the guilt or innocence of the accused. All the others that come to mind either got absolutely nowhere or only a short and unprofitable distance.

One of two late attempts at some such exhibit is *Mr. Big*, by Arthur Sheekman and Margaret Shane, freely edited by George S. Kaufman. The attempt here takes the form of a mixture of the Fulton Oursler-Lowell Brentano successful murder melodrama of some years ago called *The Spider* and Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin* in which all kinds of hypothetical members of the audience are drawn into a murder or two occurring on the stage, with plenty of loony antics both in the auditorium and on the stage. Some of the incorporated gags are funny enough, but the show on the whole seems over-contrived and forced. And, further, its "novelty"—in view of its sources—doesn't seem quite so novel as its entrepreneurs may have hoped. Whether it will go into the list of freak plays that have been fully accepted by the large public remains, at this writing, still to be determined.

III

Nothing much, however, remains to be determined about the second effort, which was known as *Cuckoos On The Hearth* and which was the spawn of Parker W. Fennelly. Mr. Fennelly's idea of a trick novelty was to go back some twenty-five years or so and rewrite the old one which first shows what someone imagined as happening and then subsequently what actually happened. In Mr. Fennelly's invention, to be illiterate in the employment of words, the ancient business concerned mysterious happenings in a lonely house at midnight during a snowstorm.

In a heavily facetious effort to make his senescent hodgepodge passable, the author printed the following apologia in the program: "Any similarity to any person, character, play, situation or gag, living or dead, is intentional. Anyone feeling aggrieved is referred to Milton R. Weinberger, attorney, 1440 Broadway." This cuteness was followed by more, to wit: "Alternate Titles: *Two Story House, Arsenic in Our Town, The Man Who Came to Stay all Night in the Tavern in our Town, Cuckoos in the Corn, The Man Who Came to Visit Next Door to the Man Who Came to Dinner, Stranglers Three.*"

Three other more valid critical titles might have been added: *One Key to Baldpate, Brother Cain's Storehouse* or, preferably, to quote the late Ring Lardner, *Shut up, He Explained.*

Except for one fairly workable second-act melodramatic situation, Mr. Fennelly's chowder of bygone clamshells had all the interesting novelty of a 1910-model automobile and all the ingenuity of a pocket flashlight designed for daylight purposes. In the newspaper columns directly next to the appropriately sour reviews of his play, appeared this Associated Press story from Worcester, Massachusetts:

"Dislike of keeping full the coal-hopper on the family's stoker-fed steam boiler prompted Robert S. Fay, Jr., 19, of Monson, to perfect an elevator to do it for him. Today his resourcefulness won him the Yankee ingenuity scholarship of $500 at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Fay made his machine from an abandoned ensilage feeder and parts of an old grist mill. For power he harnessed an idle gasoline lawn-mower motor. The scholarship was established in 1927 by Henry J. Fuller, New York banker."

The next time Mr. Fennelly thinks of trying his hand at an ingenious novelty play he should take on Robert S. Fay, Jr., as a collaborator.

IV

What this country needs is no longer a good five-cent cigar but a good fifty-cent one. We have at least one five-cent cigar that is a bargain for the money. And I am told by several former millionaires of my acquaintance that there are one or two others that have not as yet perfumed my lips that are extremely tasty, considering the price. But I have been unable in more recent years to find a fifty-cent cigar that, three times out of five, was properly wrapped, that didn't either burn down the side or have a worm-hole somewhere in it, and that was worth more than a quarter even at its best.

However, what this country needs much more than a good five-cent or even good fifty-cent cigar is a good three-dollar farce. There have been so few of the species in the last half dozen theatrical seasons that you can count them on the fingers of one hand and have at least one finger left over with which to thumb your nose at all the rest.

Among the rest was one called *The More the Merrier*, by the Messrs. Gabrielson and Pincus, unloaded on us early in the current season. Aside from a few topical wheezes and a character whose passion in life was penciling mustaches on oil paintings, the authors' idea of serviceable new farce apparently consisted for the most part in borrowing the slamming doors from old French boudoir farce, the troublesome corpse from farce of the past like *A Slight Case of Murder*, and the tourists taken into a house by the busload by someone needing quick money from the comedy of seven years ago called *Strangers At Home*, synchronizing them in a lonely house on a snow-swept mountain, and having the stage direction looked after by a former Viennese director whose forte, if any, was straight drama and who had once seen George Abbott in a night-club.

It wouldn't do, and it won't do. Directing a lot of characters to gallop around a stage as if they were being chased by goosing ghosts may have been all right for laughs once on a time, but it doesn't work any longer. It's just tiresome. Interrupting the action of a farce periodically with the tender passions of juvenile lovers is also no longer good for anything but yawns—and trying to recapture the action after such scenes is like trying to recapture smoked smoke. *Arsenic and Old Lace* did everything for comical corpses that needs to be done for some years, and attempted imitation is the sincerest form of flatulence. Multiple slamming doors went out with wing collars for dinner dress, Clover Club cocktails and the New York *Evening World*. And Central European stage directors like Otto Preminger, when it comes to a matter of American farce, never went out because they never came in.

V

The Theatre Guild opened its revival series with a poor production of Eugene O'Neill's delightful comedy, *Ah, Wilderness*. On its schedule, beyond *Ah, Wilderness*, are, at the moment of writing, Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped*, Sheridan's *The Rivals*, Capek's *R.U.R.*, O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*, Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* and, possibly, *Alice in Wonderland.* Most of these plays were successes when they were first shown locally; most of them are worthy enough; and the revivals, if they are at all well done, may here and there prove to be of some interest. But the program nevertheless seems to me to be of considerably less interest than it might be.

Instead of reviving plays as familiar as these, would it not have been a better idea, and one with possibly an equally good box-office chance, to follow the principle recently instituted by the so-called Readers' Club in the matter of books? This Readers' Club, which is now said to number eighty thousand subscribers, has as its policy the distribution of books which, when originally published, did not for one reason or another get the break they deserved. Why not, in imitation, revivals of plays which, when they were originally produced, did not in turn get the break they deserved? I take the liberty of suggesting a half dozen:

1. *Right You Are if You Think You Are*, by Pirandello, and originally produced by the Theatre Guild itself.
2. *He*, by Alfred Savoir, also originally produced by the Theatre Guild.
3. *The Commodore Marries*, by Kate Parsons.
4. *A Texas Nightingale*, by Zoë Akins.
5. *Star-Spangled*, by Robert Ardrey.
6. *A Distant Drum*, by Vincent Lawrence (if he will touch up the last act).

Or another half dozen possibilities:

1. Saroyan's *My Heart's in the Highlands*.
2. *A Lady in Love*, by Dorrance Davis.
3. *Herod*, by Stephen Phillips.
4. *Harlem*, by W. J. Rapp and Wallace Thurman.
5. *The Gentile Wife*, by Rita Wellman.
6. *Noah*, by André Obey.

The majority of these, certainly, are very far from being dramatic masterpieces, but it would be pleasant and profitable to see them in revival.

But say the Theatre Guild is determined to revive plays only by the authors whose plays it has announced for revival. Couldn't the list still have been improved upon from the point of view of public and critical curiosity and interest? Instead of O'Neill's *Desire under the Elms*, why not better either O'Neill's originally less successful and less familiar but highly estimable *The Straw* or his also originally less successful and less familiar *Marco Millions*, with George M. Cohan as the pre-Yankee Marco Polo, a role he surely should have played in the first place? Instead of Capek's *R.U.R.*, why not Capek's *The Insect Comedy*, or *The World We Live In*, as it was locally known? Instead of Andreyev's all too familiar *He Who Gets Slapped*, why not Andreyev's much more provocative *Savva?* Instead of Sheridan's all too frequently revived *The Rivals*, why not, oh why not, the considerably less repeated and jolly *The Critic?* And instead of Shaw's dated *The Devil's Disciple*, why not the much more still pointed and entertaining *Fanny's First Play?* I'll take *Alice In Wonderland* as scheduled, but if they don't cast Betsy Blair as Alice. 'raus mit 'em!

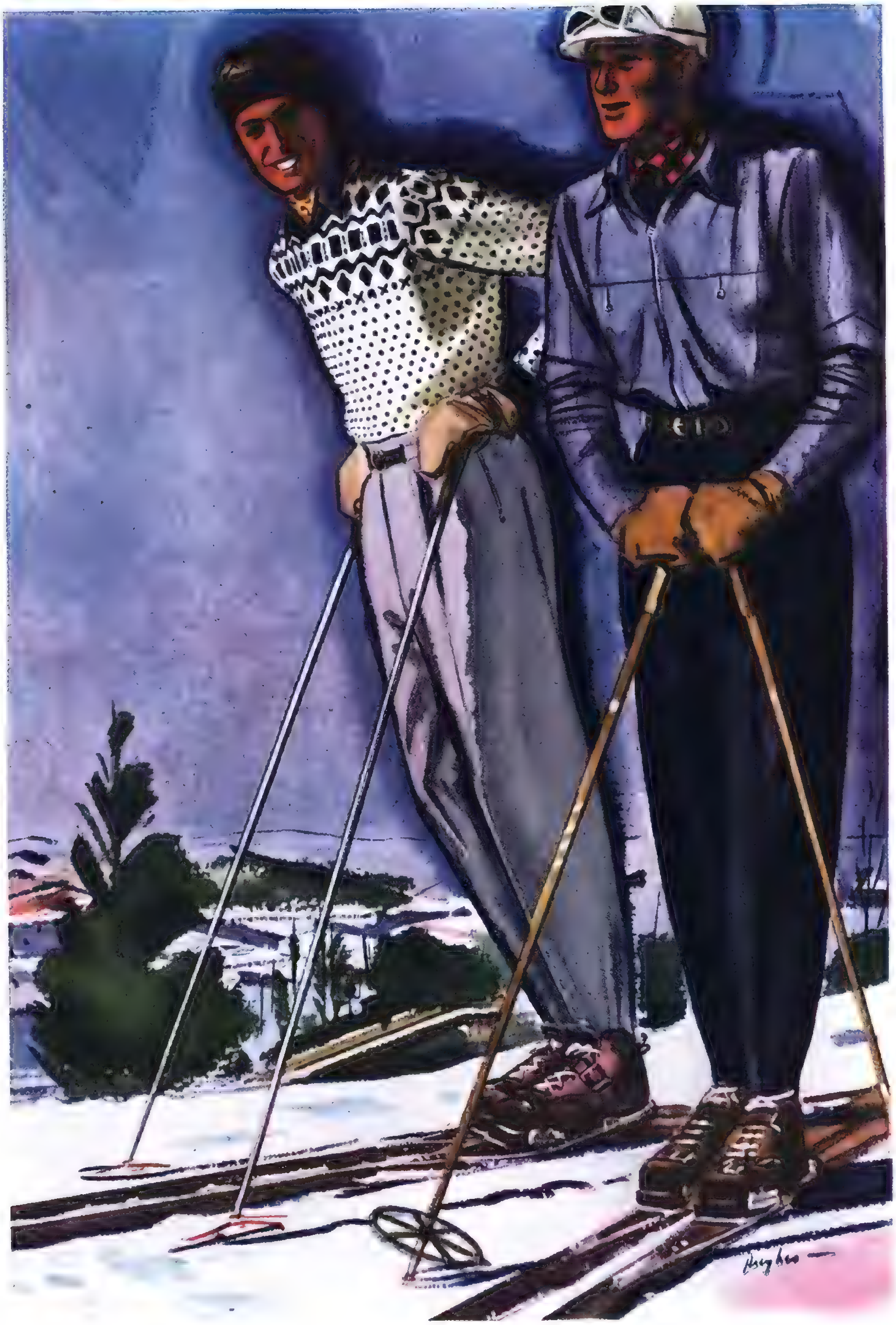
The Oregon Trail
Christmas Day
1845
CONRAD DICKEL

*Give him something he wants . . . Give him some real good Socks . . . Give him the BEST . . . There are more than a thousand different *INTERWOVEN* SOCKS from which to choose . . . you can't beat these.*

Interwoven
New
Interwoven
*CABLE CORD
COTTON WITH
DUPONT NYLON
TOE TIP
MARVELOUS
*WEAR-RESISTERS

COPYRIGHT BY
INTERWOVEN
STOCKING
COMPANY
1941

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



skiing stars

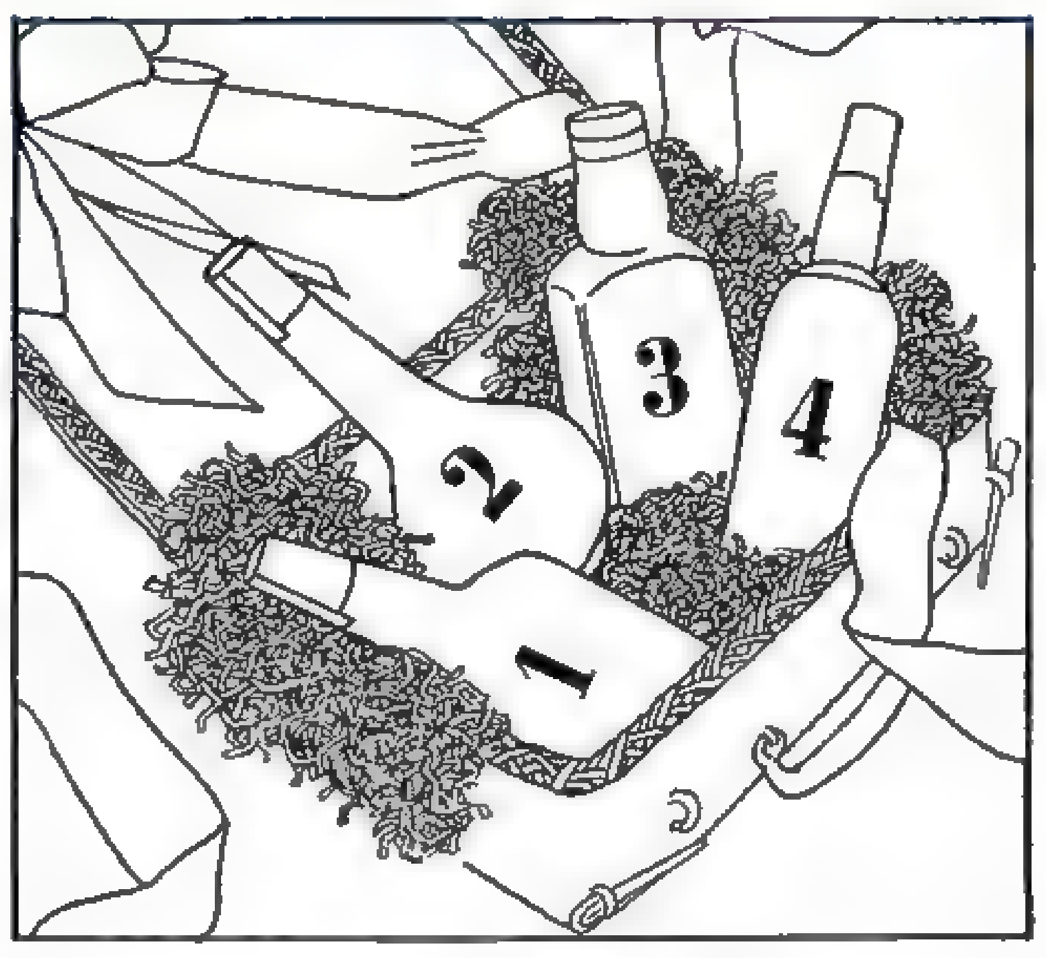
Pardon the play on words, but it couldn't be helped. These two riders of the wooden runners made us wonder how mussed up they'd be if they didn't control their skis. There is no wonderment caused by their clothes, however. They measure to the standards set by some of the most proficient skiers. The first man wears a native design heavy wool sweater, tucked inside his grey worsted gabardine trousers. A knitted wool headband covers his ears, and a yellow ground foulard scarf peeps out from the blue gabardine shirt. Leather palmed cotton mitts extend only to the wrist. His brown boots are laced fore and aft, the tongues backed up with sponge rubber for comfort. The second skier wears a processed cotton jacket with slide fastener closure and pleat concealing the slide fastener pockets. Jacket is tucked inside dark blue gabardine trousers. Also worn: white processed cotton cap, tartan flannel shirt, homespun wool tie, leather mitts, western belt, dark brown blucher ski boots.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Hiram Walker's
Rock-Rye
70 PROOF
Hiram Walker's
Manhattan Cocktail
66 PROOF
Hiram Walker's
CREME de MENTHE
60 PROOF
Hiram Walker's
BLACKBERRY LIQUEUR

No Apologies to Importeds

Especially to your most learned epicures, give Hiram Walker's Cordials and Liqueurs this Christmas. Give them proudly—for these are the truly eminent American inheritors of everything the Old World greats possess. Everything, happily, but the high tariff. For friends close to your heart, have your dealer pack you gay Hiram Walker baskets. Because these are particular favorites at Christmas, we suggest for giving—and your own feasting:



1. *Hiram Walker's Blackberry Liqueur* (75 proof). Magnificent for the flavor of the fresh, ripe fruit it's made from—as are all four Hiram Walker fruit liqueurs.

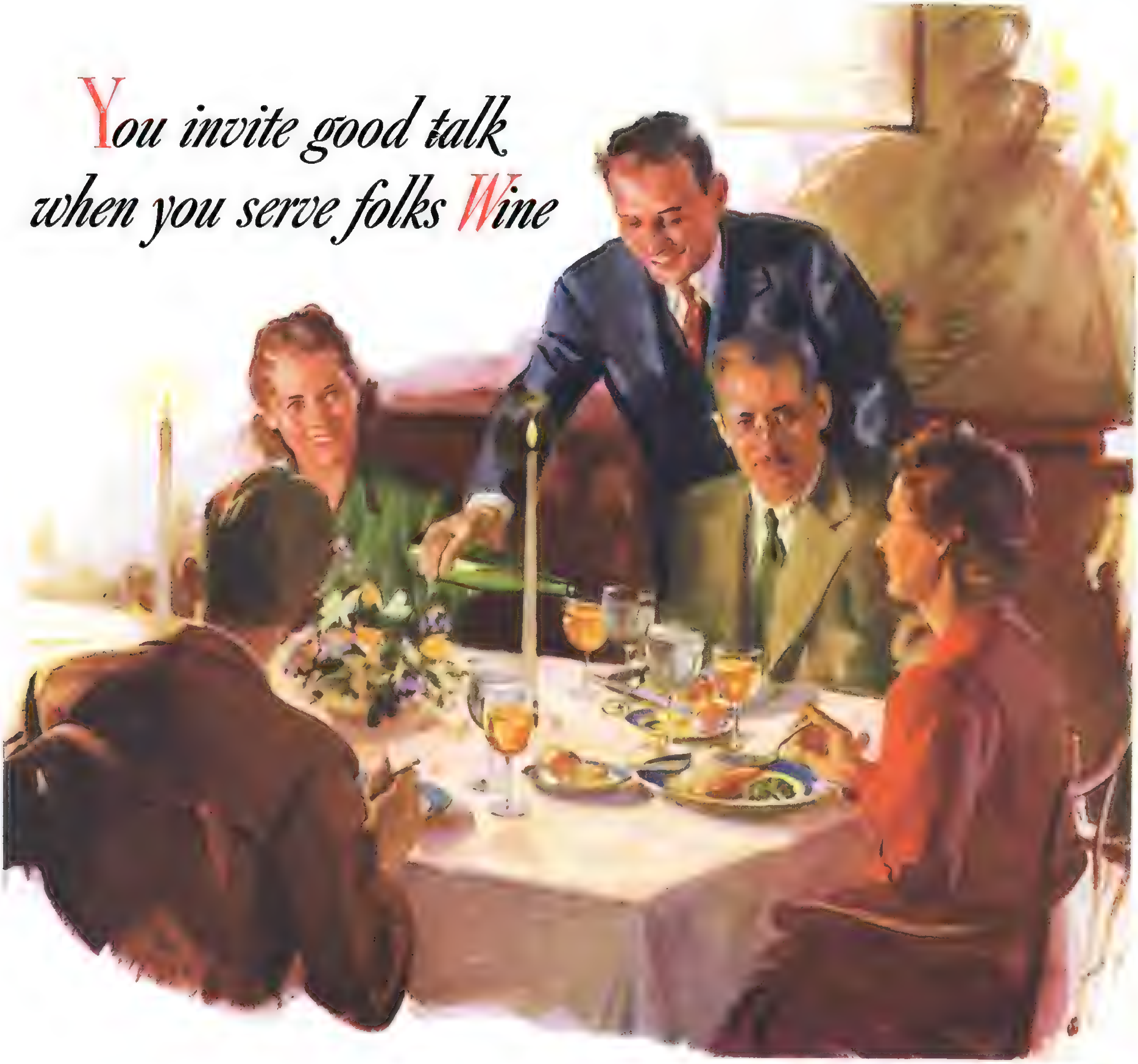
2. *Hiram Walker's Crème de Menthe* (green or white—60 proof). Hiram Walker offers five other cordials—all packaged in the traditional bottles.

3. *Hiram Walker's Rock and Rye* (70 proof). America's favorite "de-froster" at its smooth, mellow peak. Some say it's the best thing about winter.

4. *Hiram Walker's Manhattan Cocktail* (66 proof). Hiram Walker's Prepared Cocktails are probably the finest of their respective types in America today. You see, in addition to its own fine products, Hiram Walker has great reserves of finest imported mixing ingredients.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

You invite good talk when you serve folks Wine



When there's wine with food on the table, folks can ease up the moderate way, and enjoy themselves

SET OUT ANOTHER plate or two on the table. Ask some friends over. Folks are doing that more and more. Because evenings spent in quiet friendship help us let up—relax.

Perhaps that's one reason wine has grown so popular lately. People find that when you share wine with a friend you share good talk and fellowship. You draw closer together, over good food and wine.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in the state of California.

You can serve California wines with confidence—they are sound, well-developed and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

They're worth trying . . . be considerate, serve wine.

Serve wine as simply as coffee and tea are served. At dinner-time a light white or red table variety—chilled dry California *Rhine Wine* or *Sauterne* goes well with chicken. Or red *Burgundy* with roast beef. For between-meals the refreshment wines like *Port* or *Muscatel.* And as an appetizer, *Sherry*

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 83

reservation of his thumbs down ballot: "But would say that Babe Ruth used to draw us to games we otherwise would not have attended."

Charlie Paddock of the Pasadena *Star-News*, "Fastest Human" of the Golden Epoch of American sports, indicated that the stars draw him primarily to the sports events, and his testimony can be given considerable value as he himself drew plenty through the turnstiles in his day.

QUESTION VI

Do you think that every man up to 45 or 50 years of age should participate in some sport or take regular supervised physical exercise for the sake of his health?

The public	**Yes 92.55%**
Athletic directors	**Yes 87.84%**
Sport editors	**Yes 88.11%**

Chauncey Depew cracked that he got his exercise by acting as pallbearer for his friends who had exercised. The remark has strengthened the inertia of those whose sports equipment is the seat of the pants. But as long as Esquire's Sports Poll ballots can be cast sitting down the vast majority of the patrons are for exercise. Some illustrious examples of prolonged physical conditioning speak up among the following deponents:

William J. Bingham, director of athletics at Harvard, relied on personal experience when he reported:

I think tapering off should start somewhere in the forties. I stopped playing squash racquets at 45 because I was not willing to let the hard "gets" go, and I knew it was taking too much out of me. I now swim every day in the winter and row single sculls in the summer, as hard or as easy as I want to, depending on how I feel.

Dr. T. N. Black of Hot Springs, Arkansas, answered yes "and up to 100," adding:

Please do not stop a man from physical exercise and participation in selected sports at "45 to 50." From your question, one would think you consider a man of 50 ready for the bone yard. I have seen some champions past 50. From a medic's point of view I say emphatically that all men should have supervised exercise up to the point of death, be that whatever age it may.

Pete Lightner, Wichita, *Eagle*, brought out the thought that:

The great indictment of the United States athletic system is that too many men drop out of sports and athletic recreation due to business pressure and become old men at 35. Gym work is not so good, but better than nothing. Too many try to crowd a week's exercise into one day at gym. Personally, at 45 I took up horseback riding four or five times a week, and found my health greatly improved. Walking, swimming, bike riding, golfing, many forms of exercise can be enjoyed in reason up to 50, and should be. Swimming is one of the best forms, for young and old.

Amos Alonzo Stagg, Jr., director of athletics at Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania, voted yes, with the suggestion:

I believe a man 45 or 50 years of age should be so trained in health habits in regard to physical exercise that he should not have to rely on supervised physical exercise. A regular daily walk should be a minimum for any man.

A. B. Fennell, Columbia, South Carolina, *State*, also reported on personal experience when he wrote:

I play handball with two men over 60—in doubles—with another my age (34), and observe the 60's in better health than most men years younger.

H. W. De Groat, director of athletics at Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts, supported his "yes" decision with:

Older men should play in their own class if playing a sport. Old man's tennis differs from the young man's brand. Basketball should be dropped for volley ball or badminton, etc. After 40 the short rest horizontally in midday is *very* necessary.

R. W. Nebinger, director of athletics at Concord State Teachers College, Athens, West Virginia, however, struck an ominous note when he reminded that: "Walter Camp tried it."

Edgar A. Guest of Detroit, the plain folk's poet, voted with the masses in favor of exercise and sports all the way.

QUESTION VII

What per cent do you think skill rates in a fisherman's success (the remaining per cent being classified as luck)?

The public	**52.97%**
Athletic directors	**55.95%**
Sport editors	**50.75%**

Maybe we should have polled the fish on this one. No puns, please.

Dick Peebles, Sharon, Pennsylvania, *Herald*, defied the sainted Ike in support of his fifty-fifty rating, declaring:

If there are no fish, you're not going to catch them with the best tackle ever made, even if your name is Izaak Walton.

W. I. (I for Izaak?) **Walton,** director of athletics at Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas, in rating skill at 80% gave "a guaranteed answer" for his section.

J. E. Larson of Tombstone, Arizona, also gave 80%, with the observation:

My statement is based on the fact that by skill is meant: (1) Knowing the type of lures, line, size of hooks, etc. for different types of fishing. (2) Knowledge of fish habitat. (3) Understanding the art of casting, etc. A person void of any knowledge of game fishing would have a difficult time trying to locate certain fish, know whether to cast or fly fish, etc. On these facts I base my 80%.

The figure apparently is 5% too low as we have scientific data collected by **Cecil E. Jones** of Grenada, Mississippi, which shows that skill rates 85%. He wrote:

Being an inexperienced fisherman yet a lover of this sport, I fish quite a bit with a friend of mine near Sardis Dam. This friend's skill usually nets him about an 85% greater catch than my own. Thus my answer.

Herbert J. Hall of Collingswood, New Jersey, spoke for the seaboard when he wrote:

This largely depends on what type of fishing is in question: deep sea game fishing, fresh water fishing, or ordinary bottom bay fishing. You have a different angle on skill and luck on all three. In bay fishing, if the fish are there, a three-year-old will catch them if they don't hook themselves. The usual New Jersey bay fish put up very little fight. Deep sea game fishing requires 30% skill and the balance in luck as to whether the fish are there. Fresh water fishing is 70% skill, casting alone being 50%. But it's all fun, skill or luck—what difference does it make? A bottle of damn good whiskey, a pipe and rod and reel, give me bay, ocean or creek and I'm still satisfied!

James F. Henderson, Muskegon, Michigan, *Chronicle*, gave skill only a 25% rating, as he declared:

Fishing bugs to the contrary, the tyro still brings in the big ones. Changing the quotation slightly: "to tell a fishing story, skill and years of experience are needed absolutely to make the big one that got away seem real."

QUESTION VIII

Do you think the average golfer gets as much benefit out of the game from the standpoint of physical exercise and enjoyment as he puts into it in the form of "grief" and physical exertion?

The public	**Yes 66.48%**
Athletic directors	**Yes 82.97%**
Sport editors	**Yes 78.21%**

As golf playing experts have testified, good golf is a pastime in which one beats the ball around instead of beating one's disposition bloody. However, the hackers and not the golf stars vote here.

Golf's main service to mankind, as brought out by some of the comments, seems to consist in providing the player ample opportunity to exhaust himself damning a few convenient subjects, including himself, instead of pouring out his innate cussedness in his home and at his office.

David W. Hodgins. Shawano, Wisconsin, *Leader*, brought out this idea when he wrote:

When the average golfer cusses the sand traps as he gets in and out of them, I think it provides an outlet for certain emotions which are necessarily cooped up in us all during our business hours. It's like hollering at an umpire at a ball game. I am somewhat lame, having survived infantile paralysis 33 years ago, but I still manage to get in 27 holes of golf each week. I find the exercise is not fatiguing and it does a fellow good to get out with the boys and do a little free lance cussing now and then.

E. W. Kraft of Batavia, Illinois, however, answered "no," the questionnaire having caught him at an unpropitious moment, as he explained:

Of all the questions listed, this one pleased me most. I had just returned home from a gruelling eighteen holes on the links when I received your ballot, and as such, feel my negative answer fully justified. Although the past season represents my career in golf, the physical benefits I have derived don't compare with my mental "gymnastics!"

George W. Kirchner, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, *New Era*, wrote:

Any duffer gets plenty of exercise as he "tours" his favorite course, so physically he profits. As for enjoyment, just try to point out to some all the grief and physical strain required after they have just made a "fairly decent" five on a par four hole. You'll be shouted down.

D. F. Baker of Denver commented:

There are too many middle-aged men and old men playing golf under the misapprehension that they are getting exercise. If they had systematic daily setting-up exercises or gym classes, horseback riding, etc., their golf wouldn't tire them out so. Most golfers take refuge in Scotch and soda to drown their sorrows on the 19th hole and to try to forget the rotten game they have just played. At 49 I am still playing tennis every day and golf only occasionally. Tennis is a happy game. The psychology of tennis is very different from that of golf.

Sec Taylor of the Des Moines *Register* maintained that: "If he took care of his yard he'd get more exercise though not so much to pop off about," and **Fred Ware** of the Omaha *World-Herald* said: "Golf's for diabetics, as Henry Mencken once observed." **William Corbitt** of the Conneaut, Ohio, *News-Herald*, continued in somewhat the same vein when he voted "yes" with the majority, crossing out "physical exercise" on his ballot with the notation: "Golf as enjoyment is O.K., but not worth $.02 as exercise." **George R. Edmond** of the St. Paul *Dispatch* voted "no" while expressing about the same thought: "He gets enjoyment but little physical benefit." **O. B. Keeler** of the Atlanta *Journal*, famous as Bobby Jones's "Boswell," voted "yes," as would be expected.

QUESTION IX

Do you think that horse race betting in states where it is legalized at tracks should be legalized at state licensed and supervised "bookie stores"?

The public	**Yes 60.31%**
Athletic directors	**No 53.58%**
Sport editors	**Yes 57.77%**

That part of the sports poll voting public not specifically concerned with character-building among the campus young is for bookie stores. The most frequently mentioned objection is that of peril to the welfare of the lower-income groups who go for horse-betting in the hope they can catch lightning in a bottle. Other comment suggests government lotteries, which may give the holder of a lucky number a chance to pay his taxes.

Ira Seebacher, New York, *Morning Telegraph*, came out two-fistedly for the "bookie stores," declaring:

Absolutely and positively *yes!* It means an added source of revenue, makes betting open and above-board, and of course there will always be betting. Why not therefore facilitate making it easy and legitimate? There is no good argument for making it illegal to bet away from the track and legal at the track. As a matter of fact, there is no reason to prohibit a man from betting if he hasn't the time or the price to go to the track.

Across the continent from the other coast, however, came the emphatic voice of **L. H. Gregory**

Continued on page 152

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 83-151

of the Portland *Oregonian* crying for:

> No more state stuff. It's the bunk in sports.

Julius Goldman, director of athletics at Detroit Institute of Technology, noted that:

> In the case of legalizing bookies it might be necessary to compensate for a possible loss in attendance at the tracks.

Thomas W. Baird of Denver opposed the proposition on the grounds that:

> Legalized betting at the tracks in some states is fine, because almost everyone likes to do a little gambling once in a while; but legalizing "bookie stores" would be going a little too far. It would make habitual gamblers out of many people who otherwise wouldn't go to the track but once or twice a season. The temptation would be too great for the average person to go in these "bookie stores" and place a couple bucks on some long shot every day.

QUESTION X

Which of the two major leagues, the American or the National, plays the better brand of baseball, in your opinion?

The public	**American 64.36%**
Athletic directors	**American 78.63%**
Sport editors	**American 69.31%**

The point was made that there is a better balance in the National, which produces more races that sweat the fans right up to the photofinish. The A.L. habitually has more power, as a check of the season's scoring invariably racks up more runs counted in that circuit. The National pitching usually looks better in the books.

J. P. Wynne, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, *Express*, voting for the National, said:

> The best brand of baseball in a league is the brand which presents the closest competition. The fans seem to think so—they always talk about the league which interests them most. The poorer teams of the American League may be better than those of the National League. Perhaps this may also be true about the better clubs of both circuits, although there is more of a chance for an argument here. But show me baseball better than most of the National League presented in the torrid 1941 pennant race. More often than not in recent years the same hot fights were more in evidence in the National League than in the American, and you pay off on close hard-fought contests.

Raymond J. Baird, River Falls, Wisconsin, *Sentinel*, continued in the same key when he wrote:

> Just because the American League sometimes has one club that is better than the best National League club is no indication that the entire league is the same. However, as the Chicago White Sox are the only A.L. club to place pitching and defensive ability above power and batting strength while the entire N.L. does that, it is hard to compare the two leagues. Nevertheless, we'll take the senior circuit. Pitching is the main factor in deciding between the two. Although of course this is just conjecture on my part, I believe that virtually any N.L. batter hitting above .315 would be hitting about .350 in the junior loop because of the difference in pitching. Just look at the A.L. batsmen hitting above .325 while only two or three N.L. regulars can top that mark, and I don't think anyone will maintain that the A.L. has that many superior batters. I also don't believe Ted Williams would hit .406 in the N.L. Why, that is even higher than his best minor league mark, and not very many go up to the majors and exceed their past marks.

In 1914 Rogers Hornsby batted .232 for Denison, Texas, a Class D bush league team, and .190 for Dallas the same year. In 1924 Hornsby set the modern major league batting top with his .424 average—in the National League.

Norman S. Werry, Gary, Indiana, *Post-Tribune*, a neutral, said:

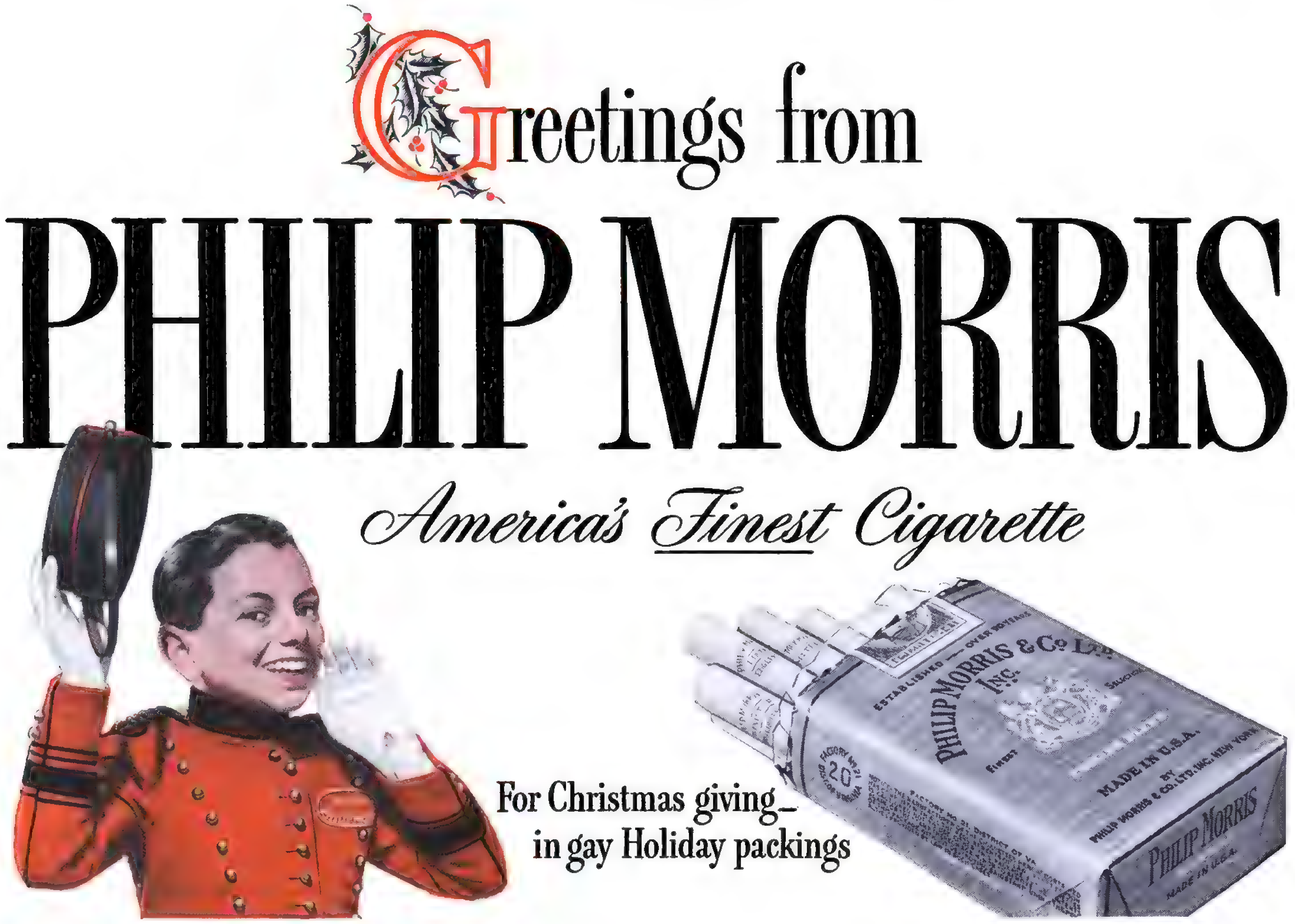
> The answer to this one is provided by another question: "What do you like to see in baseball?" The two leagues play different types of baseball. If you like slugging, you'll take the American. If you like baseball as it was played before Babe Ruth came along to popularize the home run, you'll take the National.

N. W. Shepard, director of athletics at Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina, voted "American," but said he hated "to admit it," because:

> Baseball has degenerated from an interesting, scientific and thrilling game to a contest in which this writer is generally ready to leave by the fifth inning. It's a palooka's game now. The rabbit ball took the kick out of the game for us old-timers.

Among those voting "American" were **Frank McCormick,** Minnesota baseball coach; **Dr. L. W. St. John,** former Ohio State baseball coach; **Alfred R. Masters,** Stanford; **Ralph H. Young,** Michigan State; **Major Ralph Fletcher,** St. Johns Military Academy; **"Fuzzy" Sutherd,** Millikin; **Paul Harrell,** Indiana; **Gordon Fisher,** Naperville College; and the metropolitan sports editors **Dan Parker,** New York, *Daily Mirror;* **Max Kase,** New York, *Journal-American;* **Wilbur Wood,** New York, *Sun;* and **Charles Israel,** Philadelphia, *Bulletin.*

Among those voting "National" were: **Jimmy Powers,** New York, *Daily News;* **Bill Henry,** Los Angeles, *Times;* **Jack Bell,** Miami, *News;* **Ted McDaniel,** Emporia, *Gazette;* **Gwinn Henry,** U. of Kansas athletic director; **Vee Green,** Drake; **Fred Muhl,** Illinois Wesleyan, and **Walter H. "Smoke" Halas,** director of athletics at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, former University of Illinois speedball pitcher and elder brother of George Halas, football magnate. **Stanley Woodward,** sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, also voted "National," with the notation: "National now; American until this year." ⧺

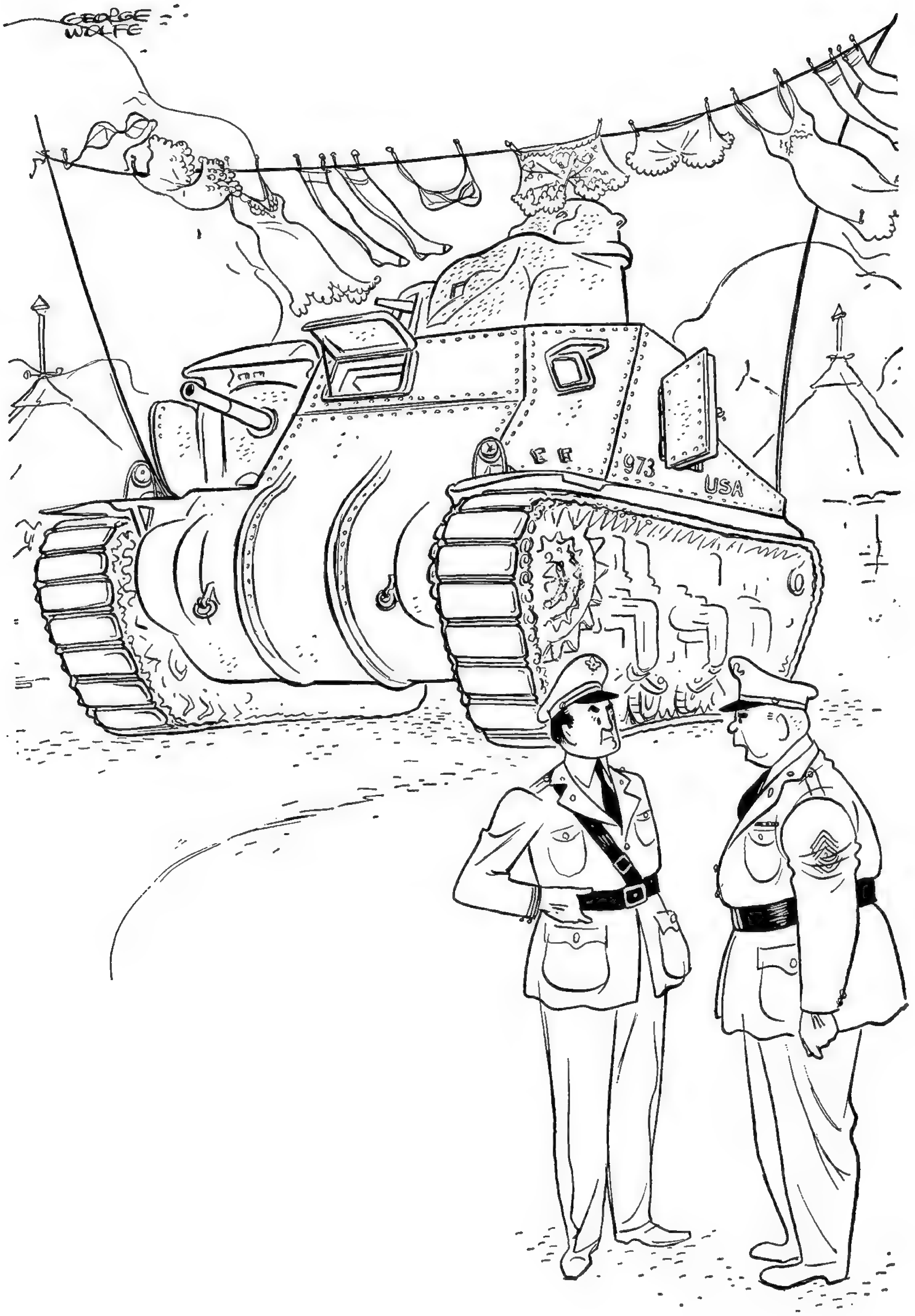


Greetings from

PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette

For Christmas giving—
in gay Holiday packings


GEORGE WOLFE
C F
973
USA

"Has anyone inspected Sergeant Quigley's tank recently?"

Formal dress Required...
SWANK
SWANK

The final touch of fashion for which Swank is famed is of particular importance when a man must dress for the evening. He is sure of correctness in style and of quality in craftsmanship when his formal wardrobe includes Swank Links, Studs and Key Chains for evening wear.
At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops.

LINK AND STUD SETS FROM $2.50 TO $35

EVENING KEY CHAINS FROM $1.50 TO $10

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 110

after Gray, either consciously or unconsciously imitated Gray in prophesying both air fighting and peace; Tennyson's two prophecies are well known; but Gray's prophecy, even though it had appeared in an advertisement in the London *Spectator*, needed a public occasion in London and the voice of the Prime Minister of Canada, to arouse general excitement.

Personally, I am grateful to Mrs. Crozier and also to General Crozier; for he called my attention to some lines in Tennyson's prophecy, that so far as I know, have never been emphasized:

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the *south-wind* rushing warm." It is as if Tennyson had assumed that the invading airplanes would come from England's old enemy, France, and the other line:

"There the common sense of most shall hold a *fretful realm* in awe." *Fretful* is a conservative word for Germany's sinister activities; but the prophecy is none the less remarkable for having one nation disturbing the peace of the "most," because, as everyone has observed, it no longer takes two to make a fight; one can do it. I suppose no man in history has ever done so much harm to so many people as Hitler.

Ngaio Marsh, the clever murder-writer from New Zealand, whose *Death in Ecstasy* shocked me by its dullness, has triumphantly recovered from whatever was the matter with her; for her new book, *Death and the Dancing Footman*, shows the skill and wit and excitement that made *Death of a Peer* so delectable. She brings to the art of murder the art of writing. I have often wondered whether a victim would get any enjoyment out of aesthetic beauty in his destroyer; do the brilliant colors in some hawks and owls mitigate the fear and agony in the birds they kill? I remember reading (in *Punch*, was it?) the remark of the wife to her husband, "Dear, as this is Christmas Eve, don't you think we ought to put Stilton Cheese in the mousetraps?"

And while (Americans say *while* and the British say *whilst*) I am sometimes disappointed in books that win prizes, for there is often some competitive quality in a thing submitted for a prize that misleads committees, I am greatly pleased with *Murder à la Mode*, by Eleanore Kelly Sellars (appropriate name) which was awarded that $1,000 Red Badge Prize Mystery. Here again is a book so well written that it could stand on its merits even if no one were slaughtered.

Timothy Fuller, the Harvard man who began his career so happily with *Harvard Has a Homicide* with Jupiter Jones as the amateur detective, scores another success in *Reunion with Murder*, where the murder occurs during the tenth reunion of the Harvard Class of 1931, and on the eve of the wedding of Betty and Jupiter. There are critics who say humor must not appear in murder stories; that won't do. A combination of mirth and murder is often desirable.

It was a happy idea of "Ellery Queen" to arrange a luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria in New York in honor of the centennial of the detective novel; Edgar Allan Poe having written the first one, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, in 1841. Dr. Henry Canby presided with his customary skill and grace; and the speakers were the distinguished neurologist, Dr. Foster Kennedy, Howard Haycraft, author of *Murder for Pleasure*. "Ellery Queen," and myself. It was a pleasure to me to meet so many murder-writers, men and women who had won their letters in crime. It was a pleasure also to forget the vast world murders, and take time to celebrate a centennial in art. The *New York Times* had an editorial on the centenary and Harry Hansen had a very interesting column of comment on the luncheon in the *New York World-Telegram*. He brought to mind the tragic contrast between Poe's frightful poverty and the luxurious life of his literary successors; I will add one brief letter, quoted in Harrison's admirable edition of Poe's works, Vol. 17, p. 2:

Dr Sir,—Your kind invitation to dinner today has wounded me to the quick. I cannot come—and for reasons of the most humiliating nature—my personal appearance. You may conceive my deep mortification in making this disclosure to you—but it was necessary. If you will be my friend so far as to loan me $20, I will call on you tomorrow—otherwise it will be impossible, and I must submit to my fate.

Sincerely yours,
E. A. Poe

J. P. Kennedy Esq.,
Sunday 15th [1833].

In the last stanza of Browning's poem, *Popularity*, a stanza often quoted as an example of Browning's opacity:

Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats:
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup:
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What Porridge had John Keats?

Certainly it is Browning at his worst; but the meaning is that Keats, who created the valuable thing (here called blue) died poor; whereas poets who followed him and borrowed from him, had luxurious meals with terrapin and claret, Keats having had nothing better than porridge. This has happened too often in the history of the arts; supreme examples are Poe and Schubert; compare Schubert, who starved to death, with the royalties from light operas founded on his music.

If any evidence were needed of the resurgence of two poets who had suffered from neglect—John Donne and William Blake—a fine new volume of over a thousand pages would supply it: *The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne—The Complete Poetry of William Blake* with an Introduction by Professor Robert Silliman Hillyer of Harvard. The editor and the publishers deserve our applause. In the first quarter of this century, the English critic James Douglas had the misfortune to announce that "Browning will die, even as Donne is dead," and, commenting on this remark I suggested that Donne was not yet dead. Whereupon appeared a poem in *Punch* headed B. M. G. (Browning Must Go) signed C. L. G. (Charles L. Graves). The poem was in four stanzas, preceded by a note "Professor Phelps reminds us that some years ago James Douglas predicted" etc. The second stanza runs:

> In spite of which
> Out of the ditch
> Donne dares to raise his too presumptuous head,
> Declining to be dead,
> And is, booksellers tell us, widely read:
> While publishers and commentators thrive
> On new editions of this muddy mystic,
> This deleterious and delirious Dean,
> Who of the fount of Hippocrene
> Drank in a manner most hubristic,
> And does not merely threaten to revive,
> But is, in fact, offensively alive!

I was angry on Sunday afternoon, September 7, listening to the finals of the men's tennis singles—Riggs and Kovacs. This is one of the most important athletic events of the whole year. Thousands were listening when, with the match in progress, the event went off the air. Now there is no better radio reporter of sports than Ted Husing. He warned his listeners of what was coming; I could hardly believe him. But the incredible happened. We shall have to wait until September, 1942, for a tennis match of equal interest or importance. Of course, I know we ought not to be impatient with the "commercial" (have no idea what it was that followed the break), because the commercials pay for what we wish to hear, but I hope that next year this tragedy will not be repeated.

I was glad to have Riggs win, for in my opinion he is the finest amateur singles tennis player in the world; despite his defeat in the finals last year, I think he had the best record for that season. I should be glad to see Frank Parker win, for I cannot quite understand why so invincible a player on other courts should be defeated on turf. The famous players who spoke over the radio before the finals were courageous in stating who they thought would win. Despite Kovacs' enormous popularity and the ease with which on the day before he had defeated McNeill, all the prophets except one predicted victory for Riggs. Kovacs is a magnificent player at his best, and the crowd likes one who risks everything in attack.

I particularly admire Mr. Husing as a sport radio announcer, for he does not allow his own excitement in the game to affect his delivery. What I want from the announcer is only a clear statement of what happens. But there is so much hypocritical, forced-draft excitement among radio speakers that usually, and especially in football, the speaker shouts, "There he goes," with such fury that it is impossible to tell who goes or where. There is no reason why a radio announcer of sports should attempt to whip up excitement. Those who listen are excited. I do not know whether one can actually *hear* one's heart beating, but I can *feel* it pound.

With increasing thrills I followed by radio the triumphant march of the Brooklyn nine to their hard-won championship of the National League; during those last weeks most of us forgot there was an American League, because the Yankees were too good; you can't have excitement when there is no competition. Something ought to be done about this, but I don't know what.

The failure to hold that third strike on Sunday, October 5, was the greatest tragedy in baseball history. And not merely for Brooklyn. Interest in the whole series died. The final game the next day was an appalling anti-climax.

There is one thing that ought to be done, however, but I haven't the slightest suggestion how to do it. A National League Club should be placed in Detroit, perhaps taken from St. Louis? Detroit has not only over a million inhabitants, but it is *baseball mad*, one of the best towns in the country. This does not seem to be true of St. Louis, where apparently the American League team has to play a double-header to draw a fair crowd; because, paradoxically, people will not pay to see one poor game, but will gladly pay to see two poor games.

Among writers who died in 1941 is Eugene Walter (September 26). Though many historians of the drama would hardly concede him a place, some of his plays made on me an indelible impression, especially *The Easiest Way* and *The Assassin.* William Winter wrote a column of shrill abuse against *The Easiest Way* and against Frances Starr, which helped at the beginning of the year's run that followed; and although *The Assassin* failed, I can give a full and complete account of every scene.

Percival Christopher Wren, author of *Beau Geste* and many other novels, has in his later books shown extraordinary versatility; and now, in *The Uniform of Glory*, although he returns to the French Foreign Legion, he has written

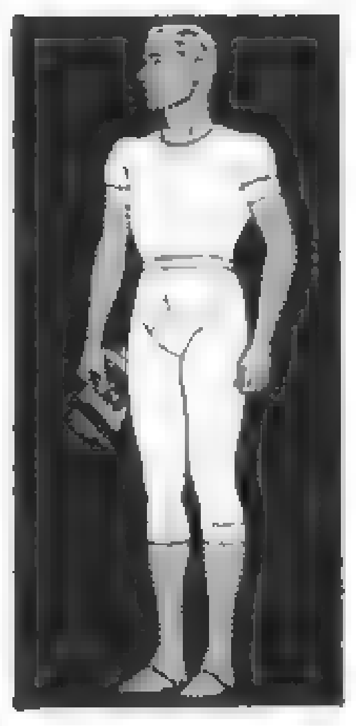
Continued on page 156

Keep Fit
THIS WINTER

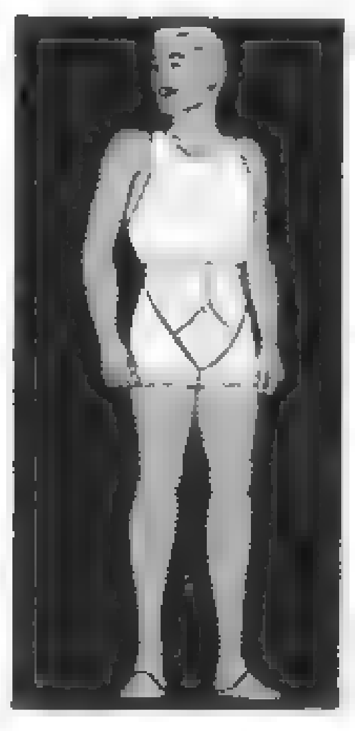
Keep your resistance up—wear

Jockey Longs
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

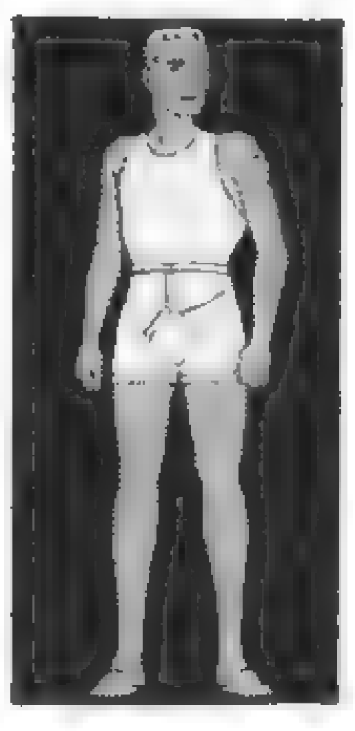
America's top experts on physical conditioning say that when it comes to keeping your resistance up during cold weather, a light covering next your skin is worth a bulky overcoat. The smart way to get that is with Jockey Longs . . . because whether you're lean as a minute steak or beefy as a Minnesota tackle, this garment will fit you. Made from fabric knitted to mold itself to your form, Jockey Longs are also tailored to your calf, ankle, hip and waist measurements. Furthermore, like all Jockey garments, they incorporate the famous, inverted *Y-front to provide masculine support and buttonless freedom from squirm, creep, bunch or bind. Jockey Longs are available in all weights from lightweight cotton to wool. Get a pair for those occasions when you're going to be exposed to cold. Matching shirts are contoured shorter in front to avoid bunching, longer in back to keep them in place. Children's sizes down to 4 years.



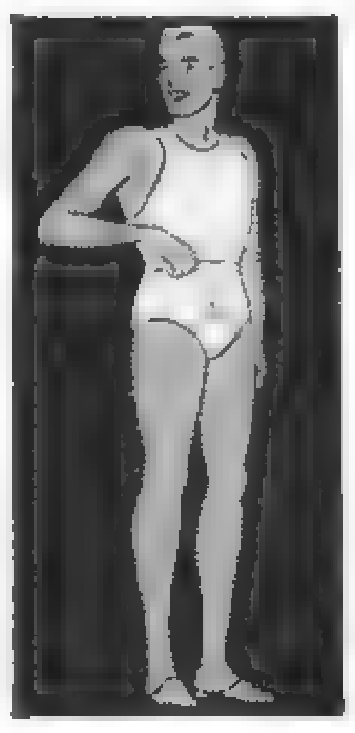
Jockey Over-Knee
For scratchy tweeds.



Jockey Midway
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.



Jockey Bellin
A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions.



Jockey Short
For summer sports.

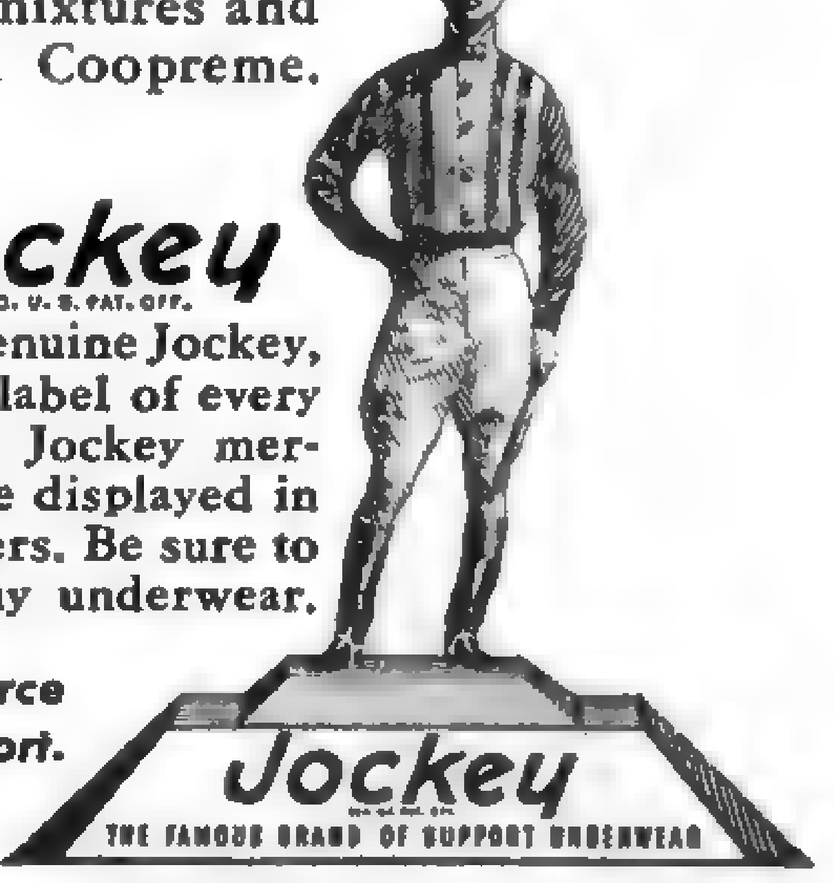
"**Quality Corner**"—Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new elastic super-textile, Coopreme.

⅄ ⅄ ⅄

EASY TO REMEMBER Jockey
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

That you may be sure of getting genuine Jockey, the name Jockey appears on the label of every garment made by Coopers, and Jockey merchants are identified by the statue displayed in their windows or on their counters. Be sure to look for both whenever you buy underwear.

* ⅄ —*The Source of Support.*


Jockey
THE FAMOUS BRAND OF SUPPORT UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Macrae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

look at all three...
and you'll pick the
Jayson*
shirt

Men of America...add to the freedoms that are guaranteed to you as your heritage...the freedom of choice. Exercise it. Look at all three nationally advertised, nationally distributed trade marked shirts, offered to you at identical price ranges. Compare them. We're confident your own good judgment will pick a Jayson Troy-tailored shirt every time! The greater value in fabrics and superior workmanship is immediately apparent. Jayson shirts look more luxurious, fit better and wear longer.

The WHITEHALL* Group exemplifying JAYSON superiorities in white shirts

For Christmas...for a man you're "choosey" about...choose Whitehall. Costlier broadcloth...finer weave...better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch, wrinkle-free collar models. Sanforized—fabric shrinkage less than 1%...Available at good stores everywhere.

WITH CELANESE WRINKLE-FREE COLLAR Whitehall $2 • Super-Whitehall $2.25 Whitehall DeLuxe $2.50 • Whitehall Pajamas, In White and Solid Colors $2, $2.25, $2.50

If you cannot locate a Jayson dealer, send size and money order. We will see that you are served.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 110-155

pure comedy. This is the story of a Free Frenchman's night out; about three hundred pages from sunset to dawn. The Colonel's man-servant takes advantage of his master's alcoholic slumbers and puts on the Colonel's uniform, and sallies forth on a night of adventure. Being a perfect mimic, he fools everyone. This story has the dynamics reversed; instead of the monarch going out in disguise, so that he can find out what his subjects really are thinking, saying, and doing, here the servant has one night of supreme power; one adventure follows another.

In last September's issue of Esquire I quoted at length a letter from Louis Paul that was almost as interesting as his novels and equally challenging to thought; among a number of comments I received was one from Frank Gulledge of Baltimore, a sincere admirer of Mr. Paul's novels:

"Mr. Louis Paul, in his letter expands most interestingly on the great and lesser artist, on Man's life and its preservation in record by the writer as great or lesser art, but I, with temerity, suggest . . . he projects his thesis on a two dimensional base, experience and emotion, where a three dimensional foundation is needed. The third, and greater power, is Man's reaction to his emotions, which Mr. Paul erroneously assumes is one and the same. If it were, there could be no repression, the major of all reactions. I quote him.

" 'Now genuine experience is universal. Men have always been doing the same things. Emotion, on the other hand, varies from generation to generation. Experience evokes varying emotions. For example, in one period a man will murder his wife for a sexual indiscretion; in another period he will be chagrined; in another period he will be merely amused. The sexual indiscretion is experience, happening consistently in all ages. *But man's reaction to that experience, which is emotion,* is conditioned by the ethics of his time. Thus we see that emotion is an inconstant thing for which there can be no permanent symbol. Experience on the other hand evokes a universal recognition.'

"Mr. Paul is a brilliant narrator, a formidable expositor, but in this attributive analysis, this qualitative allocation, his focus is faulty.

"Following our admirable novelist's interesting thesis to its ultimate conclusion, it means a given experience plus an arbitrarily ethic given emotion, automatically equals a certain reaction, uneffected by the individual's weakness or strength, fortitude or knavery. Thus we would have had no drama, no Shakespeare of ideas, no mystery, no suspense and no Mr. Paul of excellent storytelling.

"To say that a man's wife commits adultery, and in one period he murders her, in another period he is chagrined, etc., is being very vague where fundamentals are concerned. A wife may be anything. An out-worn convenience; a legal burden; a partial stranger; a mere bedecked depository of a man's vanity; or his mate of love. Where a marriage is between economical roomers, its violation might well evoke amusement, but for a man to love a woman passionately and find her with another, it can fire but one emotion, and that is jealous rage, whether it moves him to murder, or to drink, or to refuge in cynical evocations. His action at such a time is not ethic dictated. It is the inevitable distillation of all the experiences, all the emotions and reactions that have gone before in his life. The experience itself is only incidental, merely the fuse that detonates a ready placed charge, and is universally recognizable through the ages, as has been said by our instructor, but because it *is* a permanent symbol of the emotions it will arouse, leaving always the enigma of what the Puppet on the strings of his sub-conscious will do when so aroused.

"In our search for the mark of the great writer amidst the lesser, I am convinced it lies in his capacity to hold to fundamentals. He does not mistake a wife for a mate, an effect for a cause, a saying for truth, men for Man, or his own reaction for a law of nature; he does not mistake consciousness of a thing for understanding of it, or the actions of a man for the feelings of a man.

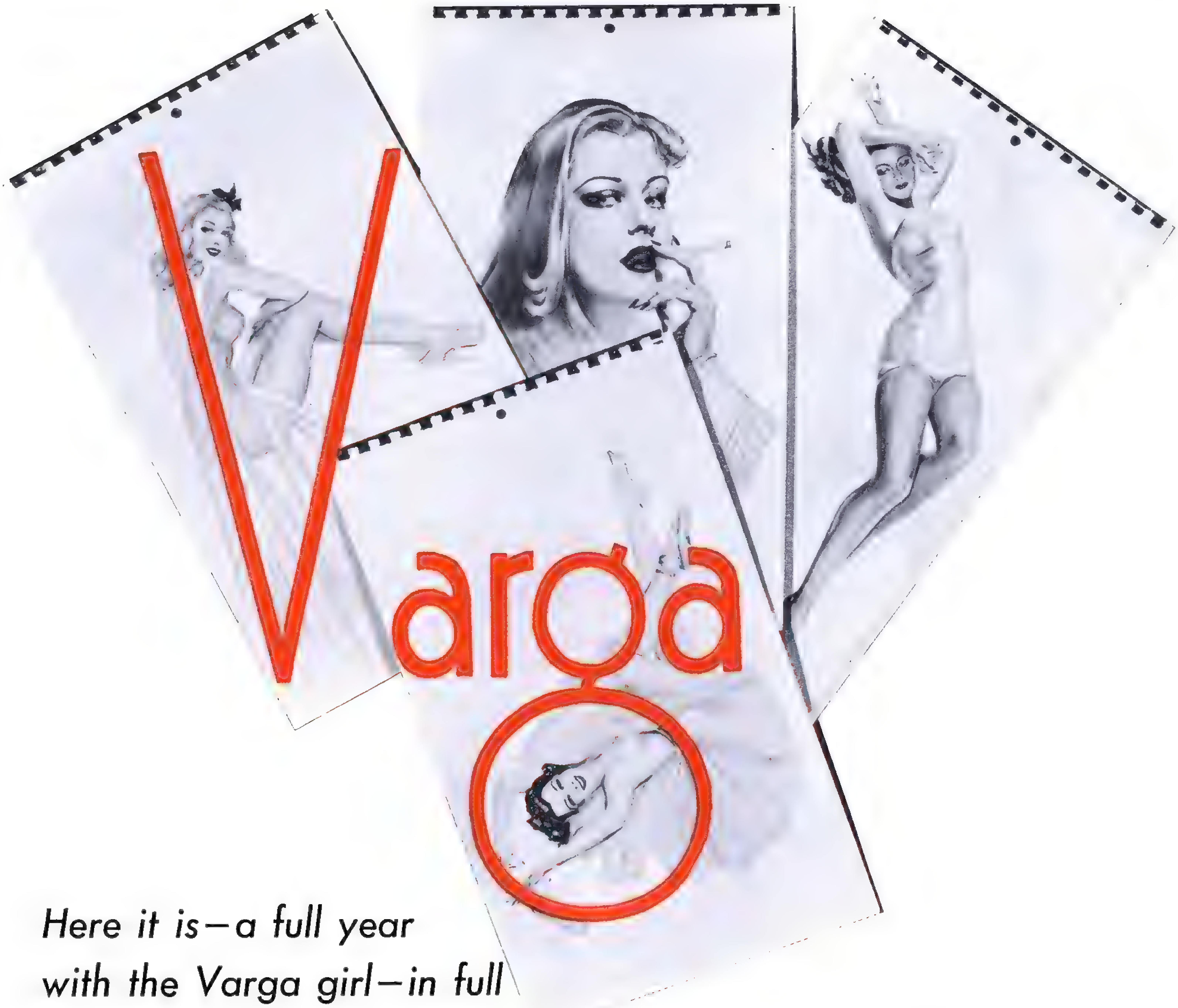
"My dissatisfaction with Mr. Paul as a dissector in no way lessens my regard of him as a fictionist, but rather enhances it.

"I mean no reproach, as neither could I unravel the riddle of the giants. The why an artist can draw a picture of a man in words or melody, and by it plumb the depths of everyman, is a secret locked along with why grass is green or why one man loves gold and another truth."

F. O. Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* with the secondary title, *Art and Expression in the Age of Emerson and Whitman*, is a volume of nearly seven hundred pages dealing mainly with five American authors—Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman. His Preface begins, "The starting point for this book was my realization of how great a number of our past masterpieces were produced in one extraordinarily concentrated moment of expression. . . . The half-decade of 1850-55 saw the appearance of *Representative Men* (1850), *The Scarlet Letter* (1850), *The House of the Seven Gables* (1851), *Moby Dick* (1851), *Pierre* (1852), *Walden* (1854), and *Leaves of Grass* (1855).

As he is deeply concerned with the relation of literature to democracy, he might have added to the above list *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852). For even as many conservative moralists have endeavored to exclude Whitman from

Continued on page 158



Here it is—a full year with the Varga girl—in full color and full size, bound in plastic—all for 25¢

Time was when the Quest of the Infinite was a fool's pastime, reserved for Lotus Eaters. But we who live in an atom-splitter's world have reduced the eternal quest to simple things.

We have learned the girls who have nowhere any flaw, are but dream stuffs . . . to be juggled with and compromised. They are to be had, during the long vigils of our quotidian lives, only in ambient fancy.

The wisest of us . . . learned in life's tonics . . . merge finely-drawn dreams with the artful glissandos of the Varga Girl, and imbibe infinity by osmosis.

That's why the *Varga Calendar* has become the *Koran* of the faithful: for on each page . . . presiding over the days and nights of each month . . . this entrancing houri waits, like a knowing muse, to unfurl the imagination, unsheath your mind's cutlass . . . and sharpen your spirit's kris.

Her undulant aspects will intertwine with your fortunes . . . from the Month of Ramadan to the turn of year . . . from the Vernal Equinox to The Shucking of the Maize.

Looking down at you, through the hours, her strange magics will conjure up the sound of the *raga* Dipak, the fire-raising music of the ancients; her ripe nubility will bring you pleasant sleep.

Hop down from your howdahs, gentlemen. Invest your rupees in eternal delight, in pleasures sweeter than heather and goldener than gold.

Rip out the coupon. Send for this lush time-marker . . . or a dozen of them . . . or a gross. Scatter them, if you will, as *largesse*. Let the *Varga Calendar* go about like that famous Chinese ghost . . . intoxicated with music and performing works of charity.

Multiply two bits by the number of times you would like this long-limbed hoyden to harry your friends . . . or confound your enemies . . . and rush your decision (together with the necessary silver pieces) to Esquire's Good Works Department.

Waste no time, fellaheen: the New Year is nigh on us . . . and the wells of the Prophet are not forever moist.

—and here is your "enabling coupon"

Clip or Tear Off and Mail Today to ESQUIRE, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Ill.
O.K., Esquire, here's my order for your 12-page, full size and full color Varga Girl Calendar. Rush me my plastic-bound copy as soon as possible. Enclosed is 25c for postage and handling. (U. S. orders only—NO STAMPS PLEASE.)

My name..
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address..

City.................................*State*.......................

☐ I am an Esquire subscriber. ☐ I buy Esquire at the newsstands.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 110-155-156

literature, so many aesthetes have endeavored to exclude *Uncle Tom's Cabin;* it can't be done. The book survives and I think its one hundredth anniversary will be celebrated in 1952.

The mid-Victorian contemporary period in England is not beneath contempt; leaving out verse and everything except prose fiction, here are some novels published in England between 1850 and 1860. *David Copperfield, Bleak House, Esmond, Hypatia, The Newcomes, Little Dorrit, Westward Ho, The Professor, The Warden, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Pendennis* (2d Vol.), *The Virginians, Barchester Towers, Scenes of Clerical Life, Doctor Thorne, A Tale of Two Cities, Adam Bede, The Woman in White, Great Expectations, The Mill on the Floss, The Cloister and the Hearth.*

Personally, my primary interest in literature is literature; I don't care very much whether it is radical or conservative or anything else because what keeps poetry alive is whether or not it is poetry. Poe and Whitman are both great poets; but I cannot agree with Mr. Matthiessen: "My reluctance at not dealing with Poe here is tempered by the fact that his value, even more than Emerson's, is now seen to consist in his influence rather than in the body of his own work. No group of his poems seems as enduring as *Drum-Taps";* I do not believe this; both will endure. Of course thousands have pointed out that Whitman, the all-embracing democrat has never been a favorite with the "masses" as Shakespeare is, nor even as Poe, who had the same contempt for democracy that he had for slovenly writing.

One of his phrases about Emerson seems, after his statement about Poe, to be a little inconsistent; yet who is not inconsistent? "And if Emerson never created a form great enough to insure that his books will continue to be read"—ah, no one needs to worry about Emerson's future. In 1953 the world will celebrate the 150th anniversary of his birth.

Mr. Augustine Birrell once alluded to "that highly interesting class of persons who prefer statistics to poetry." Well, there are many who are more interested in Byron's "affairs" than in his poetry. I remember Professor Beers saying, when someone asked him if he really thought that Byron had committed incest with his half-sister, "I don't care if he had an affair with his grandmother. The only thing I care about is his poetry." With all men of genius, the main thing is their genius. Even if we never discover any of the persons alluded to in Shakespeare's Sonnets, the beauty and splendor of the Sonnets remain. The "sources" of Coleridge's poetry are not nearly so important or so interesting as his poetry. Furthermore, if any work of art displays genius, no amount of research or probing into origins or sources will ever explain the result; for the salient fact about genius is that it is inexplicable. It is better that it should excite our wonder than our curiosity.

Professor Matthiessen is one of the best literary scholars in America, and this book is certainly one of the most important works of history and criticism published during the last few years. It is better for me to mention it here as I have done, than to make any extended appraisal; as Lincoln said in the best book-review ever written, for those who like this kind of book, this is exactly the kind of book they will like. I may, however, with all due respect to the author—and I have very high respect for him—express my own feelings about one of his heroes. I am not an uncompromising admirer of Melville, and I think his works suffer from too metaphysical a turn, philosophical excess baggage. At present he seems to me overrated.

And here is one phrase that caught my eye when I first opened the book (p. 368), "the predatory career of Henry Ford" . . . Henry Ford is about as predatory as St. Francis.

In a magazine for men, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of W. H. Hudson should not pass unnoticed. In England much space was given to it in the leading journals; all assumed he was an English author. So far as I know, I am the only person in the world who calls him an American writer. He himself would not thank me for this; he never lived in the United States. Why then do I insist that he was an American author? Because his father was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and his mother, Catherine Kimball, born in Maine, was descended from the *Mayflower* Pilgrims. Hudson himself was born near Buenos Aires in 1841, and his most famous books are about South America. At the age of thirty-three he left for England, in 1900 became a naturalized citizen (as did Henry James later) and lived in England (in almost complete obscurity) until his death in 1922, his fame, now bearing every mark of permanence being almost wholly posthumous. He lived to be over eighty; and I cannot think of any other great writer who remained in such obscurity for so long a time. His most popular novel, *Green Mansions,* is a work of pure imagination; the scenes are laid in a part of South America he never saw; but his heroine and her horrible death will never be forgotten. Epstein has placed a memorial in Hyde Park. His best book is his autobiography, *Far Away and Long Ago,* describing his childhood, boyhood and youth in South America. *Idle Days in Patagonia* is another book of great charm. His books about England, especially *A Shepherd's Life,* will richly reward reading. One of the foremost naturalists in literature, his books on birds combine accurate knowledge with literary art; but some of his other stories, *Fan,* and the Utopian romance, *A Crystal Age,* are appallingly crude. Yet Hudson has a sure place in American literature; and let me remind my readers that in 1923 a beautiful limited edition of his *Collected Works* was issued, 750 copies for England, 100 for the United States, and 35 for presentation. I should not be astonished to learn that a few sets might be picked up for a low price. Some day they will be valuable. *Verbum sap.*

Just after writing this paragraph I learned from the *London Times Literary Supplement* that a bronze plaque to the memory of Hudson has been recently unveiled at Berazategui, province of Buenos Aires. The *Times* adds:

"A particularly happy feature of these centenary celebrations was the announcement of the foundation of the Association of the Friends of Hudson, whose chief objects are to acquire the property of Veinte y Cinco Ombues, in Quilmes, the suburb of Buenos Aires where Hudson was born, and to create there a bird sanctuary and a museum of ornithology."

Margaret Kennedy, author of *The Constant Nymph* and of *Escape Me Never* has produced one of the most important and interesting of the war books, *Where Stands a Winged Sentry.* I think it gives Americans a better idea of the way British families "take it" than any other book I have seen. This is the journal of a professional novelist, who in its pages forgets everything except her family and her nation. The diary begins with the sudden and wholly unexpected collapse of France. At six p.m. the B.B.C. announcer used three words "ever-increasing gravity" which took the place of three words "certain to win," and our author says they banished forever a comfortable delusion. These three words "ever-increasing gravity" rang a terrible tolling bell in her mind. We in America, although filled with wonder and admiration for the British, cannot help asking ourselves what happened not merely externally, but *in the minds of the people in England* when it looked as if the Germans were at any moment coming in. In these pages we find out.

To turn from that family life during those days and nights of horror to Mr. Partridge's *Big Family* is just the opposite of awaking from a nightmare. For it is turning back from the present era of barbarism to the Bright Ages of the recent past; so bright they seem like fairyland. No shadow of the future obscured their brightness. Bellamy Partridge's *Country Lawyer,* which deserved its success, is a good preparation for this charming, diverting, yet realistic story. And this happy American family, living in what they believed was absolute security, was not exceptional; it was typical of thousands of families in those serene days. The book sparkles with amusing incidents; while all the time the undercurrent of history was moving faster.

Our accomplished American poet, Babette Deutsch, has deservedly won the Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation Award for her admirable biography of Walt Whitman, the secondary title being *Builder for America.* The "for" is significant. This is a very attractive volume printed in large type, of less than 300 pages, a third of which consists of selections from his poems. I do not know of any better introduction to Whitman's life and work; this will make an admirable gift to anyone, young or old, who is not a specialist or who still stands aloof from the ever-widening circle of Walt's admirers. The only typographical error I detected is Miles for Milnes (page 76). But the author has cleansed me of an error that I had firmly believed for more than forty years. Don't these lines (Walt in Washington) surprise you?

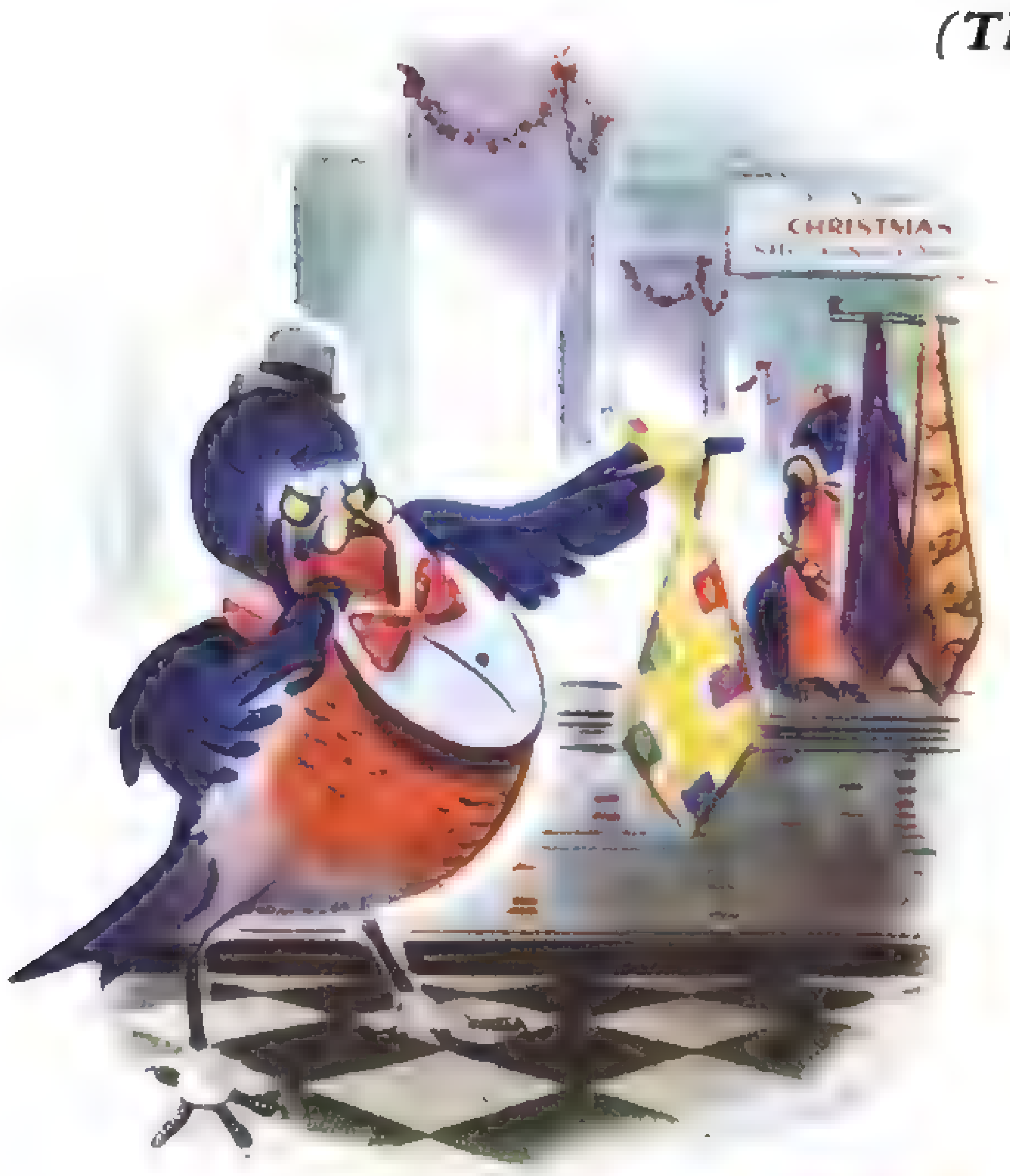
"He had to make up for them by long trolley-rides . . . Walt was standing in the rear of a crowded trolley chatting," etc. I had thought that the *trolley,* "off your trolley," the "trolley-dodgers," which finally gave the name to the Brooklyn nine, had an exclusive meaning. I was entirely wrong. Babette Deutsch is correct. Look the word up in a dictionary. I now remember that we first called them "electric cars."

Speaking of slang, much of which I admire, there are two expressions I do not admire; one is "old son," and the other "I hate his guts": "old son" seems merely absurd, but if guts means anything outside of its physiological sense, it means *courage:* why should anyone hate the best thing in one's enemy?

And as there is just time enough left for a Christmas or New Year present, let me suggest a perfect selection for man, woman or child. It is *A Treasury of Gilbert and Sullivan* edited by Deems Taylor, illustrated by Lucille Corcos, arrangements by Dr. Albert Sirmay. This astonishing quarto of over 400 pages was published October 24. The clever publishers say "Our object all sublime is to present the complete words and music of virtually every song most memorable in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas." Every opera is prefaced by Deems Taylor with its complete history. Eleven pages in full color are by Lucille Corcos. The piano and voice arrangements are adapted to the range of the common voice. This is an amazing book; and it will bring delight into every household that receives it. We should remember that Sullivan is the greatest musical composer ever produced by the English-speaking race. ##

He who gives richly...is richly rewarded

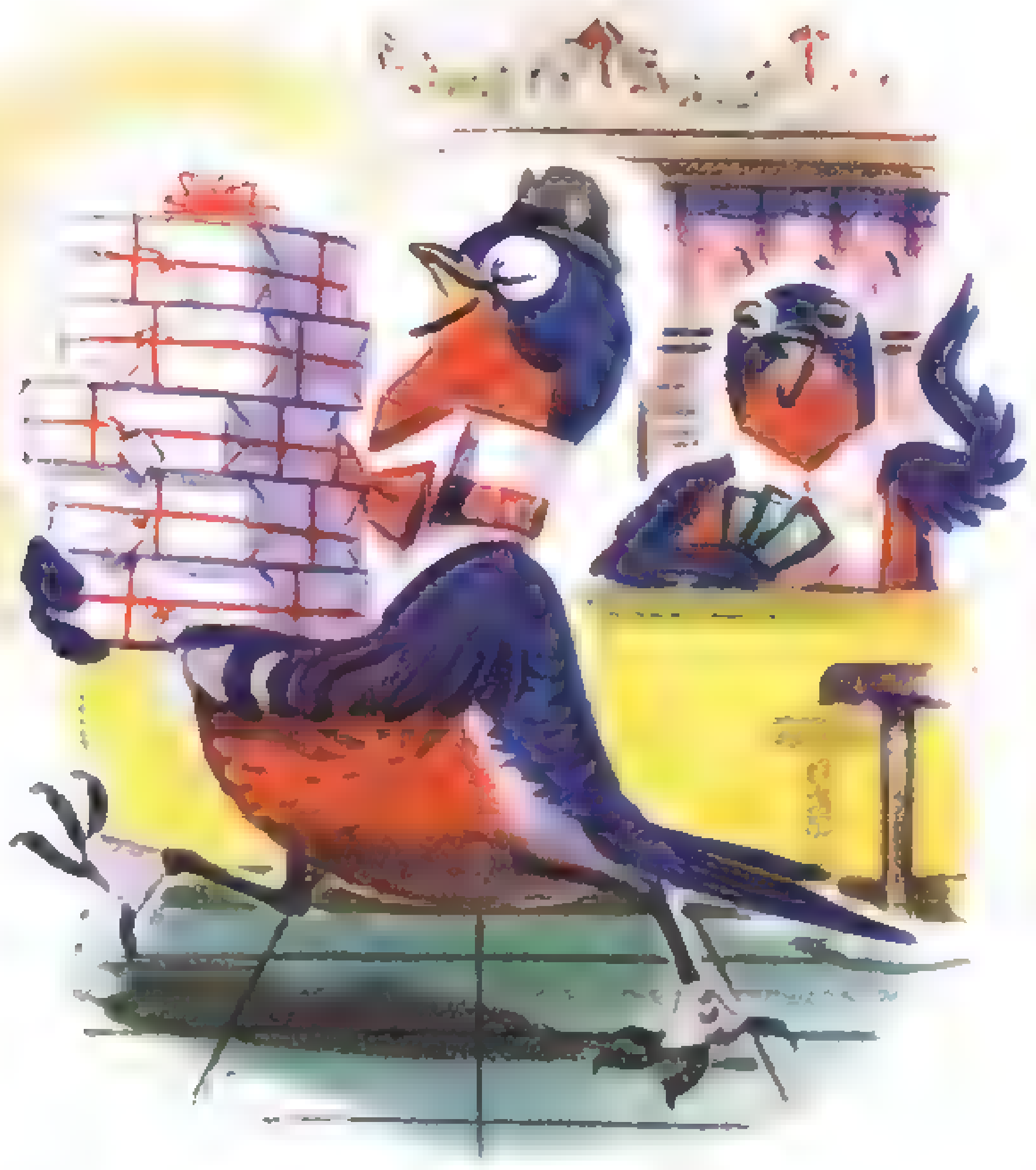
(THE FABLE OF THE BOUNTIFUL BLUEBIRD)



1.

Once there was a Bluebird named Schuyler . . . with whom the Sky was the Limit in Pleasing his Friends.

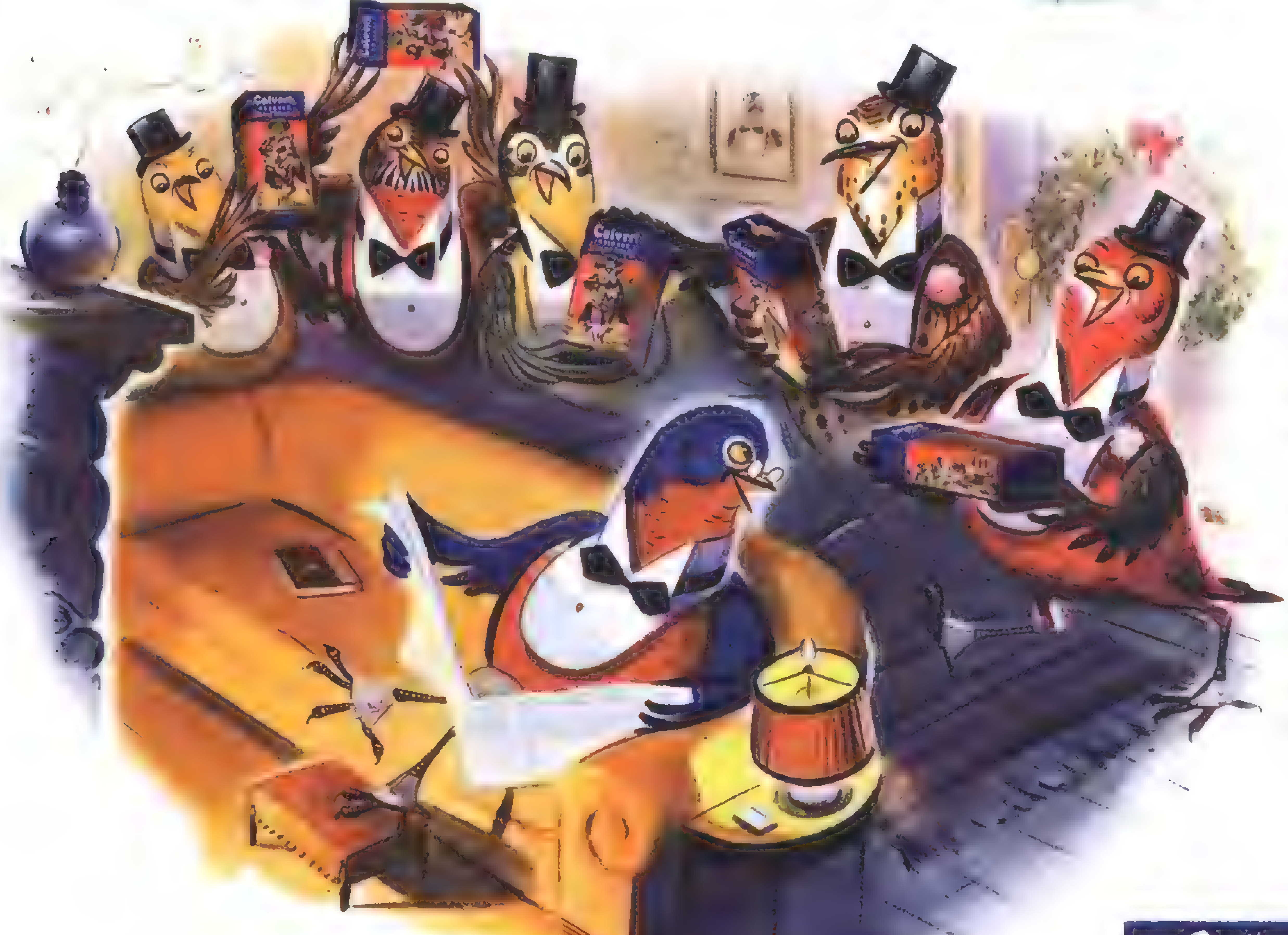
Even when he Picked a Necktie for a Sour-beak Uncle he Selected Top Flight Quality.



2.

This Yuletide, Schuyler elected to send each of his Pals a bottle of the world's Finest Whiskey.

He Sighed as the Clerk wrapped up these Noble Spirits. "I could use Some of that Liquid Gold myself!" Schuy said.



3.

At this Very Moment Schuy's Pals were Deciding what to Send *Him*.

"Let's each Give him a Bottle of CALVERT RESERVE," they Agreed. "Good old Schuy deserves none less than the Best!"

4.

You can imagine the General Jollity when Schuy's friends Barged in on Him, each with the same Precious Gift he had sent Them! A Whiskey Fit for a Potentate. A Flowing Poem of Good Cheer! Which proves the truth of the proverb:—"As you Give, so shall you Get!"

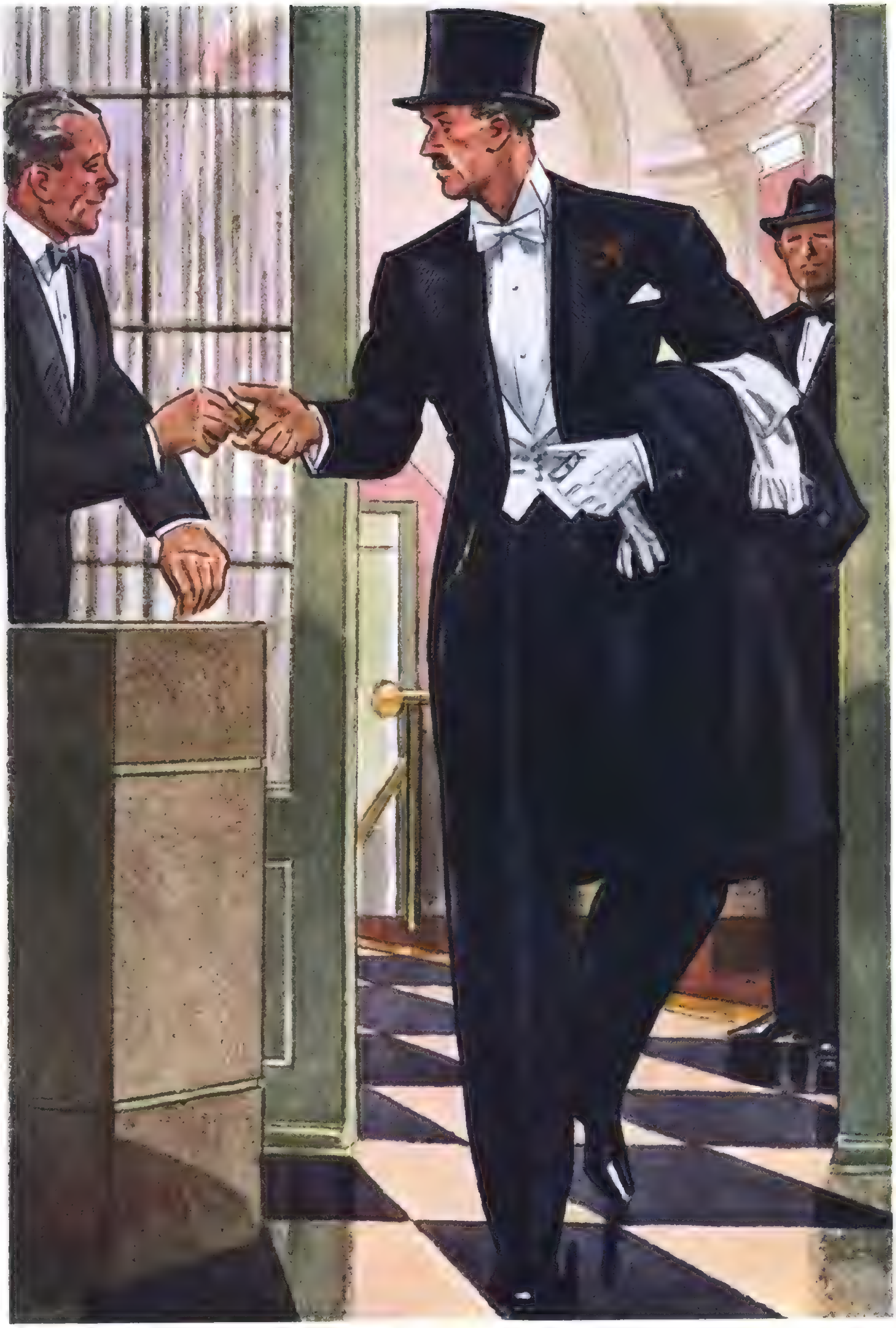
Calvert
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
Calvert
RESERVE

Clear Heads Choose

Calvert RESERVE

THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



heads or tails

Two heads, yes, even three, are better than one. But three tails aren't necessarily better than one. Especially if the one adds up to the tails the central figure above is wearing in the theatre lobby. But his entire outfit has a wide current acceptance, beginning with the tailcoat of midnight blue with the grosgrain silk facings on the lapels. The stiff bosom piqué shirt sets off his two pearl studs, and the wide tabs of his wing collar back up the white piqué tie. The white waistcoat with porcelain buttons has a V opening with roll lapels. The rest of his outfit consists of collapsible opera hat, dark blue dress overcoat, white silk muffler, red boutonniere, white kid gloves, gold key chain, black silk socks, and patent leather evening shoes. He'll have to hurry to see the curtain rise.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

IN AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED DINING ROOMS, I. V. C. IS

"The Best Wine in the House"

MRS. ROBERT LAWRENCE ROCKEFELLER

One of New York's famous hostesses says—"When entertaining, at home or at my favorite restaurant, I always serve I.V.C. Wines. Their exquisite bouquet and delicious flavor never fail to win flattering comment from those who really know wines."

"Finer than most imported wines . . . and duty-free!"

Like so many of Society's leading hostesses, you may be agreeably surprised to discover that wines of such superior quality are produced in America . . . wines that take their place with Europe's finest vintages. But if you are a judge of wines, you'll be even more astonished that these choice I.V.C. Wines are available to you at such reasonable prices . . . thanks to the world's largest vineyard; 5,000 acres of wine-growing *paradise* . . . world-famed for the quality of native wines produced there for fifty years. Try your favorite type . . . and *taste* why I.V.C. is called "The Best Wine in the House".

I·V·C
California
PALE DRY SHERRY

GUASTI, CALIFORNIA
I·V·C
"Fine California Wines . . Since 1883"

COCKTAIL AND DESSERT WINES*
Pale Dry Sherry Port Muscatel Sherry
Tokay Aleatico Moscato Canelli Marsala

RED DINNER WINES
Claret Zinfandel Burgundy Grignolino

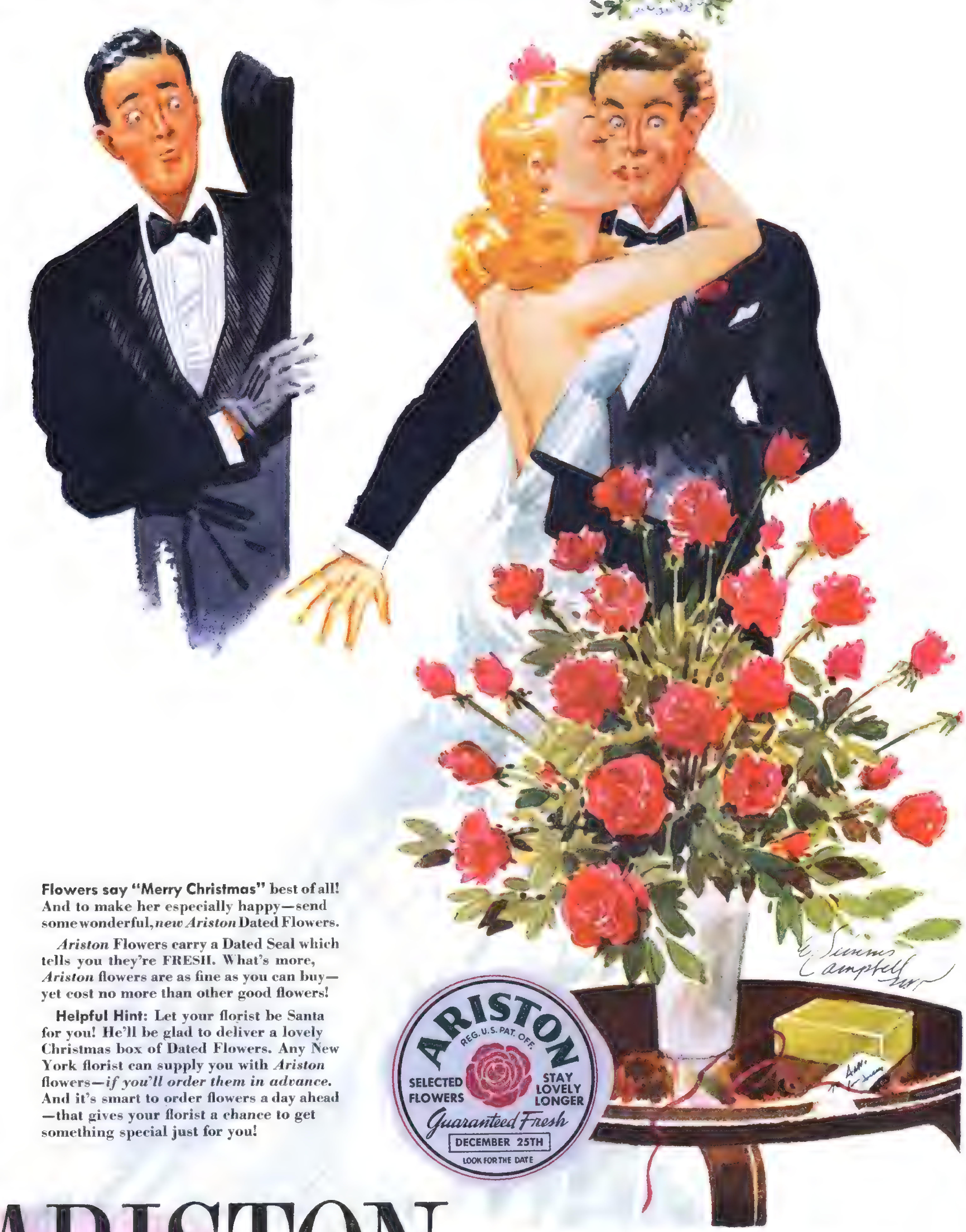
WHITE DINNER WINES
Hock Sauterne Chablis Muscat Frontignan

SPARKLING WINES
Moscato Canelli Sparkling Burgundy

*20% alcohol by volume

Copr. 1941, GOLAN WINE, INC., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Guess who sent Flowers!


ARISTON
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SELECTED FLOWERS
STAY LOVELY LONGER
Guaranteed Fresh
DECEMBER 25TH
LOOK FOR THE DATE

Flowers say "Merry Christmas" best of all! And to make her especially happy—send some wonderful, *new Ariston* Dated Flowers.

Ariston Flowers carry a Dated Seal which tells you they're FRESH. What's more, *Ariston* flowers are as fine as you can buy—yet cost no more than other good flowers!

Helpful Hint: Let your florist be Santa for you! He'll be glad to deliver a lovely Christmas box of Dated Flowers. Any New York florist can supply you with *Ariston* flowers—*if you'll order them in advance.* And it's smart to order flowers a day ahead—that gives your florist a chance to get something special just for you!

ARISTON

Dated Flowers Stay Lovely Longer

Gifts That Gurgle

Continued from page 108

stage of the calendar. For it's no mere ounce and jigger time, made up of Daiquiris and Collinses, but a season of big bowls and pitchers that acknowledge no unit less than a pint. For instance:

JAMAICAN HOT TEA PUNCH

1pint voluptuous bodied bouquet Rum
1 pint best Brandy
2 oranges, sliced
1 lemon (or lime), sliced
3 pints hot Tea, freshly brewed
Sugar to taste

Mix these in large metal pot on stove or in front of Yule fireplace. Mull by plunging in a red-hot poker as a stirrer. Makes six generous drinks, preferably served in jorums. Every entrail glows.

For those who wish their festivity rum-conditioned but rousingly cool, with sparkles on it, I can recommend feelingly a

BOSTON FISH HOUSE PUNCH
(Feeds fifty)

Into the bosom of a mammoth punch bowl put:
1 tumbler melted sugar or plain syrup
1 tumbler lime juice (or 1½ tumblers lemon juice)

Mix thoroughly, making sure that all sugar is dissolved.

Now add:
1 ½ bottles superior Jamaica Rum
1 bottle de luxe American Brandy
1 tumbler Peach Brandy
3 quarts Champagne (cuvéed within our shores)
Hunks of ice.

The impact of this punch is guaranteed to knock Santa Claus's beard right off its moorings, or break your lease if you so desire.

To get back to our parcel-work responsibilities, let me remark that Liqueurs—the whole tribe of them—are highly giftable. In the first place, they have decorative appeal. On the practical side, they keep perfectly after being opened, provided guests will allow them a breather now and then; which means that a gala assortment of, say, six or eight types and flavors will play its glamorous role when trotted out in mine host's entertaining on many occasions, besides being drawn upon as mixer's aides-de-camp. (A dash of this one or that one registers a neat ping in many a formula, and it's just too bad if you haven't got it.) To be adequately representative of cordial scope, the gift collection should include single-fruit favorites such as Crème de Menthe, Apricot, Blackberry, Cherry, Peach, Orange (in the form of yellow Curaçao or colorless Triple Sec), etc., not forgetting Alexander's underpinning, Crème de Cacao, or the ladies won't thank you; also the traditional Kummel, Anisette, and (ultra-dry) Kirsch; and subtle "secret numbers" of the old-monkish sort.

Those northern lights, Aquavit and Vodka, have their select publics who couldn't swallow proper quotas of pickled and smoked fish appetizers before meals if the necessary tossage were absent. Hence the gleam that comes into the eyes of amateur Vikings and Muscovites when a remembrance basket yields up bottles of such snort-wares. Whether your ancestors rowed over in a galley or sailed in the *Mayflower*, the crisp tingle and your tongue tangle pleasantly. Incidentally Vodka insinuates itself successfully into more cocktails than would seem possible to anybody unversed in its crafty ways: it supplies power without running away with the mixture. And did anybody mention Absinthe's legal understudy, Pernod, now made in this country for the special benefit of Sazarac hoisters and drip ritualists?

St. Louis, which most people associate with Champagne, is also the wellspring of that potent smoothie Southern Comfort (100 proof)—a natural basket item if we ever tasted one. In addition to its "straight" commendability, this whiskeyed liqueur is a versatile mingler. During the holidays it's apt to crop up felicitously in

Added feature of this year's Varga Calendar is the horoscope "reading" of each of the Varga beauties, on the reverse side of each of the twelve full-color pages. Get it—by clipping and mailing the "enabling coupon" on page 157.

DIXIE PUNCH

½ jigger Gin
1 jigger Southern Comfort
½ jigger lime juice
2 dashes Grenadine
½ slice of pineapple

Mix drastically in an electric mixer, without ice.

Then pour onto shaved ice in a mint julep goblet or Collins glass, decorated with pineapple and slice of orange.

As for wine cargoes for hampers, the possibilities are limitless, since vintners West, East and Central have variegated virtuosities at wrangling individual flavor out of the berries of Mr. Bacchus. Types fairly teem, with outstanders looming. House and vineyard sagas add up to a national library of history and progress.

Always handy to have around a party is Sherry. For aperitif purposes most lappers prefer it dry. "But not *too* sec," pleads the softer sex. So a bottle of pale dry may well be offset by a bottle of medium, plus a bottle of full-and-rich for mid-evening or mid-anytime. Similarly Port wines range from less sweet, subtle Tawny to shoot-the-works Ruby. Nor can one slight the raisin-hinting opulence of Muscatel. Nor the smackose heartiness of sweet, red-tinged or blonde Tokay. Nor the sly charms of dark amber Madeira and light golden Angelica, reputedly filched from the angels.

And maybe your giftee eats dinner, in which case he'll need some table wines, as for example: Claret, Cabernet, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Chianti, and Sauterne, Haut Sauterne, Chablis, Moselle, and the Rhine-Riesling-Hock tallboys. Also the fragrant embodiments of native American grape "personalities" bearing their own vine names: Catawba, Delaware, and so on.

Elegant selectivity is the thing—a distingué bottle of this, three or four of that, five or six cases of the other, and so forth will be as much as he can expect. It is well to bear in mind, though, that the jingle-bells and horn-tooting season will put a severe strain on his wine cellar, causing sudden gaps in his supplies of reds, whites and desserts, since the outflow is considerably faster in bowls and flagons than in the goblets of everyday use. A particularly active depleter of reserves is this:

CLARET OR BURGUNDY CUP

To each bottle of Claret or Burgundy add one bottle of club soda, one glass of Sherry, one pony of Triple Sec, and one pony of Brandy; also the rind of one lemon cut very thin; powdered sugar to taste.

Decorate with fresh pineapple, orange, and one slice of fresh cucumber rind. Let brew a short time before serving, then add a boulder of ice and, if available, a flock of fresh mint. Fresh (or frosted-packed) raspberries and peaches are appropriate dunnage.

Set up in the other alley will be the

WHITE WINE CUP

Same proportions but substituting Anisette for Triple Sec. Sugar as needed. Garnishment is limited to sliced fresh pineapple, rind of one whole lemon and much mint.

For the actual high spots, wines can hardly afford to be still. They must leap to the occasion, tickling one's nose in their impetuosity. It's a trick which Carbonated Moselle does convincingly at a bargain rate, and not unpleasurably, despite the stiff-necked prejudice which some people have toward a wine whose bubbles are confessedly a put-up job.

Christmas turkey's gallant cavalier, Sparkling Burgundy, wears the color of the occasion and lifts the tone to better than mistletoe height. In fact mistletoe becomes redundant after a few glasses of Sparkling Burgundy, such is the giving and receiving mood which this jocund wine fosters. It is essentially a with-food proposition as compared to Champagne, which travels not only as a meal's glorifier but equally ably on its own.

For open hospitality which is at the mercy of parched hordes who stream in only to wade in, Champagne of the "bulk process" sort if good enough—almost *too* good the host may think as he sadly watches the sixth and last case go the way of its predecessors. Less costly to make than the fermented-in-bottle kind, and hence marketable at a lower price, this bulk edition puts the fun of having Champagne within the reach of persons unblessed with the proverbial Champagne pocketbook.

Complete perfection is of course arrived at only by the endlessly fussy traditional routine of fermentation in bottle. Such Champagne is necessarily expensive, though the retail price you pay, including piled on taxes, represents hardly two cents per handling. First of all there's the selecting and assembling job. The flavor architect picks out wines which, combined in a cuvée (big batch), present an adroit symmetry of flavors and characters, constituting his best conception of the ideal amount of fruitiness, delicacy, and blandishment.

After long maturing in the wood, the wine is put into bottle and given its first cork, clamped down by a sort of chastity girdle called an agraffe. Natural fermentation is set up, raising the wine's emotional state to a pressure of about 110 pounds, punctuated by the explosions of any bottles that can't take it. The hardy survivors are put into slanting racks with their snouts down, and daily, for weeks upon weeks, are twisted and jiggled individually till all sediment settles at the back of the cork. When a candle light inspection attests that the situation is now clear down to the neck, the latter is dunked in a freeze bath and then disgorged, shooting out the sediment in the form of an icy projectile. Wine from another bottle replaces the wastage. A dosage of special liqueur is added as a fillip to flavor, and the bottle is given its final cork (squeezed and pile-driven into mushroom format), its wire harness, and its glitter kimono. From the grape up, it represents from three to six years of diligent valeting. So when your basket beneficiary salvos the New Year with fermented-in-bottle American Champagne you've given him, he's really doing himself and his future *proud*.

As regards his eggnog requirements—and are they crucial!—I'm sure he'll be fair-minded. If you'll donate the sublime Bourbon and the Rum, he'll scare up the eggs and the sugar. So don't worry.

And don't feel frustrated if you live in a state where all alcoholic beverage retailing (I mean for off-premises use) is done by state stores which never saw a basket nor a bright ribbon. If *they* can't play and be gay, *you* can, doing your own picking and parceling.

After all, what your friend will appreciate is your Christmas *thought* of him. And the *greater* that thought, so beautifully expressed in fluid ounces with cherished labels on their fronts, the more his esteem for you will boom. Every sip that's hoisted lifts it another notch. ⧺

Timber Tan 9364
Redwood 9361
FULL INCH STRETCH
CUT AWAY TO SHOW HIDDEN SPRINGS

EXPANSO*

HAND WELT

Timber Tanned

CALFSKIN BELTS

The Timber Tanned leathers from which these belts are fashioned are extra soft, extra mellow and extra durable — resistant to rubbing and perspiration. And the special hand welt seals the seam to insure permanence and long wear. The buckle is solid bronze.

COLORS: *Timber Tan, Redwood, Black.*

A Truly Fine Gift

*U.S. Pat. 2137796

Try on EXPANSO and we'll warrant you'll never wear another kind of belt!

$3.50

Other Hand Welt Belts, $1.50 up
Other EXPANSO Belts, $1.00 up

It Expands—and Relaxes as You Breathe

EXPANSO*means ease and freedom—casual comfort that makes for true style. Here's what does the trick!

AT GOOD STORES EVERYWHERE

KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., INC.
24 West 40th Street, New York City

That Which Was Spoken

Continued from page 33

the executioner?"

"You see, sir, the king consulted some astrologers and they told him that his rival is an unspecified baby in a little town to the south. So His Majesty wants to make sure by killing off all the little boy babies in the vicinity."

Bounding from his chair the general stalked across the room. "The man's definitely lost his mind. Slaughtering babies because of some fool fortune-teller!"

"He's hard hit, sir, because in the first place all the astrologers agreed, and it seems that doesn't happen very often; and in the second place they predicted that the child would grow up to be a very important sort of king."

The general frowned. "To the devil with all astrologers! While I'm here there'll be no massacring of babies. I'm a father myself and—"

He stopped. Out of the window, where dusk had become dark, lights twinkled from windows and doorways. Instead of garrisoning this uncouth province he could imagine himself once more in his beloved Rome. Rome the City. Rome the Empire. Rome the Civilization. Rome the Eternal. And yet that Rome was nothing but the embodiment of an idea which had come from nothing at all; and which some day would be destroyed by a newer, stronger, and more vital idea, also, perhaps, coming from nothing at all. Even now in some barbarous corner of the world that other idea might be taking form.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you didn't finish your instructions."

The general turned from the window, his face tense and white. "I was wrong—utterly wrong. You must forget what I said. Let Herod kill the babies . . . All of them—all of them." #

Shape of Things to Come

Continued from page 31

Borah disagreed openly. What, he asked, was the use of an embargo since there wasn't going to be any war. Like Henry Ford, he felt it was a gigantic bluff. Ham Fish, who has the pleasure of representing President Roosevelt's district in the House, took a flying trip abroad at this time. He reached Berlin in mid-August, and is reported in the press here as saying that he did not believe there would be a war. "Or, my family wouldn't be here." He felt the greatest danger was that Communists would provoke an incident in connection with Danzig to "unleash war's furies," as he eloquently phrased it.

Up to within a few hours of actual hostilities, the wishful thinkers were hard at work. Miss Estelle Sternberger, Executive Director of World Peaceways, one of the six organizations on the isolationist side, and now a radio commentator, stated on September 3, 1939, that "England and France will not go to war against Germany. Poland and Germany will negotiate peace in some neutral country like Sweden. A month later, on October 3, Henry Ford was still unconvinced. He termed the whole thing phony. "The war in Europe, what there was of it, is over," he insisted.

Nor has all the wishful thinking been on one side, either. German propaganda bureaus have done at least their share. On June 1, 1940, they stated categorically that the German army would be in Paris in two weeks and in London in a month. They reached Paris on time, but at the moment of going to press are a year and a half behind schedule as regards London. On July 16, 1940, Deutschlandsender radio station in a German broadcast said:

"There are no islands any more. Mr. Churchill will soon see for himself the strength of the German armed forces." On the 18th, the same station broadcast this gem. "The backbone of British resistance in Kenya has been broken by the Italians." Two days later, according to Deutschlandsender, England was abandoning Gibralter and Malta. On July 20, the *Berliner Boersenzeitung* wrote: "The Fuehrer has given the English people their last chance. England's doom is inevitable." That same day the German-controlled radio in Brussels was stating in Flemish; Britain need have no false hopes that a break between Germany and Russia will occur."

On the 23rd of July, Hitler's newspaper, the *Volkischer Beobachter* wrote: "The myth of the RAF has proved to be illusory. The war has now reached its final stage." On the 18th of August in that year, a despatch somehow sneaked past the censor in Berlin informing the world that a new device was being prepared to invade the British Isles, and that by September 1, everything would be over. Since then this device has been kept under wraps. It may have been the sea sleds told about by Leland Stowe in a story from Bucharest, Rumania, in July. He stated that these sea sleds were so fast they could cross the Channel in forty minutes, with fifty men in each sled. He claimed they would skid over minefields and travel so fast as to be safe from gunfire. That's the last we've heard about them to date.

According to Dr. Goebbels, on September 2, 1940, England's resistance in the air couldn't possibly last more than two weeks. The RAF, so he said, was being swept from the skies, and those were his words. On the 14th of that month, Berlin had not been bombed by the British for some time, and German officers were making bets in champagne (French) that the war would end in victory by October. The good Doctor however, wasn't the only person to write off the RAF. Besides Colonel Lindbergh and Major Al Williams who have never been exactly bullish about the British, other and more well informed observers felt the end was just a question of time. On September 14, 1940, Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen were writing: "The British situation at the present writing must be regarded as desperate. The performance of the Royal Air Force has been gallant and heroic, but of late more spectacular than effective." That happened to be the day the RAF brought down 182 German planes over England.

The predictors were stilled during the inaction of winter, but by spring German successes had gone to their heads, and Teutons in Turkey were boasting they'd be in Egypt in six weeks time. This was a widespread opinion. The General, writing in *PM*, on April 20, gave his opinion that the Mediterranean basin was definitely lost to the British, with part of their Eastern and Western Mediterranean squadrons of the Royal Navy.

A few weeks later, on May 14, Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner's column from Washington declared that Russia was ready to join the Axis. "Since the Kremlin's abrupt recognition of the pro-Nazi government in Iraq, it has been a foregone conclusion that Soviet Russia will become a full-fledged member of the Axis, in fact and probably in name." Actually Russia at present is still living in sin with England and apparently liking it. On May 20, Quincy Howe the radio commentator announced that it was unlikely England would hold out for the summer, and that Hitler would take Gibraltar, Egypt, Mosul oil and the five Dionnes.

On May 25, Allen and Pearson predicted that the British would lose Crete, that the Axis would "bomb hell out of Alexandria and then finally force the English fleet from the Mediterranean." So far they've been two-thirds right in their guess, a good record. But on July 6, they declared that the Russians were about to evacuate Moscow, that the Germans had gone sixty miles through the Stalin Line, and that the capital was open. On the 13th of July they revealed that the French fleet would patrol the Mediterranean after August 15, and fight the British.

Those quoted are the more successful commentators and predictors, the ones who have made fewer mistakes in the years just past. Others, especially the gentleman who claimed nightly to have a special pipe line into Berlin and another into Rome which he tapped every evening before coming into the studio, are long since off the air and forgotten. Perhaps, however, the mistakes of the commentators have been not so much theirs as ours.

During the last two years the radio and reading public has become especially sensation-hungry. They turn to anyone who will feed that desire. Yet during these years of war we have been living in a period when only one thing was certain—the uncertain. Only the unexpected could happen. And did. Nevertheless the American public around its radio listening to its favorite commentator, demanded the impossible. It wanted the shape of things to come, something no human being could possibly guess, much less outline with any accuracy.

Suppose, for instance, that next week a fanatic tosses a bomb into the American Embassy in Tokyo, killing Ambassador Grew and members of his family. The whole course of world events will be instantly and radically altered within the space of hours. No commentator could possibly foresee such an event, something by no means more improbable than many things that have actually happened. But one commentator assured his audience on the air: "My scout in Berlin tonight tells me that Goering is in disgrace and hiding in his summer home outside the city where . . ." Folks believed this, too. For a while.

Maybe this is a good place to bear witness to that little band of brothers who have had the courage to stick to their convictions and who as a result have been rather more right than wrong in these troublesome times. A reading of their weekly bulletins over the past few years shows that the Kiplinger Service has been amazingly accurate in their *Washington Letter*. Facts are at hand to back up this statement with proof, were it not for a little line at the bottom of their letter which prevents it. ("No quotation, please. No copying. Note the copyright.")

A medal, then, to Mr. Kiplinger, and one also to Raymond Gram Swing. During that feverish fortnight before September 3, he believed that war was coming soon, said so, and stuck to his belief. Nor did he trim while the if-maybe-perhaps boys were wavering back and forth. Another medal and a large one to Major George Fielding Eliot of the *New York Herald Tribune*, September 3, 1939, quoting from his column: ". . . the Royal Air Force, which I will assert again as I have in the past, to be the most formidable air force in Europe—a statement in which I feel confident events will bear me out."

Cesar Saerchinger, N. B. C.'s historical observer, was one of the few if not the only commentator on the air to foresee the Russian-German conflict. He believed this was coming as early as the Winter of 1940, said so and stuck to it. Then of course, there was the rightest of them all. You remember dat ol' debil Roosevelt. Leaving Warm Springs, Georgia, back in the early days of April, 1939, he promised the girls and boys to return in the fall. "If we don't have a war."

One German newspaper at the time termed this, "impertinent."

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

1796 1941

The 146th Christmas that tradition has called for

HARVEY'S

IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

It is a measure of the host's taste . . . and a tribute to his guests . . . to serve Harvey's. For generations, these Old World wines have been famous for their rare excellence. That is why in *your* home, or for holiday gifts, make sure your Sherries and Ports bear the time-honoured name of "Harvey."

For Yuletide Cheer
SINCE 1796

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

Tale of the Bad Brothers

Continued from page 103

the terrible brats to know there was a just and terrible God.

A telegram was sent: "*Come at once. Boys running wild.*" And Uncle Theodore arrived by return post. He liked to feel his importance and he liked to show his power. He wasn't a bad person but a little sadistic tendency flickered in his makeup and there was an opportunity to give vent to this subdued passion every time he licked the four boys.

He arrived after lunch when the parents were taking a nap. He got out of the taxi in front of the pleasant little family villa. He carried his heavy suitcase with his gigantic paw as if it were a feather.

The brothers' room was on the second floor. Right at that moment Andy was standing at the window and he saw Uncle Theodore as he got out of the cab and crossed the sidewalk to the front door. Andy turned back and with a certain amount of malice he informed the other three boys of the situation. He was the youngest, and always received a smaller portion of the beating than his elders.

The brothers looked at each other. A dark flame appeared in their eyes. Proudly they pressed their lips together and prepared for the ordeal.

Uncle Theodore drank some coffee and cognac in the dining room, which was smack under the boys' room.

The parents complained to him in turns. They related the scissors, the fire, and the snake. Then when they saw the stern uncle's wrath, they started begging him in turns not to beat the children too hard. "Give them just a little licking—more in the nature of a symbol."

"Leave it to me. I know how to handle them," said Uncle Theodore. He took another glass of cognac, wiped his mouth with the napkin, and went upstairs.

"He's half way up. Now he's opening their door," said the mother in anguish as she accompanied the terrible uncle on his way with her mental eyes.

Then suddenly a terrific rumble burst forth from the brothers' room. The thud of scurrying feet, crashing furniture, falling bodies. Wild whoops and the elephantine trumpeting of Uncle Theodore. The chandelier swayed and the plaster fell from the ceiling as if from an earthquake.

The mother wrung her hands in despair. "That insane Theodore is going to kill my poor children," she cried. "I've had enough of it."

The father was scared too but he controlled himself in a manly way. He took his wife by the hand. "Stay here, darling. It's all over with."

And indeed it was perfectly still now. It was the silence of the grave. As after a quick, utterly efficient tornado.

The mother looked at the door with her heart in anguish. She was expecting the evil giant to appear with the body of one of her children in his arms. She saw him grinning stupidly as he said: "*Excuse me, but I brained this one by mistake.*"

But Uncle Theodore appeared on the threshold all alone. His hair was tousled. His necktie was torn off. His face was covered with scratches and he held his right arm away from his body with a bloody thumb raised. He weaved a little, like a drunkard or like someone who had just been through a great disaster.

He stumbled to the center of the room and there he collapsed on the divan. There, in a voice of confused anger, shame, and despair he announced:

"They beat me up."

The mother sighed happily. The father could not forbid his soul to be a little proud of his sons:

"Well, Theodore, you haven't seen them for a year now. They've grown a lot since then. They are like lion cubs now."

"They've sure grown a lot," lamented the elephantine uncle, half crying. "They jumped on me like a pack of wolves. They tripped me. They all fell on me. Andy bit my thumb to the bone."

They had to console the strong man who had come all the way to the city to lick the kids. His face had to be swabbed with alcohol and his wounded thumb had to be bandaged.

While he was being looked after Uncle Theodore announced on his word of honor that the brothers were beyond help. They had been spoiled beyond repair. They were sure to end up on the gallows.

* * *

Uncle Theodore was wrong. This story is very old. Since then the brothers have grown up. And all four of them made beautiful careers. Bobby became a doctor; Tommy is a college professor; Jimmy is a banker; and Andy is a famous lawyer. In spite of the fact that they were never too studious and they didn't have any more brains than the average boy, the savage training of their childhood helped them. The underbrush of the cowardly, timid world opened up obediently before them because every time they met an opponent or a competitor after they had grown up, in the eyes of the brothers there would flame up that old dangerous fire of battle to which milk-livered people always give way. ⧺

Yes Sir! THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

In this landscaped retreat high on a hill-top, with the inspiration of these modern daylight studios, Beau Brummell stylists create America's smartest neckwear for men.

THE STUDIOS OF BEAU BRUMMELL TIES

Beau Brummell Ties

HERE comes joyful, jovial, welcome Santa with his gift sleigh chuck full of smart new Beau Brummell Ties..."America's Fashion Preference" To the man of your choice...give several Beau Brummell Ties—the "Ties" he always buys . . . in many new exclusive fabrics and fashions. Featured in better men's shops from coast to coast. From one to five dollars.

Made in America

AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO . . . . . . SO GOES THE FASHION

©, BBT inc., CIN., O.

Cupid Is a Hypocrite

Continued from page 35

but they did not reckon with the item of personal vanity. Just because a man is prudent enough to fall in love with a woman of wealth is no reason why he doesn't wish to have her and friends, look up to him as a man of importance in his own right.

It is fairly safe to assume that if this man had married a girl without independent means, he would have been content to be a third-rater. But the minute he found people referring to his rich spouse as if she were the major part of the team, he instantly felt obliged to go her one better and acquire a few laurel wreaths to offset her money.

Before marriage he was quiet and self-effacing at the dinner table, but now he talks big and seems to be constantly on the alert to show everybody that he, too, is somebody and not merely his wife's husband.

I have known men who wedded wealth and did little thereafter but just help around the house, but they were usually the kind who would never have amounted to much, anyhow.

A wife's wealth is sometimes more of a prod than a crutch.

I heard a woman remark at dinner last night that she would never marry unless to a man who would completely dominate her.

Indeed, I have heard a number of women make about the same remark—implying that they wish to be subjugated, to have a man about toward whom they feel decidedly inferior.

I'm always suspicious of such remarks. So far as I can observe, and so far as I can learn from reading books by students of earlier peoples, every normal human being secretly desires not to be dominated, but to dominate those about him—whether in marriage or out.

But, you say, women do like men who are their superiors. Look how often a woman picks a man larger than herself.

Aside from the fact that the average stature of man is greater than woman's, we can find plenty of evidence that a large man married to a wee mite of a woman is the very one least successful at dominating his wife. He probably doesn't dare call his soul his own.

What happens is that a big hulk of a man likes to feel superior to his wife and therefore prefers one of the smaller sizes of women. In other words, a 90-pound woman can win him by playing on his vanity—letting him think he will rule the roost. Having learned how to handle him during courtship, she continues to do so afterward.

On the other hand, when you see a little shrimp of a man with an over-sized wife, the chances are that she is above rather than below average cleverness. She had to be fairly cagey to overcome his natural prejudice against looking as if he had been dragged to the altar by superior physical force.

Indeed, the chances are that he, too, is above average intelligence. Otherwise, he wouldn't be enough of a philosopher to rise above the fear of ridicule.

If you'll look about your own neighborhood, you may find, too, that such couples—small men with large wives—have smart children.

Every small city has at least one girl so much prettier and so much cleverer than her crowd, that she is almost sure to marry a second-rate man. (Such phenomena occur in large as well as in small towns, but in larger places an exceptionally attractive girl is not so conspicuous and her later career is lost sight of.)

Look back at your own home town and recall if there wasn't one girl in particular who was two furlongs ahead of the rest of the bunch—prettier, more stylish and maybe keener-minded. Her superior quality was so unmistakable that she herself couldn't help recognizing it and she planned accordingly. Her parents reminded her that she was no average girl.

As she entered the years when a girl might have what we used to call steady company, she avoided favoritism. She knew, and the youth and chivalry of the town knew, that she was a little too good for the local market. Her parents, likewise, did not hide the fact that a girl of her superior charms might be foolish to take up with anyone not of gentle birth, Chesterfieldian manners, and a large income.

One by one she sweetly but firmly shunted away all the hard-working local boys who had the courage to come and show too noticeable admiration. If they wished to hold hands, they had to look elsewhere.

But a time comes when this girl discovers that all her girl friends are comfortably married and the super-man for whom she has been waiting, hasn't arrived. Suddenly she becomes desperate and takes the first man available. He is almost certain to be a dull-witted fellow who was once the butt of jokes for her little crowd.

He is flattered over her welcome because, being stupid, he doesn t understand the true situation.

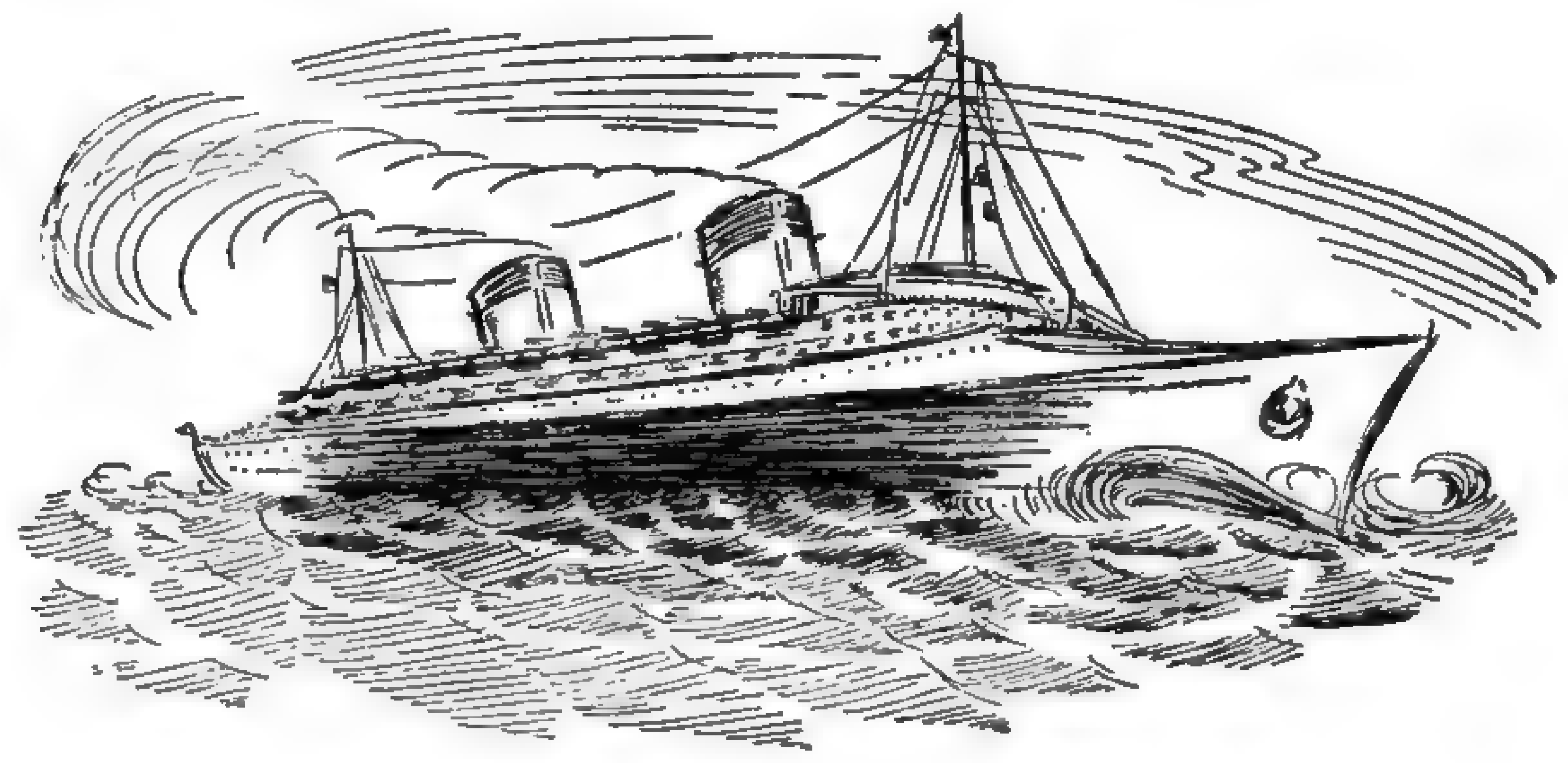
"She turned down all the others," he thinks, "but I—well, I'm more clever."

It never dawns on him that it was a nip and tuck choice between him and interior decorating.

Thus it comes about that the prettiest girl in your town is destined to go through life with a well-meaning plodder.

Before leaving the merry subject of marriage, it may be permissible to question the old belief that all the world loves a lover. The truth is that the world sometimes has amused contempt for a lover. A clever woman can so inflate the sense of vanity of the man she decides to marry, that he appears unutterably ridiculous to innocent bystanders. ⵌ

A BIT
OF FRANCE
THAT GOT AWAY



OVER NEAR Manhattan's Hudson River, with its continuing echo of boat whistles, lies a part of France that will never change.

It is the sister plant of one of the most famous distilleries in France . . . a distillery that first started making liqueurs 139 years ago.

For nearly 8 years this transplanted bit of France has been making Nuyens Liqueurs the way they were over a century ago. They are made according to the same formulae and distilling processes . . . the same ancient traditions . . . as the Nuyens Liqueurs that four generations of Frenchmen have made great.

Serve these delectable liqueurs in your own home and see why for years they have been the first choice of many of America's first families.

NUYENS Liqueurs
CREME DE MENTHE
60 proof
CREME DE CACAO
60 proof
TRIPLE SEC
60 proof
APRICOT
60 proof
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.—NEW YORK

Completely correct—
Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
Discerning men prefer them.
Smart women demand them!
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
INC
Bolegard

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

Snow With Oomph

Continued from page 38

Wilkin remarked: "I think I'll take a chance. You mean this machine will turn out every color I want?"

"I didn't say precisely that. What you get is the exclusive use of any one color you happen to choose. I could hardly give you *all* colors for that trifling fee."

"Oh," said Wilkin, somewhat disappointed.

"Don't forget the color you choose is absolutely exclusive, guaranteed in the contract."

"True," agreed the proprietor. "I think I like the red best."

"Sign here," said the man with the New York office on the thirty-eighth floor.

Several weeks later advertisements for the Blitz-Blitz Trail appeared in many leading newspapers and periodicals. The Blitz-Blitz Trail, "the Glamour Run," these advertisements pointed out, was the only place in the world where it was possible to experience the hitherto unimagined thrill of skiing on red snow. "It sets your blood a-tingle," says Hans Steiger, foremost exponent of the Umlaut-Vorüber school of skiing. "Nothing like it in previous human experience."

Within two weeks after these advertisements appeared, Mr. Wilkin's patronage had increased five hundred per cent, as ski addicts flocked to the Blitz-Blitz Trail, and Mr. Wilkin purchased a brand new sixteen-cylinder car. He also withdrew his son from Crooked Brook High School, and entered him at expensive St. Oswald's.

Mr. Wilkin, however, was not the only man to profit by the invention of colored snow. The man with the impressive-looking business cards spent practically all of his time on selling trips, not only in New England but in the New York and Pennsylvania skiing regions, and in the West and Far West. Many other beautiful advertisements appeared in the papers and periodicals. One set forth the joys of skiing on green snow at the Thunderbolt Run. "The mantle of Spring in Winter's setting." Another, extolling the merits of the Northwest Ski Supertrail, pointed out that on yellow snow you get tanned quicker. A California mountain resort maintained that Hollywood movie stars looked more glamorous than ever against a purple background. "With the royalty of Hollywood it's royal purple six to one." The skiing business increased five, six, seven, eight hundred per cent all over the country.

The promoter struck a temporary snag when he ran out of ordinary colors, but he quickly ordered the inventor to turn out new shades. The inventor objected. "That wasn't in the contract," he pointed out.

"Don't be a sap," snapped the man with the New York office on the thirty-eighth floor. "I'm not asking you to do it for nothing. Produce some new variations, and I give you a fifteen-buck raise."

"Oh," said the inventor. "That's different." He went to work, and produced an almost endless succession of shades and blends. "This," he said, speaking of one of his first new variations, "is gray-green."

"The hell it is," said the promoter. "It's Rita Hayworth Emerald. You *produce* the colors. *I'll* name them." Within the next ten days a ski fan had such additional colors to choose from as Victory Blue, Streamlined Chromium, Fort Knox Gold and Scarlett O'Hara Scarlet. Several concessionnaires took advantage of the special two-colors-for-eighty-five-hundred offer, and gave their customers some stunning mottled and striped effects, including an orange-and-black resort in Maine which was particularly popular with practically all ski-conscious Princeton graduates.

All, in fact, went well until the man with the New York office approached the proprietor of a modest but popular Vermont resort known simply as Jones's. He started to give Mr. Jones the usual sales talk, only to be interrupted with a crisp "To hell with it." Those words were the only ones that he succeeded in getting out of the stolid Vermonter during the entire talk, and, two hours later, he left the premises, baffled and sorely defeated for the first time.

Shortly thereafter Jones's conducted its first and only advertising campaign, which concentrated on the theme that pure white snow as Nature made it was the best snow in the world both for looking at and skiing on. Jones's adopted as its slogan: "Back to Nature," and it also took pains to point out that against a white background a girl's skiing costume couldn't possibly swear with the surroundings.

Immediately after the advertisement appeared skiers in droves headed for Jones's, and Mr. Jones, somewhat reluctantly at first, was obliged to enlarge his facilities to accommodate the influx. By the end of the winter his business had increased a thousand per cent. During the following season, while colored-snow skiing died a not-too-slow death, it increased *three* thousand per cent.

At the end of that time, Mr. Jones, now a very rich man, retired and moved with his family to Southern California. There he met the man with the New York office on the thirty-eighth floor, who had also retired on the fortune he had made from colored snow. They became very good friends.

As for the inventor, he used up all his salary paying off back debts, and set determinedly to work on a gadget which would remove flies from flypaper and enable you to use the paper again. It didn't work very well. ⌗

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

VAT 69

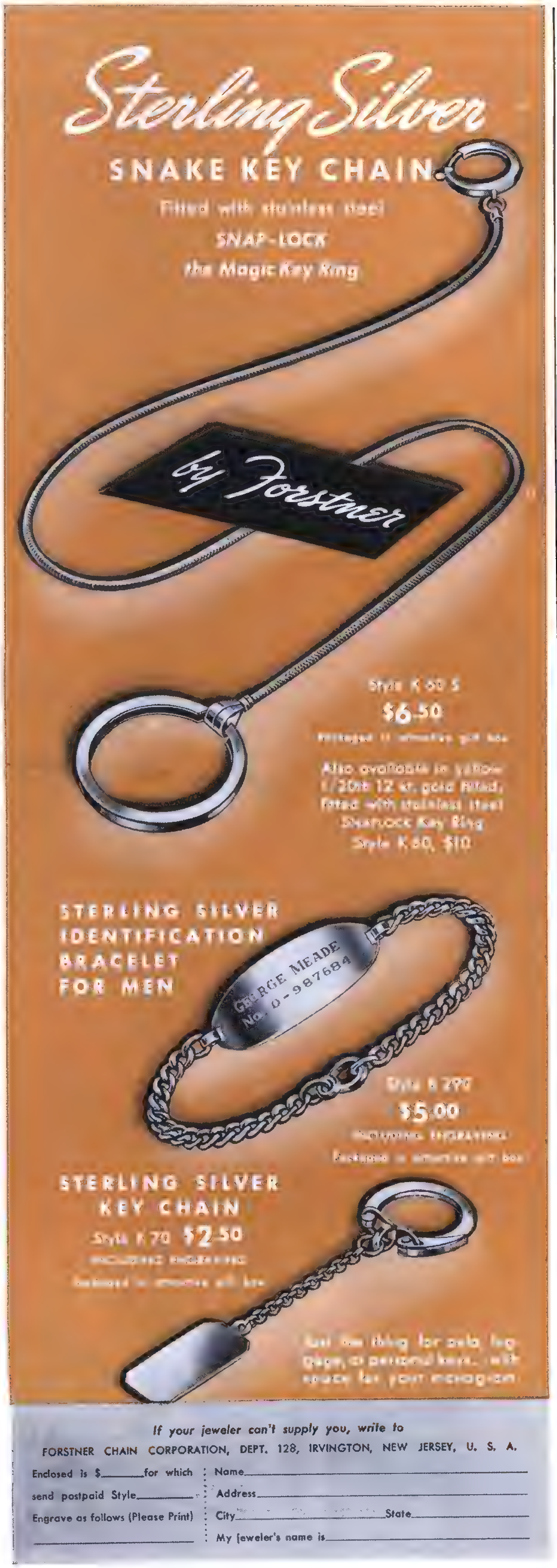
DIEU ET MON DROIT
"Quality Tells"
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd
DISTILLERS
LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

The best for holiday hospitality and gifts

because in age and taste it is Scotch Whisky at its best

8 YEARS OLD

PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.


Sterling Silver
SNAKE KEY CHAIN
Fitted with stainless steel
SNAP-LOCK
the Magic Key Ring

by Forstner

Style K 60 S
$6.50
Packaged in attractive gift box

Also available in yellow 1/20th 12 kt. gold filled, fitted with stainless steel Snaplock Key Ring Style K 60, $10

STERLING SILVER IDENTIFICATION BRACELET FOR MEN

Style B 290
$5.00
INCLUDING ENGRAVING
Packaged in attractive gift box

STERLING SILVER KEY CHAIN
Style K 70 $2.50
INCLUDING ENGRAVING
Packaged in attractive gift box

Just the thing for auto, luggage, or personal keys... with space for your monogram

If your jeweler can't supply you, write to
FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION, DEPT. 128, IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Enclosed is $______for which send postpaid Style______
Engrave as follows (Please Print)
____
Name____________
Address____________
City____________State______
My jeweler's name is____________

Does Xmas Get in Your Hair?

Continued from page 86

works. If it doesn't, you won't be "Llewellyn, the dear boy." You'll be "that cluck."

Why not concentrate on Presents with a Future? A book that leads to further discussion, or opens up new worlds of mental adventuring. A game that takes two, and only two, to play, which you must teach her. A pet to whom you have patiently taught a trio of tricks, and who will perform for you only. Get the idea now?

Give her pleasure in double measure with a book autographed by her favorite author, or phonograph records by her favorite composers. If she's constantly upstaging you, and talks and walks like Bette Davis, slip her a carton of Bette's own brand of cigarettes. If she's hip-happy over Hepburn, make a short cut to her heart with those floppy sweaters Katie wears. If she's a collector of fans, china cats, or milk glass, make an outstanding addition to her trophy case. (I don't mean you, sir!)

Making dreams come true is not only the province of the Creator. Man in His Image can pinch-hit in this miracle business, if he applies his wit and ingenuity. Pry deep into her alter ego. Perhaps she's never dared to voice it, but her pillow knows how she longs to join the ballerinas of the ice rink.

If, in her dreams, she pirouettes and arabesques to the applause of the madding crowd, how heavenly would be the gift of a white velvet skating costume, with gleaming skates. All right, without the skates, then. It takes a clever fellow, we'll grant, to seek out and discover the innermost "she," but why let that keep you from trying. It pays off!

So much for you rakish men on the loose suffering from Christmas giftophobia. The cure is mental, see? No more urbane boxes of socks, no more callow strings of beads, no wilted poinsettia plants.

This is a military year. Let's apply some masterful maneuvering to this campaign of her heart. Study your objective, make your plans, then marshal your forces. Fire when you see the whites of her eyes widen in childish expectancy, and the angels sing!

The benedict has an inside track in this gifting situation. He has all the opportunity in the world to penetrate the wistful puckerings of his boudoir companion. But husbands, I've found, approach Christmas with more acute indecision than free men. Their gifts must be plausible, while Santa Clausible, for the little woman stands for no nonsense. Her first question is usually "How much did it cost?" and sometimes the poor boob tells her. It's even harder for a husband to stand at arm's length and size up his little chickadee, than the fellow who makes a cult of Knowing Women. My most difficult customer last Christmas was the tycoon who rushed in for "something for his darling little wife." I was working my head off trying to find the exact shade of shell-pink he wanted in a negligee, when a crony tipped me off. She knew the madame, and the madame surely weighed not less than two hundred, and had flaming red hair. So I switched him to a sea-green cut-velvet hostess coat. It wasn't exchanged, either.

Another husband I knew personally insisted on buying a pair of yellow satin pajamas which I thought were unsuitable for the chatelaine of his household, until he finally confessed to me they were not for her, but what could I say? To him, I mean. What I said to those pajamas as I wrapped them up doesn't belong in a children's essay.

Listen, lugs, wives are easy to please! I know that sounds subversive, but honestly, it's true. Just romance them. Sure, you've heard that before, but have you tried it on your kitchen range? Christmas is pretty special, you know.

It's pressed in her heart-book along with The Time You Forgot Yourself and Said "Yes" When She Proposed to You. Now, how did I ever know that? All year long, she battles the butcher, mends your socks, minds your health, and with tender care, nurtures your bank balance. She starts planning along in July just what she is going to give you. She even saves up for it out of her bridge winnings. She relieves you of all the other petty details of a Happy Christmas. She shops considerately for all your relatives.

Now, Mr. Big-wig, what are you going to do for her? Can you bear to face the wounded-deer look in her eyes on Christmas morning when she unwraps the tissue from that sleek fishing-rod you saw in the sports shop?

If, all year long, she's struggled to get you into white tie, and lost, give her a Christmas eve whirl she'll preserve in brandy. If she craves breakfast in bed, just this once, serve it to her like a cavalier. And more revolutionary still, put into plain words just how you feel about her. Tell her, plain out, what her status is. Don't be backward. Just stand up straight and say very quickly, "I love you, my darling!" What if she does smell your breath? Secretly, she's singing.

But back to tangible expressions of adoration. Figure out the one gift that will answer her suppressed desires. Maybe you can't handle it, particularly if she wants a Connecticut farmhouse, or a blue-blooded race horse. On the other hand, it may be an aquarium full of tropical fish. You ought to know. You are her guide, her mentor, her mate. Don't go exposing yourself around town by asking all her friends for suggestions. That only adds import to the rumor that's going round that men, poor darlings, can't buy a paper of pins without getting stuck.

She, herself, might suggest that you be practical. That's because she'd rather have the cake-mixer than the tangent you might go off on. Sure, I know, a vacuum-cleaner will save her hours of work. Why hasn't she got one, then? The utterly practical gift makes the gorge rise in my lily-white throat.

There's always padded satin house pajamas, and gorgeous bath salts, and perfumed lingerie cases. You can make the whole house smell like a Christmas tree, with those things. You may call it taradiddle, but she calls it divine. Maybe she's still wearing the wrist watch she got for graduation. It's the Twentieth Century, you know.

Let's modernize. Anything in the fur line, the best you can afford, shows a spark of genius. The best rule to remember is that she wants to make her friends realize what a prize she has. She wants to take your gift to the next club-meeting, and flaunt it ostentatiously. It does not give her pleasure to say, "My husband gave me the prettiest bathroom linoleum for Christmas. You must all come to see it!" She can't wear linoleum while others have Kolinsky.

Before we adjourn, take these additional notes. Remember that presentation is half the gift. It must be prettified in today's manner. If you can't separate your thumbs from the seals, take the package to a gift-wrapping center. There's one in almost every large store. Have it papered and plastered within an inch of its life.

I know a successful Santa who presented his wife with a round-trip ticket to her favorite dude-ranch, attached to a miniature Streamliner. Another slipped a sparkling bracelet around a pretty nosegay. You don't have to give her diamonds, but give her plenty of glitter on the outside. It's more fun.

This fellow Claus hasn't anything you haven't got. You can be as lovable, as thoughtful, and as generous as the merry old fellow himself. And you needn't go crawling down sooty old chimneys. Just put on your hat, and go shopping. Aren't you glad I came around? And in the St. Nick of time! #

PRACTICAL CHECK-LIST:

Beau to Belle Gifts

A Siamese cat
Sling a-shoulder radio
Phonograph records
Leather jewelry case
A watch cigarette case
Antique jewelry
Chunks of boudoir crystal
Gorgeous earrings
Enormous spray pin
Mesh evening bag
Airplane luggage

For a Doting Daughter

Portable typewriter
Skiing or skating costume
Amusing lapel watch
White Wallaby greatcoat
Her room "done over"
A movie projector
White velvet opera boots
A Baby Bond
A "dramatic" or art course
Play room downstairs
Pounds of bath salts and soap
A saddle horse
A job for her fiancé

For Mother (Yours or Hers)

Pair of love birds
Season concert tickets
Writing escritoire
Fine crested stationery
Quilted comforter
Stunning transformation
Fur car robe
Fine needlepoint to work
Round trip ticket somewhere
Her own small radio
Movie film of grandchildren

For a Lady Hard to Classify

Assorted cheeses in wine
Plastic playing cards
Monogrammed "date" book
Crystal table lighters
Gin rummy table

For a Good Secretary

Leather traveling clock
Her favorite books
An amusing game
Snapshot album
Tickets to a good show
Large gift goody basket

For a Nice Niece

Precious charms for her bracelet
A camera
Ice skates or skis
Magazine subscriptions
"Course" in fiction writing, philosophy, or languages
Gold or sterling pill-box or compact
Monogrammed diary
Portable radio

Wise Gifts to Wives

Fitted traveling case
Complete closet accessories
Her old diamond reset
Nest of tables
Swank housecoat
Dozen gorgeous place plates
A government bond
A built-in powder room
A trip somewhere
A fur muff
Silver coffee service
Jewelry of sentiment
Door chimes

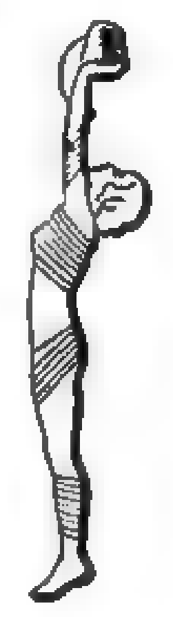
Domestic Relations

Set of lingerie cases
Amusing weather vane
Set of dessert plates
Bedside thermos
Small desk clock
Set of scrapbooks
Monogrammed bridge sets
Large appetizer trays
Small sterling purse pencil
Assorted canapé pastes

FIRST CALL
for
SOUTHERN SOJOURN

...AND 1942'S THRILLING NEW BEACH FASHIONS
...based on this perennial stretch technique
...*for the fit, comfort and freedom of the seas*

Whether you're choosing a swim suit or trunk for yourself or as a gift for someone else, it's well to remember certain cardinal points. "Lastex" is not a garment, fabric or style, because it's an elastic yarn. At the proper time you'll always find hundreds of bathing suit styles by America's leading makers ready for you at America's leading stores, *made with "Lastex" yarn* in its various applications. They come in form-fitting and dress-maker type suits for women and in athletic and conservative type trunks for men, in woven and knitted fabrics, in silk, cotton, wool, rayon or combinations of these. Just ask for the type of suit or trunk you have in mind, under the name of your favorite maker, if you have one, at the stores you usually patronize. It's as simple as that.



Lastex ...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, makers of "Laton" yarn, 1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York City

Holiday Greetings
from
OLD ANGUS
A NOBLE SCOTCH
"Gentle as a Lamb"

For holiday cheer and holiday giving, let this serve as a gentle reminder on behalf of gentle-as-a-lamb Old Angus—the noble scotch whisky whose fine taste and smooth liqueur quality have made it an international favorite.

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 8 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Who Was Joe Miller?

Continued from page 95

those years?" The Wench made a pause and considered a while with herself: "I pray you, sir," saith she, "stay your hand a little and write me down a Young Woman." —Archie, 1639.

A Company of Rustics, having taken a Wolf, consulted on some exquisite torment, which one of them presently thought of: "Let him," saith he, "be married to two wifes as I am and hell itself can add no greater torment?" Archie, 1633.

A woman in Scotland lay dying, to whom her husband said, "Wife, now thou are about to leave me alone, I pray thee tell me with whom I shall marry?" She replied, "Are thou in haste to marry before the breath be out of my body, then marry the devil's dam." "Not so, Wife," saith he, "I have his daughter already and I should mate with his mother too, then I should be guilty of incest."—John Taylor, 1629.

This sort of stuff demonstrates that humor has changed less in the last four hundred years than in a thousand previous years. Joe Miller, despite the popular assumption of the contrary opinion, was not the first man to collect ancient wheezes. The very first of whom there is record was one Hierocles of the Fifth Century, about whose exact identity scholars still quarrel but about whose list of twenty-one alleged jokes there can be little dispute—they are the foundation of the most ghastly wit in all creation. Suffer through a few of the least intolerable; you probably have heard their revision within the last month on the air:

A scholar wishing to teach his horse to eat little, gave him no food at all; and the horse dying, "How unlucky," said he, "as soon as I had taught him to live without food, he died."

Another meaning to sell a house, carried about a stone of it as a specimen.

A pedant sealed a wine vessel he had, but his man bored the bottom and stole the liquor. He was astonished at the liquor's diminishing, though the seal was entire; and another saying, "Perhaps it is taken out at the bottom," the pedant answered, "Most foolish of men, it is not the under part but the upper part that is deficient."

A man hearing that crows lived two hundred years, bought one, saying, "I wish to make the experiment."

A scholar meeting a person, said to him, "I heard you were dead." To which the other answered, "You see I am alive." The scholar replied, "Perhaps so, but he who told me was a man of much more credit than you."

Hearing that one of two twins was dead, when he met the other, a scholar asked, "Which of you was it that died? You or your brother."

A scholar in Greece receiving a letter from a friend desired him to buy some books there, neglected the business. But the friend arriving some time after, the scholar said, "I am sorry I did not receive your letter about the books."

This latter is one of the standard jokes of the world, in every age and every language. Joe Miller's version of it is hung upon an Irish lawyer who left this note for his servant: "I am gone to the Elephant and Castle where you shall find me and if you can't read this Note, carry it down to the Stationer's and he will read it for you."

Which brings us back to the most famous of all humorists and the least deserving of the title. Almost exactly two hundred years ago an enterprising publisher gave to the English reading world its most universally accepted designation for an old joke—a "Joe Miller."

Too dead to resist, Joe Miller had immortality thrust upon him. He was a fairly popular actor who had died the previous year. Following the custom of the times, his name was hung upon the next London collection of supposedly funny stories, most of which he probably never had heard. The book, *Joe Miller's Jests* became upon its publication in 1739 the first best seller on record and it has had the longest run in history. It is still being reissued, in modern guise. Joe Miller's chestnuts are never so stale but a re-roasting will revive their flavor. When they concern that one imperishable joke —which nature played on us by creating two sexes—they are just as toothsome as ever. ⌗

Bibliography of Ancient Jest Books Consulted in Preparing this Article:

"*C Mery Tayls*" 1526, reprinted in 1630.
"*Merrie Conceited Jests*," George Peele, 1607.
"*Bouquet of Jests*," Archie Armstrong, First Edition, 1633; Second Edition, 1639.
Tarleton's Jests, 1570.
Sir John Harrington's Epigrams, 1615.
Pasquils *Jests with the Merriments of Mother Bunch*, 1650.
Merry Tales of Skelton, 1530.
Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimsies, Robert Chamberlain, 1639.
Scoggins Tests, 1626.
Covent Garden Drollery, 1672.
Joe Miller's Jests, 1739.

(First Page of Miller's First Edition reads)

Joe Miller's Jests
of the Wit's Vade-Mecum.

Being a collection of the Most Brilliant Jests; the Politiest Repartees; the most Elegant Bon-Mots, and most pleasant short Stories in the English Language.
First carefully collected in the Company and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious GENTLEMAN whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq.

Most Humbly Inscribed
To those CHOICE SPIRITS of the Age
Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope, Mr. Professor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henley, and Joe Baker, the Kettle-drummer

LONDON
Printed and Sold by T. Read in Dogwell Court, White Fryars, Fleet Street
MDCCXXXIX (Price One Shilling)

Herr Umlaut's Hospitality

Continued from page 50

amounted to more than half his month's salary, and was very gloomy for some time after it was in the mails. But the return of his students buoyed him to his old level of merriment—at least for a few hours. Half a dozen of them were dipping their noses in his beer (still the best in America) when the spirit of the German people appeared in happy earnest on his porch. There stood a blond and militant youth in a brown shirt, heels together, hand raised in the Nazi salute.

"I present myself, Kurt Eckhart, to Herr Professor Doktor Umlaut. I am student through this year at Middlesex University."

Herr Umlaut suddenly thanked his stars that he had canceled his address to the graduate club. Putting the best face on an equivocal situation, he enthusiastically called to his *Deutscher Studenten* that a genuine German student had come to guide them in the ceremonies of the *Kneipe.* The newcomer's arm remained grimly upthrust throughout the introductions, and did not descend until the uneasy American youths and their teacher all had been silently bullied into acknowledging the salute in kind —all, that is, except Goldberg. Eckhart gave no indication that he was aware Goldberg existed.

In the course of the next hour, the others found excuses for leaving, but Kurt Eckhart stayed. He stayed to dinner. He stayed all night, sleeping in one of his host's outgrown nightshirts.

Three days later the professor of Old High German waited upon the registrar and inquired whether the German exchange student had been assigned a dormitory room. The registrar called in some surprise for Eckhart's card, and frowned over it.

"We're not billing him at all for room rent, Mr. Umlaut. He told us he had arranged to live off campus, at your house."

"My house? *Gott in Himmel.*"

"Is there a mistake?"

"Mistake!" Herr Umlaut paused, bethought himself of his old mother, and decided to make inquiries before acting further. "No, there is not yet a mistake."

Eckhart explained the situation, so far as he was concerned, that evening. He had been instructed by his district leader to report to Herr Professor Doktor Umlaut. That was all. He assumed the financial details had been arranged. Certainly no money was being sent him for the purpose of board or rent.

Herr Umlaut nodded and wandered out into his patch of garden.

Thus it was not possible, in the academic year 1933-34, for the professor of Old High German to maintain his former level of *gemutlichkeit.* The girl who came in to cook and clear up in the evenings had to be turned off. But, as Herr Umlaut explained when he apologized for doing so, he was very fond of doing his own German cooking. Eckhart decently offered to help with the dishes.

Expenses for *Kneipen* had also to be lowered. That was effected in part by the guest, who quietly drew the line at further participation of Jewish students, and thus reduced the size of the average gathering by a third. Professor Umlaut's friendship for Professor Meyer presented greater difficulties. But a number of incidents brought them, by tacit consent, to a decision that it would be best not to see much of each other until Eckhart should have left.

The most grievous thing of all was the edict that Heine should no longer be read as an example of the lyrical genius of the kindly German people. Heine's blood had been doubly tainted—by his ancestors, and by himself. Heine was out.

Yet it could never be said that Eckhart was not charming and courteous, when free of the iron tenets of his creed. Like a well-bred officer, quartered by command upon a householder in a captured town, he did everything he could to give the illusion of being a welcome guest.

The blood purge at the end of January seemed to cast a shadow over the merriment of that week's *Kneipe.* For the first time, Herr Umlaut had not a word to say about the extreme kindness of the German people; and thereafter, interest in the *Kneipen* noticeably waned. Herr Umlaut's normal, anomalous state of happy melancholy deepened into *weltschmerz.* He lost weight. Asked whether he intended to spend the summer in Germany as usual, he said he did not see how he could possibly afford it. The depression.

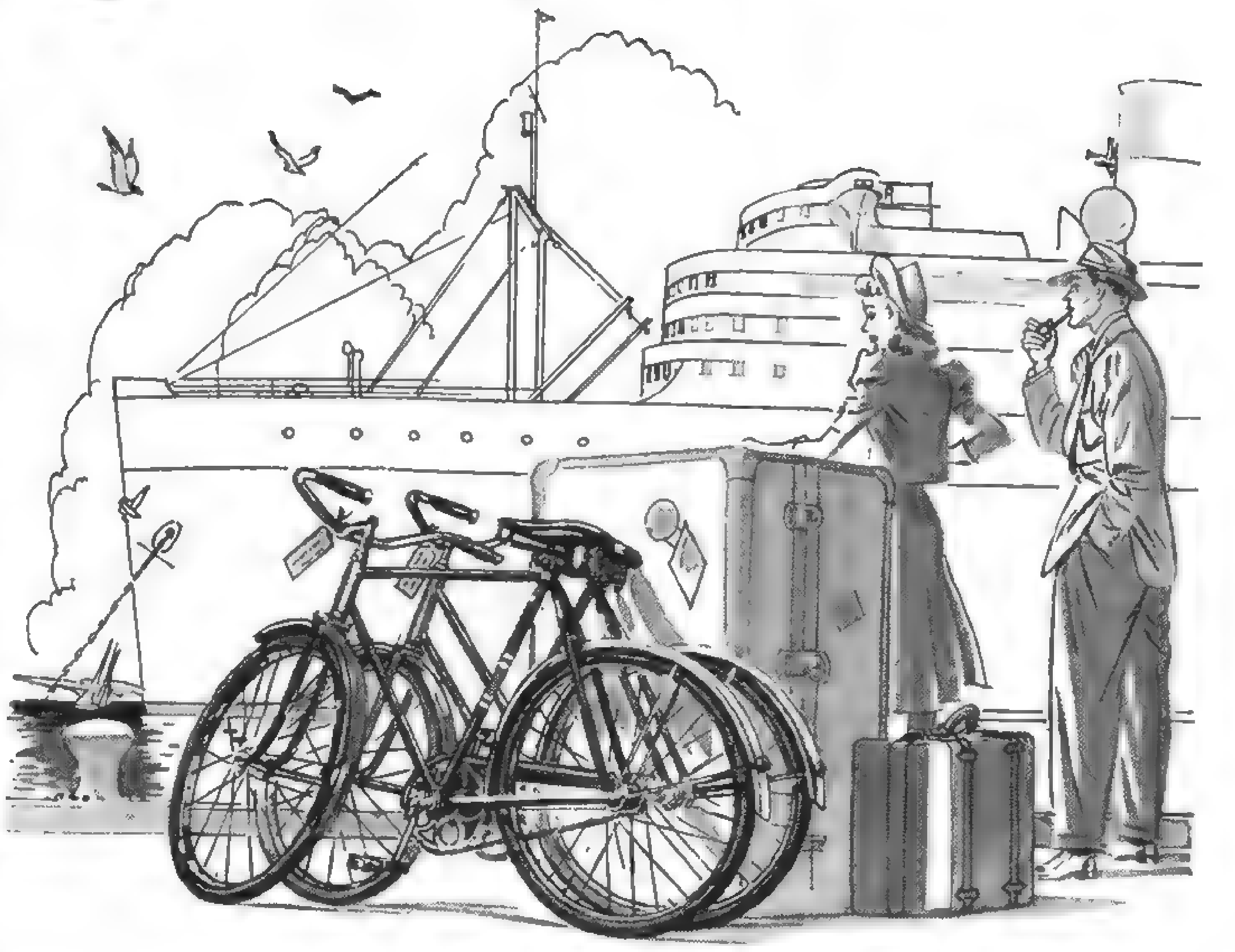
When the honored guest at last was departing, in the middle of June, Herr Professor Umlaut roused himself cautiously from his listlessness. It would not do to seem too animated, at such a time. On the other hand, every possible kindness must be extended. Long after the train had pulled out of Middlesex Junction, the professor stood staring after it, wondering what sort of report of him Kurt Eckhart would make to the district leader

Apparently it was a very good report indeed. When school reopened, in September, there was not a single young blond storm trooper standing on Herr Umlaut's porch. No indeed, there were two. And, to make a long sad story sadder and shorter, their reports of their host's comparative affluence must also have been flattering; for this year there were not two, but three.

And has Herr Umlaut's enthusiasm for the kindly German people lessened? Has he ceased to sing the praises of the fatherland on all possible occasions, in a voice quivering between laughter and sobs? *Ach!* with his house swarming with spies? He has not. He is better at it than ever.

But he is very lean. ǂ

GOING AWAY?



Take a

Schwinn-Built Bicycle

on Your Winter Vacation

Be ready to make the *most* of your winter vacation. With your Schwinn-Built Lightweight Bicycle, you can enjoy dozens of exciting new experiences, see out-of-the-way places—at your leisure and independently of local transportation schedules.

Thousands of men and women are re-discovering the fun and wonderful exercise of cycling . . . the Schwinn-Built way! **Easy-running, safe** — Schwinn-Built Lightweight Bicycles are so skillfully built of such fine materials that they're the *only* bicycles **Guaranteed for Life!**

Wherever you go for relaxation, this winter or next summer, for a week-end or a month —have this new vacation experience, see *everything,* and come back refreshed from the pleasant, healthful exercise you've had with the help of your Schwinn-Built Lightweight Bicycle.

You just check your Schwinn-Built Lightweight like your trunk; and it's waiting at your destination. Your Schwinn dealer will gladly help.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG

FREE! **Send for This Book**

"Merrily We Roll Along" opens the door for you to new vacation thrills. Your guide book to an unexplored world of fun and health-giving exercise. Yours FREE for the asking; send for it today!

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY, INC.
1768 North Kildare Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Schwinn-Built Bicycles
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

This Xmas, give
"something special"
Give
REGENTS
REGENT
Regent
CIGARETTES
REGENT
CIGARETTES
R
KING SIZE
15¢
BOX OF TWENTY
REGENT..... a new standard
of smoking enjoyment!

A carton of Regent King Size Cigarettes is a special gift, a truly gracious gift, containing many hours of fine smoking. For only Regent gives you all this:

KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

MULTIPLE-BLEND...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines many choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos in entirely new proportions ...giving you exceptional mildness, finer flavor

OVAL SHAPE...Regent's oval shape gives you a more distinctive cigarette, easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke

CRUSH-PROOF BOX... Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition

The Storm Cloud

Continued from page 36

start to hit something try to get it up on the front so we won't splash. Okay? He said Okay. I thought wouldn't it be swell if I only knew how to pray and which of the many gods in the world isn't busy right now and could help us out with about 200 feet of ceiling down there? Then I put the compass on 270 degrees, pulled the throttle and started the glide. This was going to be it.

We went blind at 5,200. It was going to be a long ride down. I set the altimeter down another hundred feet to take care of the lag. I opened the throttle and cleared the engine at 4,500, again at 4,000, 3,500, 3,000, 2,500, 2,000, 1,500. I had my eyes glued to the altimeter and the airspeed indicator. I kept it steady just under 60. It meant we weren't spinning because a Luscombe spins at about 70. That was still too damned fast to go in with nothing but a pile of tin around you. I glanced at Gene. He was staring at the altimeter, a cigarette so short in his lips it was burning them. We passed 1,000 and it was just as thick as ever. I felt myself tightening up and fought for control of myself. It seemed to take a straining exertion of all my muscles to get them loose again. I squirmed around in the seat and shook myself, cracked the throttle a little bit so it would be sure to take in a hurry. We got below five hundred. It was only a matter of seconds now. Gene pawed at the safety belt. I yelled No, and threw his hand away. The needle pointer on the altimeter went down to 100 and kept going. Something, not part of the cloud, went by the window. It didn't mean anything, just a shadow of something out of place. Ahead the whiteness grew darker. Trees? Swamp? What in Hell was it? I came back a little on the stick. We could stall in now. The altimeter was on zero. I pulled the throttle closed, snapped off the switch, and came all the way back with the stick. Gene slammed the cushion in front of us and I threw my left arm over my face. The wheels hit, bounced, hit again and started to roll. We were still in the fog, as dense, as blind as we had been all the way down. We were rolling fast. I touched the brakes. The tail started to come up. I let off the brakes. Finally, we stopped. We shook hands. Gene said, where in Hell are we? I opened the door and stepped out onto black tarvia. You couldn't see ten feet. I walked up ahead of the plane. A white painted line crossed the tarvia. I couldn't believe it. I walked along the white line to the edge of the black stuff. It ended in sand and there were fat wheel tracks going through the sand. Gene was climbing out. I said, we're on the airport. His mouth popped open. He saw the white line. He said, I'll be goddam. I'll be goddam goddam. He said, won't you? I said yes, I would be goddam goddam goddam. He said, we're alive. We're not dead. We can go get drunk. He said which way is which? I said we were going west, the hangar should be back of us. We walked along the edge of the tarvia. We were giggling like Vassar girls. Why not, we were alive. #

At the Way Station

Continued from page 66

stars were out. The woods cast a shadow on the clearing where the black watertank loomed up hugely and the rails gleamed. It was so still you might think it would rain soon, one of those sudden showers that come after a hot spring day.

Kneeling down, he placed his ear against the steel rail, but there was no humming however faint, nothing. Then he tried to calculate the distance they had traveled by remembering the towns but he had dozed off while they were on the train, he had not been watching. He knew they were in Michigan but he did not know how far north this place was.

After a while he went back inside. The father was sleeping, his face turned toward the window. The boy shook him gently.

"Pa," he said. "Pa."

The father's eyes opened.

"I'm going to walk in to the next town . . ."

"No, no," the father said. "Don't leave me here. Little brother, don't go and leave me alone in this place. Stay with me here and in the morning we will start out together."

He held the boy's hand and would not let go.

"All right, I'll stay here."

The boy sat down. The father lay back and closed his eyes again. He seemed to be sleeping the relaxed way he lay there and the even way his breath came but he was wide awake. He wondered how it had come to this.

His mind was clear and active. It seemed as if he could remember everything that had happened in his life, and now he could see that the best part of it had been on the farm in Wisconsin. Forty acres of clayey cut-over it had been. He could remember it well. The fields were on a hillside sloping down to the lake. The house was low and long with clean gray walls. There was a red and white cloth on the table and a mantle lamp shed yellow light over it. The barn was there, just there, you could see it from the kitchen window. In back of the house was the orchard. The apples were small and bittersweet tasting. And down on the shore was a birch coppice . . .

It was a good place. Yet he had sold it that time. He could think of no reason why he had done that but there were a thousand circumstances that each in its own way led up to it, the death of the wife, the gradual decline of the soil, never so rich, and the loss of hope, of patience. One fall he sowed winter rye. The snow fell, then the equinox wind blew and melted it, the seed rotted and the frost came on swiftly, spoiling the crops. He sold the farm in the spring and they left. They had not been back.

"Don't blame me," the father said.

"What?"

The boy looked up startled and saw the father's face in the thin bluish moonlight that came in the window. He could not see all of it, only the curve of the jaw and the bony, slightly hooked nose. The eyes were in shadow. The lips moved and the voice was querulous.

"I was a good farmer. I worked hard on the land. I did not neglect it."

"I don't blame anybody," the boy said.

"Think what it means. I left home when I was twelve and went as herdboy to a farm in a distant parish. All my life I lived among strange people in strange places. I never heard the dialect of my native place. All my life long . . ."

The father spoke, telling about his life, the way it had been with him, how he had traveled and worked, worked and traveled. Now he had come to this way station in the unknown place. He said to the boy, "But with you it will be different. You know the language, the ways of the people. You will get along here."

"Yes, I'll get along."

"Maybe you will take a farm some day."

"Maybe."

"Ja, that is what you should do. Forget about the place in Wisconsin. Take your own place."

It was now very dark, warm and still. Suddenly there was a far sound. The boy got up and went to the door.

In the darkness, between the trees, he saw a light flickering, dimly at first, then the violet orb appeared and the fast train bore down, not whistling for the junction, and the engine rushed past, then the car windows, bright yellow squares of light, shuttled by so rapidly that afterward he remembered only a face at a window, silver spread on a dining car table and the sign on the observation platform, *Fisherman's Special*. The air swirl died down and a few leaves fell. Then it was quiet again. But in the way station there was a dully booming noise that echoed from wall to wall and was a long time in dying. The boy went back in and sat down on the floor with his back to the wall. He rolled a cigarette and smoked it slowly, blowing the smoke up toward the low ceiling.

He must have slept for a long time, the night went by so fast, morning came so quickly. But he was not sound asleep. He knew that it was raining. He heard it start, pelting the roof with a sudden splatter. Then it stopped.

When he woke up there was a gray light in the room. He rose yawning and put out his hand to wake the father but the father was already awake. He was lying in the same place looking out of the window down the tracks.

"How do you feel?" the boy asked.

The father turned and stared at him.

"What?"

"Can you travel?"

"I have been lying here looking out of the window. It rained a little."

"I heard it," the boy said. "How do you feel?"

"If I only hadn't planted that rye! If I had plowed and left fallow. I should have known . . ."

"Pa," the boy said.

"What?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Of course I can hear you," the father said calmly. "I hear you. There is no need to shout."

The boy said, "Well, we should be moving on. Are you well enough to travel?"

"Ja, they will be fitting out the boats now that the ice is gone. You will have to go on alone."

"How about you?"

"I will stay here for a while yet."

"In this place?"

"Ja, it is as good as any. I will rest a little while longer, maybe a day or so, then I will go too."

"I could stay here," the boy said. But he knew that he had to go. He knew it instinctively without thinking about it. He could not stay. He had to go. It was the natural way of things, the way the northern nomads who depend upon the reindeer herds for their existence leave the aged behind when they weaken on the trek from winter to summer pastures. They must be left behind and they do not protest. They know it is the natural way.

"No, you must not stay here any longer," the father said. "You are late now. You must go now and I will follow later."

The boy picked up his blanket roll.

"You can find out which vessel I am on from the shipping hall or through the union, whichever way I ship out."

"Ja, whichever way, I will find out. I will come down to the dock when she ties up."

"Do you need anything?"

"No, I have everything."

The boy went to the door.

"Well, goodbye then, Pa."

"Goodbye."

The boy went out and began to walk along the roadbed. He walked fast and did not look back. The father turned his head so that he could watch him walking away from the way station along the bright steel tracks. When he was gone the father continued to stare at the spot where he had disappeared. It was a clear day in spring and the sun was shining. He folded his hands and said, "Well, it's good weather for traveling, God be praised." ⧺

For holiday entertaining

Don Q PUERTO RICAN Rum

86 PROOF

Have you the touch of adventure? Serve your guests Don Q Manhattans, Don Q Martinis, Don Q Highballs, or Don Q Collins . . . "glorified" by the delightful flavour of Don Q rum . . . the pride of Puerto Rico. This light-bodied, nectar-like rum is rum in the finest tradition.

P. S. Don Q is a happy suggestion for your gift list, too.

PRODUCT OF DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC. PONCE Puerto Rico U.S.A.

WHITE LABEL for cocktails **GOLD LABEL** for tall drinks

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: **Schieffelin & Co.**, NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794
GOLD LABEL
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM
SCHIEFFELIN & Co. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Ever see a cold, wet Penguin?

NO, INDEED....!

Water scoots off their backs: icy blasts can't blow through *their* feathery coats.

In zipper jackets, rain coats, ski togs and all out-of-doors wear, you can enjoy this same "proofness" against wet and wind. Buy the WAT-A-TITE kind. WAT-A-TITE is an amazing, new finish driven *into* the cloth to *stay* in, regardless of wear, washing or dry cleaning.

You can't see it; smell it, or feel it, but you can enjoy its protection in both cotton and rayon wearables — and WAT-A-TITE shower curtains are a new delight. They resist mould and mildew. Won't rot around the rings. No need to leave them in the tub to dry because they're *always* dry.

If your dealer doesn't carry WAT-A-TITE, *write us direct.*

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING CO.
NORTH DIGHTON, MASS.

Wat-a-tite Trade Mark Reg U. S. Pat. Off.

Money can buy no
FINER BOURBON
than the one that bears
this signature

Words just can't describe the goodness of Old Taylor. You have to taste this magnificent whiskey to know how truly fine a Kentucky bourbon can be. But once you do, you'll understand why a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed it with his name.

Copyright 1941
National Distillers Products Corp.
New York

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This is the home of Old Taylor, and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.

Field Day in Hollywood

Continued from page 96

stuck pins with heads of various colors, which he explained depicted the whereabouts of all Paramount actors and actresses who were not at home and in bed. I noticed that about half of these pins were yellow, with a black dot in the center.

"Who is all that?" I asked.

"Our friend," he said, narrowing his eyes. "All you do when you want to find her is pick up a handful of pins and stick them into a map, and there she is."

One of the pins, I noticed, formed an island in the middle of Big Bear Lake, a hundred miles or so east of Hollywood. I asked what she was doing up there.

"*Shepherd of the Hills*," he said. "On location."

"I'm going up there and see her," I said.

"Good luck!" he said, doubling up with laughter.

I drove up and got there at five in the evening. I went to the rambling log hotel in which the company was staying. In the cocktail lounge I came upon an actor friend of mine, a fine performer of his day, whom I will designate as Duke. Duke was hoisting a beer. I joined him, and later we went in to dinner. At the table I confided to Duke that I had come up here to see Betty Field, and asked him to let me know when she came into the dining room.

We had a delightful dinner, with more beer. At the table next to us sat a very interesting item, whom I looked over from time to time in a professional way. She finished her meal early, and left. "Who," I asked in a genteel way, "was that one?"

"Betty Field," Duke said casually.

"See here," I said, "you promised to tell me when she came in."

"I didn't see her come in," Duke said. "First thing I knew there she was, sitting next to us."

"Oh well," I said, "I can see her in the morning." Whereupon Duke and I, since he was not scheduled to work next day in the picture, strolled around the town to get a little air until five the next morning. This resulted in my not getting up until nearly noon. I bathed, shaved, brushed my teeth, dressed carefully, sharpened half a dozen pencils for the interview, put some unused paper in my pocket, and went over to the location. They were making some shots around a small log cabin. I sat down carefully and waited until they broke for lunch, then approached Director Henry Hathaway.

"I came to see Miss Field," I told him. "Where would be a good place for us to talk?"

"Over Nebraska," he said.

"Beg pardon?" I said.

He said, "She's on an airplane, going to Connecticut."

I'd had about enough of this nonsense, and I suspect it's much the same with you. "See here," I said, "I'm looking for the one that's here on this picture."

"No one by that name working on this picture at the moment," Henry said. "Let's go have some lunch."

"I'm not hungry," I said. "Look, was Betty Field here last night?"

"For a while," he said. "She left right after dinner for Hollywood, to catch a plane east. She finished her part in the picture at five p.m."

I borrowed five dollars from Hathaway and bought some gasoline and returned to Hollywood but I was not defeated. Your old grandfather, in those days, did not know the meaning of the word defeat. It was Betty Field or bust, in 19—. Several times I almost had her: once, in fact, by so narrow a margin as two states, having arrived at Paramount studio, on a very hot tip, when she was just disappearing over Arizona.

My ultimate approach, the successful one, was simplicity itself. It occurred to me suddenly one night during the dark of the moon. Every time, so far, that I had tried to catch her, she had been some place else: on Broadway doing a play, in Kansas City on tour, out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer growing old gracefully. My idea was to reverse the process: pretend to go to Broadway to meet her, then stand still and shake her out of the nearest tree.

I asked Paramount to notify me the minute she was available for an interview on Broadway, at which time I would dash there by plane—I told them—and intercept her.

It was about ten o'clock one morning in the Fall of 19— that word was flashed to me.

All right. This was it. First I made my plane reservations, then started for the airport. Almost there, I cut sharply to my left, circled around, and drove as fast as I could to Miss Field's home, near the top of a wooded hill overlooking Hollywood. It was a steep, hot, tortuous climb. It was a steaming day. I put the car in low gear and went slowly, to keep from overheating the engine and also so it wouldn't make too much noise. I took branch-road after branch-road, each one narrower and steeper than the one before it.

Finally I came to the end of one of the little roads, and there was a house with the right number. The road ended in a wealth of tropical vegetation, and I parked my car at a steep angle in the shade of a grove of trees entwined with vines and boa constrictors.

Leaving the car where it was, I approached the low, one-story, white cottage. Along one side of it I found a passage, evidently cut in the jungle with machetes. I followed this. Save for the occasional screech of some tropic bird, no sound broke the silence. Proceeding with caution, somewhere in the rear of the house I came suddenly upon an opening. The glint

"CHAIR-WAY TO THE STARS"

Sun Valley

IDAHO

The Baldy Mountain Ski Lift which transports skiers to the cloud-swept pinnacle, 3,250 feet above the valley floor, is but one of the four chair-type lifts serving as many mountain tops and making accessible a wide choice of downhill runs, open and partially timbered, blanketed with "powder" snow. The famous Sun Valley Ski School provides excellent instruction for novice, intermediate and expert skiers.

This winter, visit beautiful, mountain-sheltered Sun Valley. Ski, skate, toboggan, swim in outdoor warm-water pools. Bronzed by the beneficial rays of a "summer sun," you'll find that life holds new interest and enjoyment. For rates and reservations at Sun Valley Lodge or Challenger Inn, write

W. P. ROGERS
General Manager
Sun Valley, Idaho

of water caught my eye. Instinctively I recoiled. Crocodiles.

Parting the foliage, I surveyed the situation. The pool, although in need of cleaning, was empty of all animal life larger than a baby mosquito. I knew what it was. I had at last come upon a Hollywood swimming pool. I stood there a moment, drinking it in.

I stepped out into the open.

Directly across the pool, I saw what I took to be two human forms. One of these was the form of John Wolferton, of the Paramount studio, whom I would have recognized any place. The other form was that of a young woman, or girl.

"Hello, John," I said, starting across the pool.

"Go around," he said.

I skirted the pool and arrived at John, whom I grasped by the hand in a perfunctory way. I then turned to the babe. She was gone.

"She's gone into the house," he said, "after a pitcher of milk."

I still pretended nothing was wrong. "Going to bathe?" I asked.

"Refreshment," he said.

I noticed that a table had been set, with white linen and wooden tumblers, at the edge of the pool. John sat down and motioned to me to do the same. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of a white pitcher, near me. It touched my cheek. It was cool. From it there now cascaded a stream of ice cold beer, into my wooden tumbler. I looked around. Nobody was there.

I looked at John. "Don't turn around," he said in a casual tone. He lit a cigar. I felt in my pockets. I had left mine home. John took a puff of his cigar, winked at me, and indicated that I was to look at the pool.

I did so. Just across the pool, and reflected in it, was a magnificent leopard. The leopard looked at us calmly, licked its jaws, turned slowly and silently away. At the edge of the jungle it paused, tail switching, then gave a great leap and vanished. From the dark depths came one long, blood-curdling wail, then all was silent. Without a word I got up and went over to where the leopard had been. *There were no tracks!*

When I returned, John was looking at the glowing end of his cigar, reflectively.

"That's the story," he said, "as it was told to me." #

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It goes without saying that this concludes Mr. Hough's series. It being clear that he is in no condition further to carry on the articles, we have fired him by tom-tom telegraph.*

You're in the Army Now!

Continued from page 63

Georgia groaned as he took the weight off his painful feet. "I ain't said ary a word nohow to the contrary."

"I ketch me enough hell as it is," Smoot declared. "I don't need your help at it, see? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Ever'body seem like they ain't content without they ask me what's the matter with me," Georgia sighed. "I tar easy, that's all."

"What job did you work at before you come into the army?" Smoot demanded.

"I chored."

"Chored? What kind of a trade is that?"

"It ain't exactly what y'all would call a trade. First-off you has to find you a uncle with a farm, where you go and begin eatin'. Then this uncle soon gits right annoyed at seein' you do nothin' but destroyin' vittles, so presently he starts you off a-doin' of sech chores as splittin' kindlin's and carryin' the cows to pasture and feedin' slops to the hawgs and hitchin' the mules and cetera."

Smoot pursed his lips. "Well, this certainly is a problem to it that in all my experience of three hitches in the service I can't figure out the answer for," he confessed. "If it is possible that we could have some cows in the company to which you could bring them out to pasture it would be okay with me, soldier. I—" Smoot scratched his wiry hair despairingly. "Can you curse and swear real good, Georgia?"

"I reckon I can swear a right proud mouthful." He let out a string of oaths as a demonstration of his prowess. "Why?"

Smoot shook his head. "I figured if you could curse good you could be a mule-skinner. But since this here mechanization of the army, what is the use to swear at a blitz buggy?"

"I shore would like to have a job whereat I would git me to set down a right smart part of the time," Georgia murmured. "I yearn to set somethin' powerful."

"Well, I am not no general in this here army," said Sergeant Smoot, "but if I was I would certainly order some pigs to be inlisted up in it so that you could do nothin' all day but throw slops at them. But as I am ony a sergeant, I guess I will haff to keep right on tryin' to make a soldier out o' you, Georgia."

Georgia nodded his head at the inevitable logic of the thing. "I declar, I'll do my best." He dragged himself with a heroic effort to his feet. "I—"

"Yes?"

"Seems like I jest cain't keep my eyes awake no longer, sergeant. Maybe if I slept off this yere tarred feelin' for a hour before supper I'd be tolerably refreshed come eatin' time."

Smoot threw up his hands. "Why not? I'll appoint one of my men to wake you up so's there won't be no chance that you will miss out on anything."

"I reckon that's right kind of you, Sarge, it shorely is," murmured Bradley as he crawled into his bunk and began to snore with that expertness which comes only from long practice. #

New Horizons

IN

White Stag

SKI TOGS

of Lustrous New Zelan

HORIZON CLOTH

HIS: "Companion Parka." Attached hood zips into envelope formed by double shoulder yoke. Zipper pockets. Drawstring at waist.
Sizes 36 to 46. Polar Blue, Navy Blue, Grey-green,* Natural,* Drab* . . . 8.95
*Available in women's sizes 12 to 20.

HERS: "Anti-Freezer" Hood trimmed with genuine wolf-tail. Lined thruout with bright all-wool plaid. *Sizes 12-20. Polar Blue, Crimson, Natural* . . . 19.95

DOWNHILL TROUSERS: 100% wool Gabardine. *In Navy, Patrol Blue, Tan, Gunmetal, Dark Green* 11.95
HIS: 28 to 42 waist—Inseams, S-M-L.
HERS: 10 to 22.

AT
FINE
STORES

White Stag

SKI TOGS

HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO. WHITE STAG SKI TOGS DIV.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Enclosed $ ____
Send ____ Size ____ Color ____
Send ____ Size ____ Color ____
NAME ____
ADDRESS ____
CITY.STATE ____
[ ] Send Style Portfolio "E"

New Cream Prevents Perspiration Stains and Odor...

...Vanishes At Once!

...already a habit with thousands of men

MOST shipping clerks and truck drivers don't do anything about under-arm odor or perspiration stains. But clever salesmen, executives and professional men take no chances!—they use a good under-arm deodorant.

As one doctor says, "Ignorance may be bliss, but it does not make you very good company."

Men who take pride in good grooming know that it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor and shirt stains. No wonder thousands of men have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the preferred masculine deodorant for these five important reasons:

1. *It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.*
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10¢ store or department store. 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ a jar.

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

ARRID

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 93

be announced as "sports experts" had Joe as a guest on a sports query program in Chicago one time when Joe's acquaintance with American League personnel, history and statistics kept us from blowing the sponsor's money to the public. What we remembered that Joe couldn't was a fairly complete roster of the mice and men who had fallen before Joe's fists in the preliminary period of his career.

One point about Louis that hasn't been mentioned is his reputation among newspapermen and fight camp visitors of being the best-mannered heavyweight champion of generations.

The fight camp Emily Posts who concede that Lt.-Commander Tunney's company manners always were a Chesterfieldian joy to behold, declare that for good manners under any and all conditions Joe would have to be given the decision over Gene.

* * *

If you must have something to worry about, don't look to the possible shortage of golf clubs and balls as a source of your concern. The steel used in a normal year's production of steel golf shafts and iron club heads is about the same weight as the steel used in a half-mile of railroad siding. The amount of rubber and balata used in an ordinary year's production of golf balls in the United States is about .3 of one per cent of a normal year's rubber consumption.

It's plain to see, then, that the extent of major raw materials required for supplying the golf market with its annual requirement in playing equipment is too minute to call for a priorities shutdown.

In labor, too, the golf club manufacturers seem to be fairly immune from paralyzing shortages. The cheaper grades of clubs can be made by almost any sort of reasonably competent, careful and supervised labor, and the better grades are turned out by craftsmen who have specialized in quality golf equipment and are pretty much fixtures in the leading plants.

There will be no quarter ball this year. Even as a speedy, highly simplified machine operation the making of the pellet to retail at 25 cents meant that the manufacturer seldom had a chance to break even financially. With higher material and labor costs he lost even that remote chance.

Great increase in play on the pay-as-you-play courses in 1941 and resulting large sales of moderate and lower-priced golf goods may account for stock shortages of some golf equipment, although such shortage is not expected because stores and golf pros booked larger advance orders than usual.

At any rate you needn't expect that we'll have to do what many British golfers did in 1941—send their used golf balls back to the factories to be re-covered.

* * *

Defense activities of the boating sportsmen haven't been given much public acclaim. Outside of a fairly general realization that many larger yachts have been taken over by the Navy, the landlocked citizen hasn't learned much of the service work done by owners of smaller craft. A goodly number of the citizen sailors have gone into the Navy and Naval Reserve. Many of those unqualified for active service are apprehensive about coming fuel restrictions.

Cancellation of the National Motor Boat Show held annually since 1904—even during the First World War—indicates plainly that boat-makers don't expect to be able to deliver many new craft to private owners next spring and summer. The show was scheduled for Grand Central Palace, New York, January 9-17.

Comparatively unheeded by the public is the fast pace of work being done by the makers of smaller boats in supplying Navy and Army needs. One company has built 3,400 assault boats, many of which have performed beyond expectation in army maneuvers. Motor torpedo boats, rescue boats, picket boats, landing boats and other special service craft have been run rapidly along the assembly lines.

Self-bailing cockpits, hoisting cranes, litters for wounded airmen, super-compact emergency hospitals, and special equipment for combatting plane fire are among features of the crash boats built for the government. One type of rescue boat is 42-foot and is powered with two engines. Speed is approximately 25 m.p.h.

An experimental 45-foot welded all-metal hull cabin cruiser will be watched closely by yachtsmen. Its builders say it's practically unaffected by salt water exposure. Weight of the boat approximates that of a well-built wooden yacht the same size.

* * *

Some of the things colleges are doing to co-ordinate their sports programs with national defense:

Featuring pistol and rifle shooting training and competitions.

Expanding the physical education program to give corrective exercises to those excused from military drill because of physical disabilities.

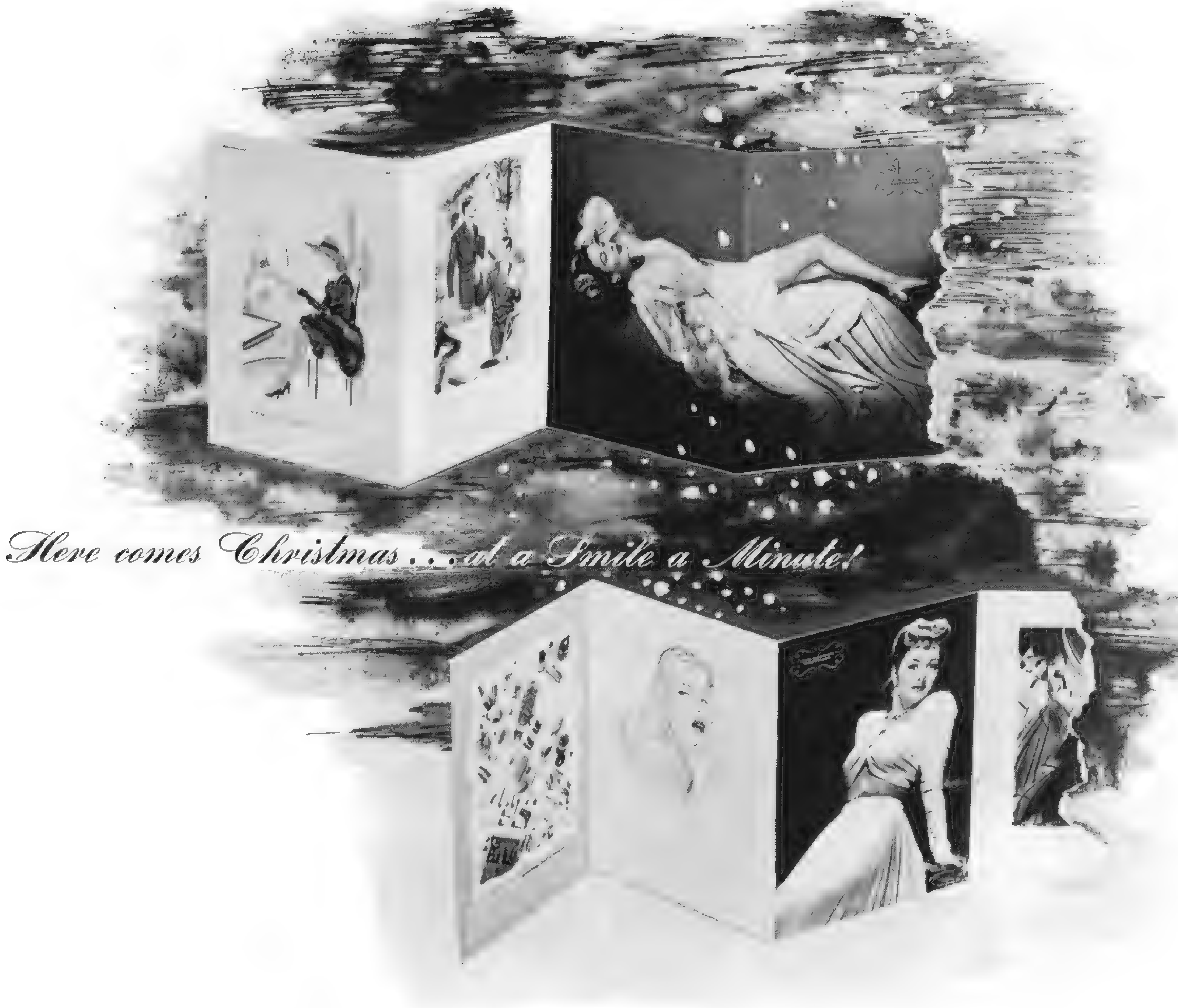
Admitting service men at no cost, or at reduced charges, to college athletic events.

Scheduling service-varsity games.

Making recreation facilities available for service men.

Loaning the varsity's own football game pictures for showings to service men.

Asa B. Bushnell, executive director of the Central Office for Eastern Intercollegiate Athletics, learned these details of the extension of college sports programs from a survey he made of 625 colleges. ##



Here comes Christmas . . . at a Smile a Minute!

With all its cockle-warming carefreeity, its lively levity, its good-to-the-last-Tom-and-Jerry feeling of camaraderie . . . here comes Christmas!

Why not keep it coming . . . 24 hours a day, 30 days a month (excepting February which hath 28), 12 months a year? Why not keep the Christmas tree light-heartedness burning all year 'round . . . for the A-1 friends and relatives on your list as well as for yourself? It's easy . . . with Esquire's never-failing SMileage.

For Esquire's contagious gaiety is, after all, a form of Christmas-all-year-'round. Regardless of the season, you can count on Esquire's seasoning: that's why a gift subscription of Esquire is a gift of guaranteed laugh insurance *as well as* an all-year-'round reminder to your friends of your constant Santa Claus good wishes.

This year, to christen your Christmas gift subscriptions with the crash of a champagne bottle, Esquire sends your friends the heady beauty of the Varga girl, wondrous lovely created by the sensational Esquire artist. The incomparable Varga girl adorns the gift-announcement card which your giftees will receive at Christmas time . . . and with your name penned on the inside leaf of the colorful card, she becomes your personal emissary, charming conveyor of the glad tidings that all through 1942 Esquire's SMileage will keep Christmas coming . . . at a smile a minute!

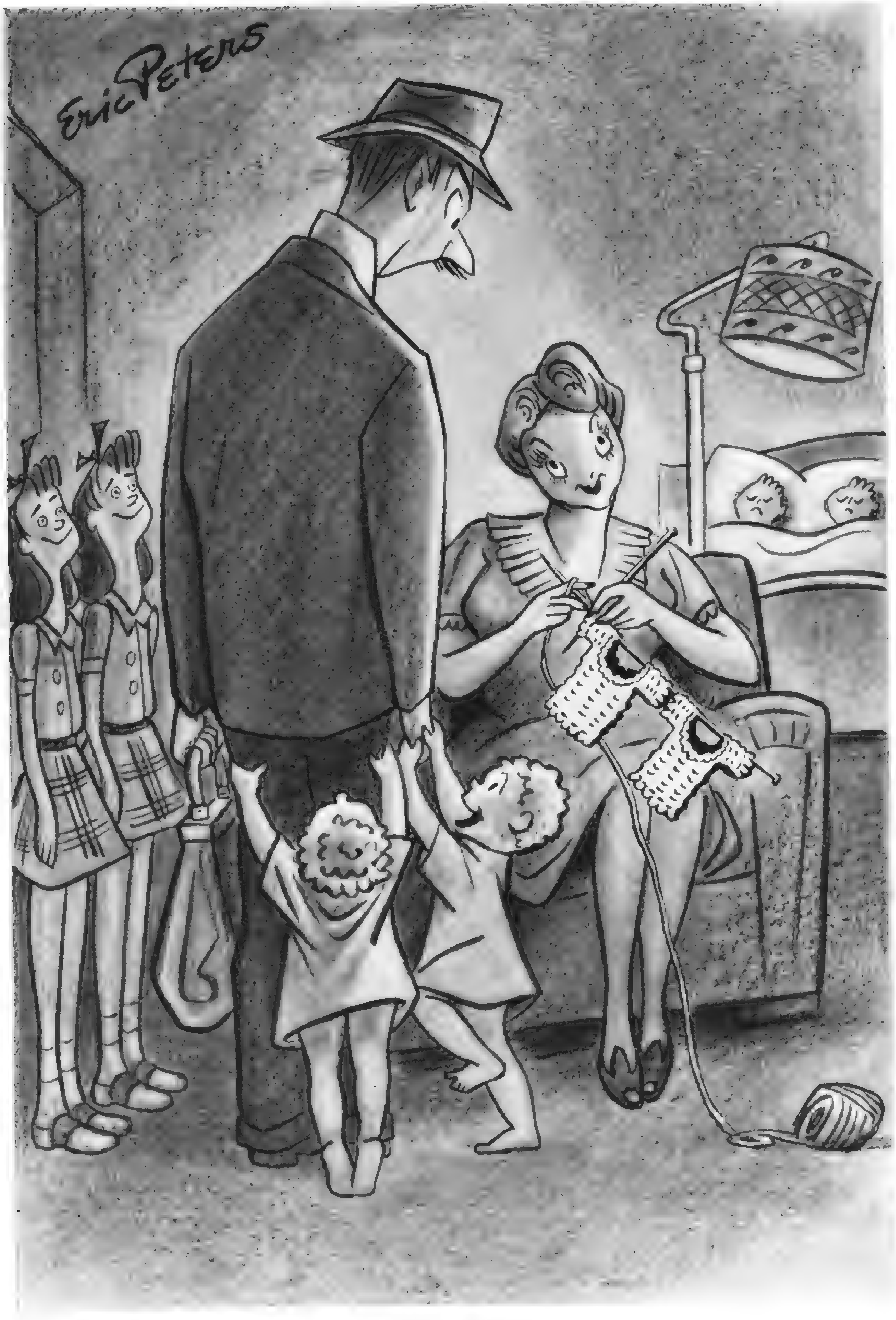
ESQUIRE'S SPECIAL MONEY-SAVING CHRISTMAS RATES

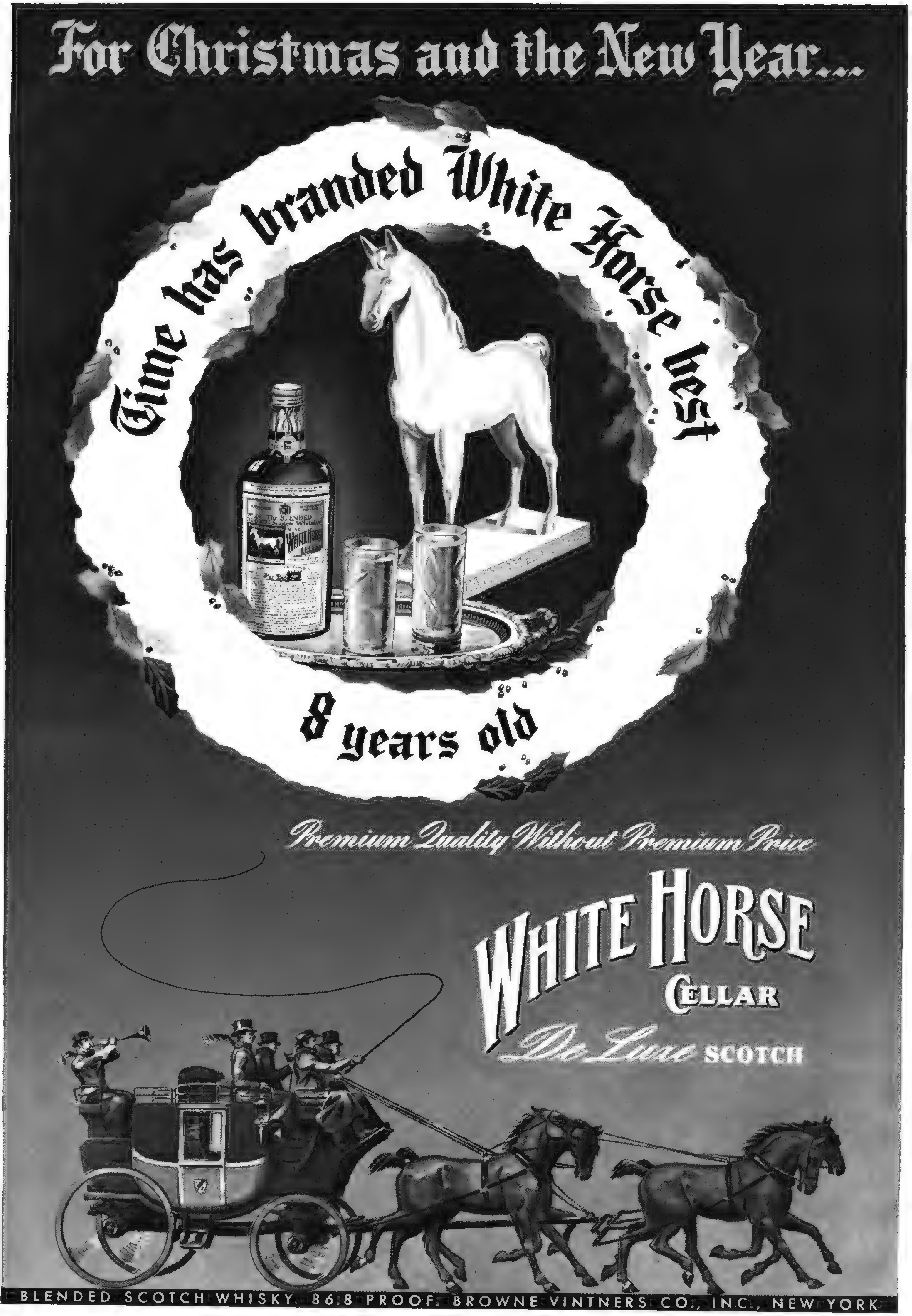
One subscription, one year	*$5.00*	*Three subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, three years*	*$10.00*
Two subscriptions, one year, or one subscription, two years	*8.00*	*Additional subscriptions, per year, each*	*3.00*

(ADD $2.50 FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE; 50c FOR CANADA)

USE THE CONVENIENT ORDER FORM
BOUND INTO THIS ISSUE TO
ENTER YOUR OWN AND YOUR GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN
919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.


Eric Peters


For Christmas and the New Year...
Time has branded White Horse best
8 years old
Premium Quality Without Premium Price
WHITE HORSE
CELLAR
De Luxe SCOTCH
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK

THE MAGAZINE OF THINGS TO READ . . .
THINGS TO LOOK AT . . .
THINGS TO DO

The Gift that Grows

Nearing the peak of the Christmas gift season . . . Coronet stands higher on the perch of popularity than ever before.

More than twice as many men and women . . . 114.9% to be exact . . . are now buying Coronet than at this time last year!

A more eloquent statement in proof of Coronet's variety entertainment value cannot be offered . . . for reader-response is the greatest testimonial of all.

But the acceptance that Coronet is now enjoying as one of America's favorite general magazines is just a warm-up for the popularity it will yet achieve during this holiday gift season.

NOW JUST
$2 50 per year (Regularly $3.00 per year; $1.00 extra for foreign postage)

Just when prices of almost everything are going up, Coronet's rate comes down! So you can now enjoy your gift-giving at a significant saving. What's more, you can order now and pay later . . . after January 1st. Save your ready cash for your other holiday needs.

THE HOLIDAY RATE OF $2.50 WILL BE IN EFFECT UNTIL JANUARY 15TH, 1942 ONLY!

A Gift Announcement Package . . .
An Extra Gift for Your Friends

A 7½" x 9½" reproduction of James Pollard's famous Old English sporting print "Mail Coach In A Drift Of Snow," shown in reduced size below, will be sent to your friends to announce your gift of Coronet. This print, in brilliant four-color reproduction, will be sent unfolded, fit for framing. And along with this, we shall send a distinguished announcement card with your name hand-inscribed as the donor of the gift.

CORONET 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

The Happy Tragedist

Continued from page 59

an unmatchable ermine wrap.

The gentlemen of our press doff their hats when they stand before the shrines of O'Neill and Anderson but they generally look upon Miss Hellman as the daughter of the regiment. One reporter stated that this one female member of our foremost tragic foursome had a pair of "elegant gams." Needless to say, no reporter would dare say such a thing about Mr. O'Neill or Mr. Anderson.

Although she is sometimes explicit in her appraisal of Hollywood—she thinks it has its good points and its bad points—she long ago sold herself body and soul to Sam Goldwyn. All in all, Miss Hellman, who may be writing modern classics, would seem to have no respect at all for the unities, for the great classic tradition. That may be one reason why she writes as she does.

Many theatregoers have expressed surprise at the fact that Miss Hellman, a female, a charming, hospitable, athletic, trim female, should pick unsavory characters to write about and then proceed to write about them with as much ferocity, and with just as much pity, as a butcher expends on a rib steak. Such theatregoers are forgetting two facts. First—Miss Hellman does have a great deal of compassion for the human race, else (according to the best authorities) she could not write tragedy. Second—female playwrights as a species are far more deadly than the male. Nobody in the theatre today, male or female, anoints her fellow man with as much vitriol as Clare Boothe does in each of her allegorical dramas. Zoe Akins and Rachel Crothers have a more manicured touch, but they are still among the most clinical of American playwrights. Edna Ferber pulls no punches. The sisterhood, in other words, eats its beef raw. There is nothing surprising in this. It is a natural thing for male playwrights to write our more elegant dramas and for the female contingent to chew the scenery. Freud had something to say about that.

The most relentless of our female playwrights, as she is the best, is Miss Hellman. Since 1934 she has had four plays produced on Broadway. Three of them were tremendous hits and one was a tremendous flop. Her first great success dealt with a monster of a child who got so embroiled in her own lies that she accused her two teachers of homo-sexuality, ruined their school, smashed the love affair of one and drove the other to suicide. Her second play (the flop) was concerned with a mob of gangsters who were imported into a small industrial town to settle a strike. They demoralized the town, the employer, the employees, and committed a murder or two along the way. Her third play had for its central character a Southern belle who robbed her husband and killed him, then double-crossed her equally carnivorous brothers. Her fourth and current play is something of a departure because her central characters are people of courage and nobility, but the main action of the play is motivated by a Fascist nobleman whose philosophy is predominantly cannibal, who sometimes bends his wife's arm to the breaking point, and who tries to play the game of accepting blackmail and then betraying his victim. He is, of course, done in.

Now there are those who wonder in what chamber of horrors Miss Hellman makes such researches into the abysses of the human mind, who wonder out of what green mold she sculpts such Guignols. The answer is a simple one, divided into two parts. Miss Hellman gets some of her maneaters out of books—and some she bases upon her experience with her friends and relatives. There is a tale told about the opening night of *The Little Foxes*, the third Hellman play, the one that trepanned the Southern money-grabbers. While the author herself stood in the back of the auditorium her father stood close by, watching his daughter's brain children cheat and kill and brand each other with the double-X. Miss Hellman leaned over and whispered into the ear of a mutual friend, "ask papa if he recognizes any of us!"

Miss Hellman is herself a Southern belle, born in New Orleans. Her family came to New York when she was a child. She attended both N.Y.U. and Columbia and she started her literary career by writing small stories for small magazines—stories, she says, that were "full of tremulous moments." She made several trips to Europe. At one stage of the game she was ready to devote the best years of her life to writing a biography of Lewis Carroll. Instead she married Arthur Kober. Mr. Kober was destined to gain fame as the future author of *Thunder Over the Bronx* and *Having Wonderful Time*, but he was then a struggling press agent. Miss Hellman helped her harried husband in the business. In 1930 she got a job in Hollywood at a salary of $50 a week. (These days when she feels like writing a script Mr. Goldwyn pays her about $1,500 a week.) That hiatus under her belt she came back to New York and got a job reading plays for Anne Nichols.

Whether Miss Nichols was the inspiration, the shining example of what woman could achieve in the theatre, that prompted Miss Hellman to discard the press agent's mimeograph machine for the playwright's pen and paper, she does not say. Miss Nichols was, after all, the author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and the situation is not beyond the realm of possibility. Miss Hellman admits only that after she worked for Miss Nichols she collaborated with Louis Kronenberger in writing a comedy called *Dear Queen.* This play was bought several times but never produced. It is Miss Hellman's only comedy and the only one of her works still unproduced. After she wrote it she was broke. She got a job reading plays for a rising young producer named Herman Shumlin.

The association between Miss Hellman and Shumlin began inconspicuously, with the future Hope of Our Native Drama quietly chewing her fingernails and reading other people's plays. That association has since developed into one of the major combines on Broadway. Shumlin has produced and directed all of Miss Hellman's three hits as well as the one flop. Theirs is a rapport legendary. When she is not sitting in on rehearsals of her own plays she helps him select and cast his other plays. They keep each other in a kind of protective custody. Behind each others' backs they absorb each others' shocks. When Shumlin discusses *Days to Come*, their one flop, he says, "it was a flop because I put it on in too much of a hurry." Miss Hellman has another explanation. "It had its moments," she says, "but it was really a lousy play."

At the beginning of their association Miss Hellman came to her boss with an idea for a play. Shumlin was not terribly enthusiastic.

In an obscure tome by a Scotch criminologist named William Roughead, Miss Hellman had come across a nineteenth century case that seemed to her to carry the germ of a play idea. The case concerned an English beldame whose eldest son in the Indian service had enriched the line with a half-Hindu granddaughter. When the son died the English lady brought the child to England and sent her to a proper young ladies school. The child turned out to be an incorrigible, stirred a pother among her classmates and caused no end of trouble for the two old maids who ran the school. One day the child told her grandmother that the two teachers behaved peculiarly. "Lesbians" was not the word that passed the child's lips but her insinuations were clear. Her grandmother immediately withdrew the child from the school and advised her friends and neighbors to do the same. The two school mistresses eventually sued the child's grandmother on slander charges and collected heavy damages.

This was the case which set Miss Hellman's brain afire, and when she gets excited, she burns at both ends. She told the idea to Shumlin and to Dashiell Hammett, a friend of long standing. Neither one broke out in a rash over the possibilities. (Miss Hellman has since confessed that nobody ever gets enthusiastic when she outlines a play idea because she tells her ideas so badly.) She resigned from the job with Shumlin, borrowed some money from Hammett and went down to a lonely fishing camp in Florida. There she stayed for six months, dramatizing the Roughead case. The play was finished in May, 1934. Miss Hellman came straight back to New York and sat in a corner in Shumlin's office reading a magazine while he read the fresh script. Shumlin bought the play just as soon as he finished reading it.

Shumlin wanted to put it into production right then and there, but he encountered a strange obstacle. In the last scene of the play one of the teachers confesses that out of the mouth of the brat had come a fantastic truth—that all the time she *had* been in love with her friend. Great ladies of the theatre read the script and sent it back with little notes attached. "This is an interesting play," they wrote, "but . . ." Shumlin finally settled on two unknowns, Anne Revere and Katherine Emery, to play the school teachers and an unknown ingenue named Florence McGee to play the child. The play was produced at the Maxine Elliott Theatre on November 20, 1934, and its 691 performances broke all long records for the theatre. On the day it opened Miss Hellman had $55 in the bank. Eventually, she earned about $125,000 from the play. Miss Hellman and Mr. Shumlin had just one argument about the play. Shumlin did not like Miss Hellman's title, maintaining that it was not quite in the spirit of things. Miss Hellman stuck to her guns and her title was kept. *The Children's Hour* it was.

Miss Hellman was then twenty-nine years old, the second youngest person of any significance on the dramatic scene (Odets was then twenty-eight) and, suddenly, the most acclaimed. The arguments over the palatability of *The Children's Hour* raged like brush fires. Mr. Maney summed it all up neatly when he wrote that the play was "flouted by London's Lord Chamberlain, frowned upon by Boston's mayor, and serenaded by the Collector of Internal Revenue." Mr. Goldwyn bought it for the screen and Miss Hellman was soon on her way to the coast to do the adaptation.

The question was, how could the playwright rearrange her plot so that it would be acceptable to Will H. Hays? Miss Hellman pulled the trick painlessly, almost too easily. She had the child accuse the two teachers of having a crush on the same man. By substituting the manly form of Joel McCrea for the spectre of Lesbos she appeased the Hays office. Her picture, which was called *These Three*, was one of the most successful of the year.

Some of the New York critics had insisted that the subject of Lesbianism in *The Children's Hour* was merely a fetching for the sensational. They argued the play would have had more dramatic validity if the child had accused her teachers of something a child would be more apt to understand.

Continued on page 184

BRAZIL'S GOOD NEIGHBOR OFFERING TO American Men!

PARA'

RIO DE JANEIRO

*GALOCHA Moderna

THE MODERN OVERSHOE SENSATION

PLIABLE!

EASY FIT!

NON-SKID!

- STREAMLINED SMARTNESS
- LONG-LASTING UTILITY
- FEATHER-LIGHT IN WEIGHT

Throughout America . . . style-alert men, quick to sense a practical innovation, have adopted this modern South American overshoe. Made of genuine Para rubber . . . it's non-tear, non-skid, perspiration-proof, and pliable enough to roll to pocket size. Keep high, dry and handsome in the finest overshoes of them all, *GALOCHA MODERNA . . . $2.50 a pair.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

If your favorite store cannot supply you, mail this coupon today, to

A. K. MAURO, 538 WIDENER BLDG., PHILA., PA.

(U. S. AGENT)

Please send parcel post prepaid . . . pair (s) Galocha Moderna. Enclosed find Check_____ Money Order_____ (Send cash at your own risk)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

My Size is: (Check) SMALL_____ MEDIUM_____ LARGE_____ STATE SHOE SIZE_____

Anywhere you see it
V.V.O.
means better Scotch
V.V.O.
MARTIN'S
V.V.O.

THE GIFT FOR CRITICAL FRIENDS... You can give Martin's V.V.O. with perfect confidence. Every drop is choice liqueur Scotch, giving V.V.O. an added distinctive flavour that is appreciated by the man who is critical about his Scotch.

Martin's V.V.O. is 88 proof, too, instead of the usual 86.8—goes farther!

Give, and serve, V.V.O. It costs no more than most other brands—and has an added advantage.

Call for **MARTIN'S V.V.O.** BRAND Blended Scotch Whisky

88 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

Bless Their Hearts!
RED HEART
DOG FOOD
C
B
A

They Deserve Red Heart's 3 Flavors

● Your dog gets tired of the same-tasting food every day just as you do. He wants *taste variety!* Give him a break. Treat him to the stimulating appetite appeal of Red Heart's *3 delicious flavors* . . . beef, fish, and cheese . . . fed in rotation. Red Heart is rich in essential vitamins and minerals. Contains LIVER! John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.

RED HEART THE 3-FLAVOR DOG FOOD FEED IN ROTATION

The Happy Tragedist

Continued from pages 59-183

When she adapted the play to the screen Miss Hellman answered all her critics at one fell swoop. She agreed with them.

More than once she has been called a slick melodramatist, rather than a writer of tragedy in the classic sense. In other words, she has no business being classed with O'Neill and Anderson because she is constitutionally incapable of leading the life of the brooding spirit *and* because she doesn't write real tragedy anyway. She doesn't conform as a personality. She doesn't conform as a playwright. The latter is the most common criticism levelled against her. When John Mason Brown reviewed *The Little Foxes* he praised the play but warned his readers to be wary of it, not to take it seriously as great drama. It was, said Mr. Brown, "super Crime Club stuff." It was "Gothic" and "too well contrived." Miss Hellman later wrote an article on the difference between melodrama and tragedy. "If you believe as the Greeks did," she said, "that man is at the mercy of the gods he might offend and who will punish him for the offense, then you write tragedy . . . But if you believe that man can solve his own problems, and is at nobody's mercy, then you probably write melodrama."

The critic (and theatregoer) will have to decide for himself whether Miss Hellman's characters are bouncing around in the laps of the gods or whether they are shaping their own ends. He will then have to come to some conclusion on the subject of free will, a fancy subject taught in non-ecclesiastical colleges, before he decides whether Miss Hellman has been writing tragedy or melodrama all this time. In the meantime, Miss Hellman continues to provoke many discussions of the subject. John Mason Brown says *The Little Foxes* is melodrama. John Anderson thinks it is tragedy, pure and undefiled. Brooks Atkinson thought that the final confession in *The Children's Hour* turned a good tragedy into a flagrant melodrama. Richard Watts thought the same confession made the play a great tragedy. But Miss Hellman should not be dismayed. Much the same sort of arguing is still going on about *Hamlet.*

When she is not writing plays or adapting stories to the screen she travels, or relaxes, or plays hard. But when she is writing a play she goes deep into the silences and will not be disturbed. It took her one year to think about *The Children's Hour* and six months to write it. She spent ten months on *Watch on the Rhine.* When she was doing her initial research for *The Little Foxes,* which was laid at the turn of the century, she filled one hundred and fifty pages with notes on that era. The great bulk of these notes she never used; she was simply wallowing in the spirit of the times—although the point of the play was only secondarily concerned with the time.

Miss Hellman explained the main point of *The Little Foxes* in a precious sentence she spoke to Lucius Beebe. "Here," she said, "I am representing for you the sort of person who runs the world for us." That person (Tallulah Bankhead in the play, Bette Davis in the movies) is money-mad, cruel, entirely without conscience, for Miss Hellman has never been satisfied with the people who run the world for us. She has described herself as "a liberal—as close as you can come to being." She has spent some time looking for solutions. In 1937 she visited Russia. When she came back she had one thing to say for the press. "Drama as presented in Russia, is the most exciting thing I've ever seen." In 1938 she was one of a group of Americans (Dorothy Parker was another) who went abroad to see the Spanish Civil War. Her sentiments were pro-Loyalist. When she came back her sentiments were violently pro-Loyalist and she was filled with praise for the people of Madrid.

The Spanish Civil War period was a blue one for Miss Hellman in more ways than one. She had gone to Spain after the fiasco of her second produced play, the flop. When *Days to Come* turned out to be something less than perfect the critics turned on it with that peculiar kind of fury they save for white hopes who have let them down. "They acted," says Miss Hellman, "as though I'd poisoned their mothers." On the first night of *Days to Come* Miss Hellman for the first time in her professional career, exercised a female prerogative. She had hysterics. Eight months later, still smarting, she went to Russia and from there she went to Spain. It was two years before she sat down to write another play.

When she came up for a breath of fresh air, six months later, she had the script of *The Little Foxes* under her arm. Shumlin put it into immediate production. It opened in March, 1939, and lost no time in becoming the dramatic smash hit of the season. When the Drama Critics Circle met that season to vote on the best play of the year, the final ballot showed six votes for *The Little Foxes,* five votes for *Abe Lincoln in Illinois,* and a few scattered votes for two other plays. It is the rule of the Critics Circle that a play must win twelve out of fifteen votes in order to win its plaque, so Miss Hellman and the three other winners were given a banquet and Miss Hellman made a speech. She was once more in the good graces of the arbiters, but it is doubtful if Miss Hellman, who shudders slightly every time she remembers *Days to Come,* ever gave a good goddam.

From California

THREE HITS FOR A MISS

(or Mrs.) to give her man on Christmas!

1

BLOCK-BILT R. A. F.

Topnotcher among leather jackets ... streamlined, smart, comfortable. Of fine Capeskin or Kordo-Hide, the miracle leather that's washable, practically scuff-proof, amazingly supple. At better stores everywhere, together with many other Block leather jacket favorites.

2

BLOCK WINBRAKE

For the outdoor man, here's a world beater. It weighs but a few ounces, yet is water repellent and wind resistant. Smartly styled in poplin; four roomy pockets; double shoulders. Attractively gift boxed.

3

BLOCK SPORTS SHIRTS

Be sure the sport shirt you select has a Block label. That means it's California styled; Block tailored; sure to please any man who appreciates the finest.

BLOCK
SPORTSWEAR

H. & L. BLOCK
1563 MISSION ST., SAN FRANCISCO

In February of this year she finished *Watch on the Rhine*. It opened in New York in April to unanimous huzzahs and in the same month it won the Drama Critics Circle award. This time Miss Hellman got her plaque, and another banquet, and she made another speech.

She has not yet started to write a new play and there are still some picture commitments she has to fill. Her Hollywood record is an excellent one. Among her adapting jobs have been *Dead End*, *The Dark Angel*, *These Three*, and *The Little Foxes*. Her contract with Goldwyn is one of the better ones in the film business. It calls for her to do two pictures a year, but only if she feels like it. If she should decide to do but one picture a year, her contract is automatically extended another six months. She does not get paid for the idle six months in between. She picks her own stories.

When she finishes a Hollywood stint and there are no play ideas to drive her into solitary, she occupies herself with a retinue of friends, the main train-bearers being Dashiell Hammett, Ralph Ingersoll, Shumlin, Kronenberger, and ex-husband Arthur Kober. When she is not occupied with the inner circle she is busy playing Madame Chairman. In her time she has been actively involved in the Union for Concerted Peace Action, the Friends of the Lincoln Brigade, the League of Women Shoppers, the Screen Writers Guild, the League of American Writers, and a few more. She has been on every anti-Nazi committee in Hollywood she could lay her hands on. Lately her efforts in this direction have even increased, possibly because the drama as presented in Russia is still the most exciting thing Miss Hellman has ever seen and she has no desire to see it stopped in its tracks. Besides, Miss Hellman may be credited with having called the turn a while back. A year ago, when the majority of the American people and Herbert Hoover were going all out for Finland in the Russian-Finnish war, the Broadway producers were giving special performances for the benefit of Finland. Miss Hellman and Mr. Shumlin refused to sanction such a benefit of *The Little Foxes*. Miss Hellman flew in the face of the country at large by displaying such a lack of sympathy for Finland, but, worse by far, she incurred the wrath of Tallulah Bankhead, the star of her show. Miss Bankhead was violently pro-Finn and only too willing to dedicate a few benefit matinees to Baron Mannerheim. When the Hellman-Shumlin injunction orders came through Miss Bankhead cursed her employers out plenty and accused them of being nakedly pro-Soviet.

Since those innocent days Miss Bankhead has generously decided to leave the Finnish question to Mr. Churchill and to limit her own war charities to Bundles for Britain. She is not yet, however, on the best of terms with Miss Hellman, even though Miss Hellman's mother and Miss Bankhead's father came from the same Southern county.

Thus far the Hellman batting average (discounting *Dear Queen*) is .750 or three hits out of four.

This is extraordinary when it is considered that Miss Hellman delights in hitting her audiences with everything but the asbestos curtain. The Hellman subjects have been dangerous, shocking, and aimed at the audience's sensitive spots. Except for *The Children's Hour*, which was a study in psychopathy, it is almost as if Miss Hellman stands belligerently on her elegant gams behind the footlights, points an accusing finger at her audience and shouts "What are *you* going to do about this?" Anybody who saw *Days to Come* or *The Little Foxes* or *Watch on the Rhine* must have staggered out of the theatre with a certain sneaking sense of personal guilt.

There may be no common denominator in the Hellman plays. The subjects thus far have been too diversified, the range too broad to preach any one main idea, but if there is one strain that persists it is a contrast between good and bad, between good people and bad people. Miss Hellman always sees to it that the bad people win, the good people lose. Thus far, in four plays, she has not changed the tune, for it remains an exquisite system for making the spectators mad at themselves — sometimes mad enough, unfortunately, to demand their money back. Though an audience always feels a natural sympathy for Hellman's good people, it is also made to feel, insidiously, a certain kinship for the bad. Whoever has seen *The Little Foxes* knows the feeling. As repellent as the heroine of that play was, she was also—as one eye-witness put it—"a damn clever business woman." As soon as this same witness found himself admiring her business ability he found himself condoning, in part, her lack of scruples. That was when the sense of guilt set in. He hated *The Little Foxes*.

There were three good people in *The Little Foxes*. Each one took quite a beating. For Miss Hellman, this is the day of the locust, and no compromise. Between the stage and the audience, the locusts can recognize each other.

And what do the audiences, in turn, think of Miss Hellman?

The answer is that they love Miss Hellman. Three times out of four the public has paid its tribute to her in the best possible way —at the box office. That is one answer. Another, more significant one, has been supplied by Mr. Shumlin. Somebody once asked him to name the worst thing a director had to contend with. "Catarrh," was his quick answer, "catarrh and sinus. I think that forty per cent of an audience is coughing and sneezing all the time." Then he added a line. "But not at a Hellman play." #

Give the Gift
that never stops giving

Admiral
BANTAM

THE *first* 3-WAY
CAMERA RADIO

Model 29-G5 — AC-DC-Battery Bantam

Trim and compact as a pocket camera. Plays everywhere. Operates on battery when outside . . . plugs into AC or DC light socket when home (a battery-saving feature first introduced by Admiral). Powerful miniature speaker delivers clear room-filling tone. Aeroscope antenna. Smartly styled Tenite case with simulated leather trim. The perfect gift for the person who has "everything"!

CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
3800 CORTLAND STREET, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

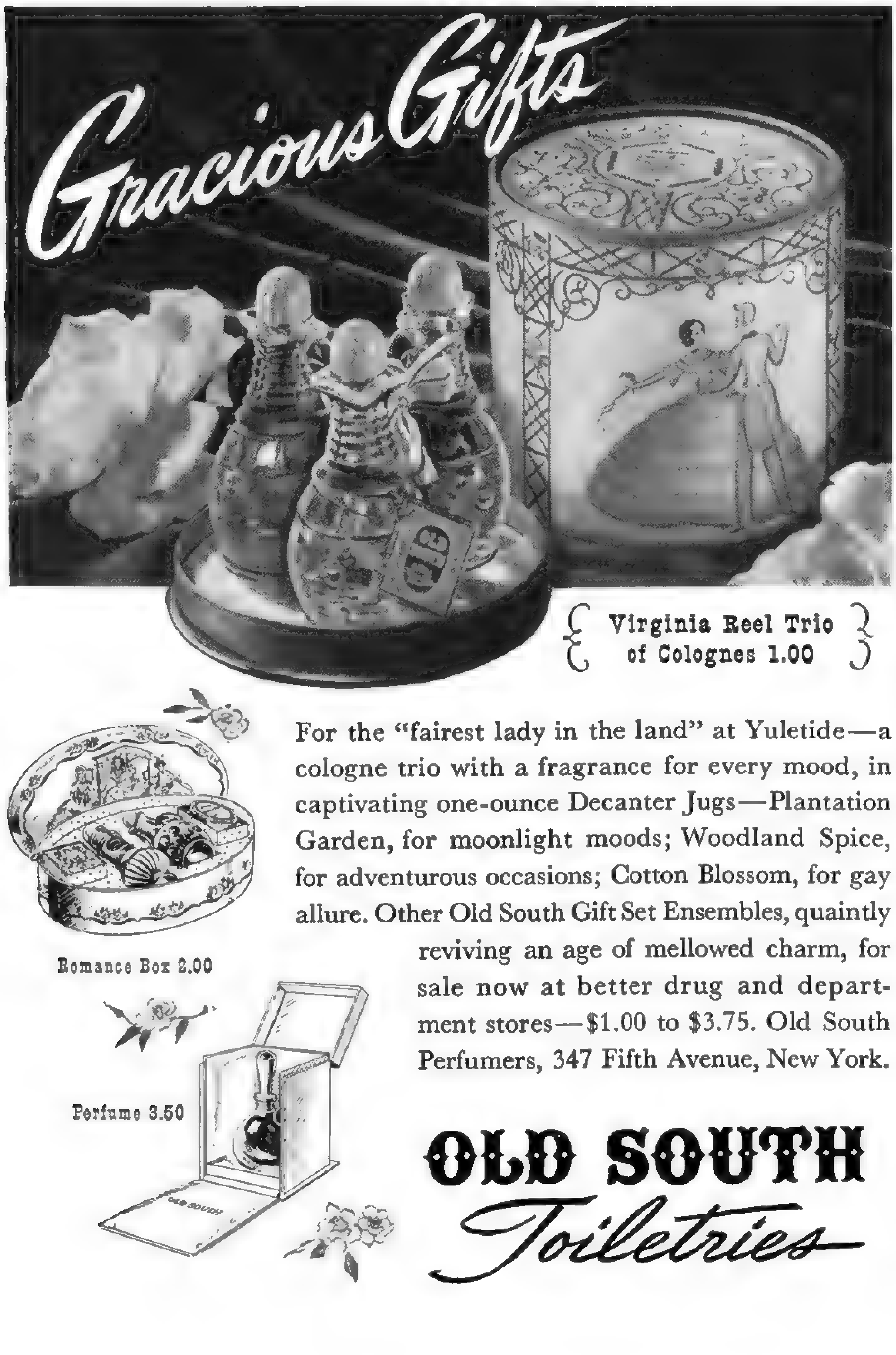
Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic. Admiral Radios are priced from $14.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer.

Admiral
AMERICA'S SMART SET

Fine Living
"THE AMERICAN WAY"
70 PROOF
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
FORBIDDEN FRUIT
Liqueur

The fine art of fine living is evidenced by this Aristocrat of American Liqueurs. It is rich in tradition and delightful in flavor—truly a "Gift of the Gods." Epicures acclaim it as perfect before dinner—after dinner—anytime.

CHARLES JACQUIN et Cie, Inc., PHILA., PA. · EST. 1884



For the "fairest lady in the land" at Yuletide—a cologne trio with a fragrance for every mood, in captivating one-ounce Decanter Jugs—Plantation Garden, for moonlight moods; Woodland Spice, for adventurous occasions; Cotton Blossom, for gay allure. Other Old South Gift Set Ensembles, quaintly reviving an age of mellowed charm, for sale now at better drug and department stores—$1.00 to $3.75. Old South Perfumers, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Translated Bobby Jones

Continued from page 45

shank finished the Open tying for fourth place with a score of 303.

Now get this.

Thirteen years later, in 1937, at the same Oakland Hills layout, this same Bobby Cruickshank, thirteen years older—and equipped with steel-shafted implements and the dam' dynamiter—finished the U. S. Open with a score of 285, only four strokes worse than Ralph Guldahl's winning (and record) score of 281, and 18 strokes *better* than the Cruickshank mark of 1924.

You might ask Bobby Cruickshank if he considers himself that much better golfer, after all those years. He makes a swell witness, and a classic example.

Now let's have a look at the other three points in the contention of School B.

"The only time Bobby Jones broke par in the U. S. Open was in the last of his eleven starts, with 287."

That's Point 1. And what about the British Open of 1927, played on the tough old St. Andrews course with a par rating of 73? As I recall it Bobby Jones' card at the conclusion of the engagement was 68-72-73-72—285, seven strokes better than par, a new record for the British Open, and (get this) seven strokes better than the 292 on the *same course* at which two of the better golfers of today, Densmore Shute and Craig Wood, tied for the British Open six years after the Jones victory. And don't forget that Craig Wood is the current U. S. Open Champion, and Denny Shute was runner-up in the 1941 tournament at Fort Worth, while Ben Hogan and Johnny Bulla and Sammy Snead and Byron Nelson and Ralph Guldahl finished from five to sixteen strokes back of the winner.

Let's switch to Point 3, that the courses are tougher nowadays.

The answer is, they ain't. They're softer. The design of the modern layout inclines to facing the green toward the approach shot; and the greens, watered systematically, and groomed and barbered, afford putting surfaces that to a Rip Van Winkle of golf, suddenly rolling down the mountain, would look like a billiard table. And they'll usually hold anything that comes down on them, where in dry weather the old greens required a lot besides paint on the ball, if it stuck.

Bunkers? At the grand old Oakmont course they've reduced the number of bunkers by fifty in the last decade—and the winning score by Sam Parks in the U. S. Open of 1935 was 299, eleven strokes above par. . . Ten years before that, with all the bunkers in play, Bobby Jones qualified at Oakmont in the U. S. Amateur with a score of 147 for 36 holes. Twice 147 is 294, and of course that is hypothetical—but it's five strokes better than the score that won the Open at Oakmont in the middle of the last decade.

And these miraculous scores now getting in the papers, with the current competitors shooting at an average of 70 and 71 and 72 for dozens of rounds in the Winter Loop and its extensions—that's where the softer layouts of today cut a figure; and also the difference in the old pressure, when it's merely another money tournament, and when the Blue Chips are down, in a major championship. And that brings us gradually to Point 4, the proportionately greater number of Grade-A competitors today. And here I can get up on a soap box and take off the wraps.

Some twenty years ago I wrote an article for the old *American Golfer* on the hypothesis that there are two kinds of golf—golf, and tournament golf, and they are not at all the same. I would cut it a bit finer today. There are two kinds of tournament golf—tournament golf, and championship tournament golf. And there is a hell of a lot of difference.

Frankly, I don't like to write this sort of thing. But there's no way out of it, when you start rating the boys for the Big Book. And when you apply the old pressure or Blue Chips test, it's astonishing and in a way very sad to observe how the ranks of the top-notchers, including the famous money players, dwindle.

There's no question of courage, either physical or moral, involved. The finest amateur golfer Great Britain ever produced died a hero in World War I, and he won a lot of golf tournaments during his career, but never a national championship.

There's no consideration of fortitude or what we love to call gameness. For want of a better term I'd call it the competitive instinct. And that, my friends, is something you have when the stork delivers you in this vale of tears and bunkers, or you haven't got it, and so far as my observation goes, there's nothing to be done about it.

Allow me then simply to say that Bobby Jones had the old competitive instinct in a degree at least the equal of any I have ever encountered in golf or in any other line of competitive sport. And with this essential quality of a champion he had also a sound method, and, in the course of his career, what is known as tournament toughness.

Many years ago another great competitor in another game, Bill Tilden, said of tennis, "You have to be tournament tough, to win."

And this sage observation recalls the point, made all too frequently (I consider) by School B concerning Bobby Jones' dismal showing annually in the Masters Tournament, in which he finished in thirteenth place at its first playing in 1934, and no better than twenty-fifth the following year, or later.

"Good thing Bobby got his career finished when he did," they say. "He wouldn't have a chance with these babies today."

Let's take that one apart.

Bobby Jones had been out of competition four years when the Masters Tournament started. He was no longer tournament tough. And perhaps more than that, he was on the gentle slope from a golfing peak, the Grand Slam, never approached by any other competitor—and the old incentive was dried up.

But after his sad showing in the Masters of 1935 they kept talking about how these golfers of today would be putting it over Bobby in the Open until it sort of got on my nerves and I dug up a set of figures that seemed, to me at least, fairly conclusive.

I selected ten competitors who had finished ahead of Jones in the Masters and who *also* had played in the 1930 U. S. Open at Interlachen—when Bobby was tournament tough, as well as they. The margins of course are in strokes over the 72-hole route.

Here are the figures:

Masters Tournament, 1935. Top score, 282, by Gene Sarazen and Craig Wood. Jones's score, 297.

	Ahead of Jones
Gene Sarazen	15
Craig Wood	15
*Olin Dutra	13
Denny Shute	10
Joe Turnesa	6
Walter Hagen	4
Al Espinosa	3
Leo Diegel	1
**Horton Smith	1
Ed Dudley	1

*Open Champion, 1934.

**Won Masters, 1934-36.

United States Open, 1930. Top score (Jones) 287.

	Back of Jones
Gene Sarazen	19
Craig Wood	13
Olin Dutra	18
Denny Shute	18
Joe Turnesa	16
Walter Hagen	16
Al Espinosa	20
Leo Diegel	14
Horton Smith	5
Ed Dudley	16

They were all tournament tough, at Interlachen in 1930. Jones was tournament soft, in 1935. The difference cannot possibly be coincidental.

Bobby Jones can still get out there and shoot sweet golf today. In his competitive career he never accomplished the scoring feat known as breaking 30 on either side of a golf course, in tournament or in casual play. He's done a couple of 29's, in the last twelve months—but not in the Masters Tournament. . . And when the younger sports writers get to popping off about what they term the sub-par miracles of today, touched off in the Winter Loop and the other money tournaments, I like to recall a certain medal round by Jones over the long and tough old Flossmoor layout in the Warren K. Wood Memorial tourney of 1928.

Starting badly, he was three strokes above par through the seventh hole. His card for the remaining eleven holes then was 3-3-3-3-3-3-3-4-3-4-4. He did the second and longer nine in 30 strokes—one eagle, four birdies, and four pars—for a total card of 67 after a sour opening. . . That was the longest run of 3's I ever witnessed, and one of them was an eagle.

And then that first round at Sunningdale, rated the best inland course in England at the time of the qualifying test for the British Open of 1926, which Bobby went on to win. Par was 72, the course record at the moment was 69, and I'll just give you the card:

Par (out)	554 344 434—36
Jones	444 334 434—33
Par (in)	544 353 444—36—72
Jones	434 343 444—33—66

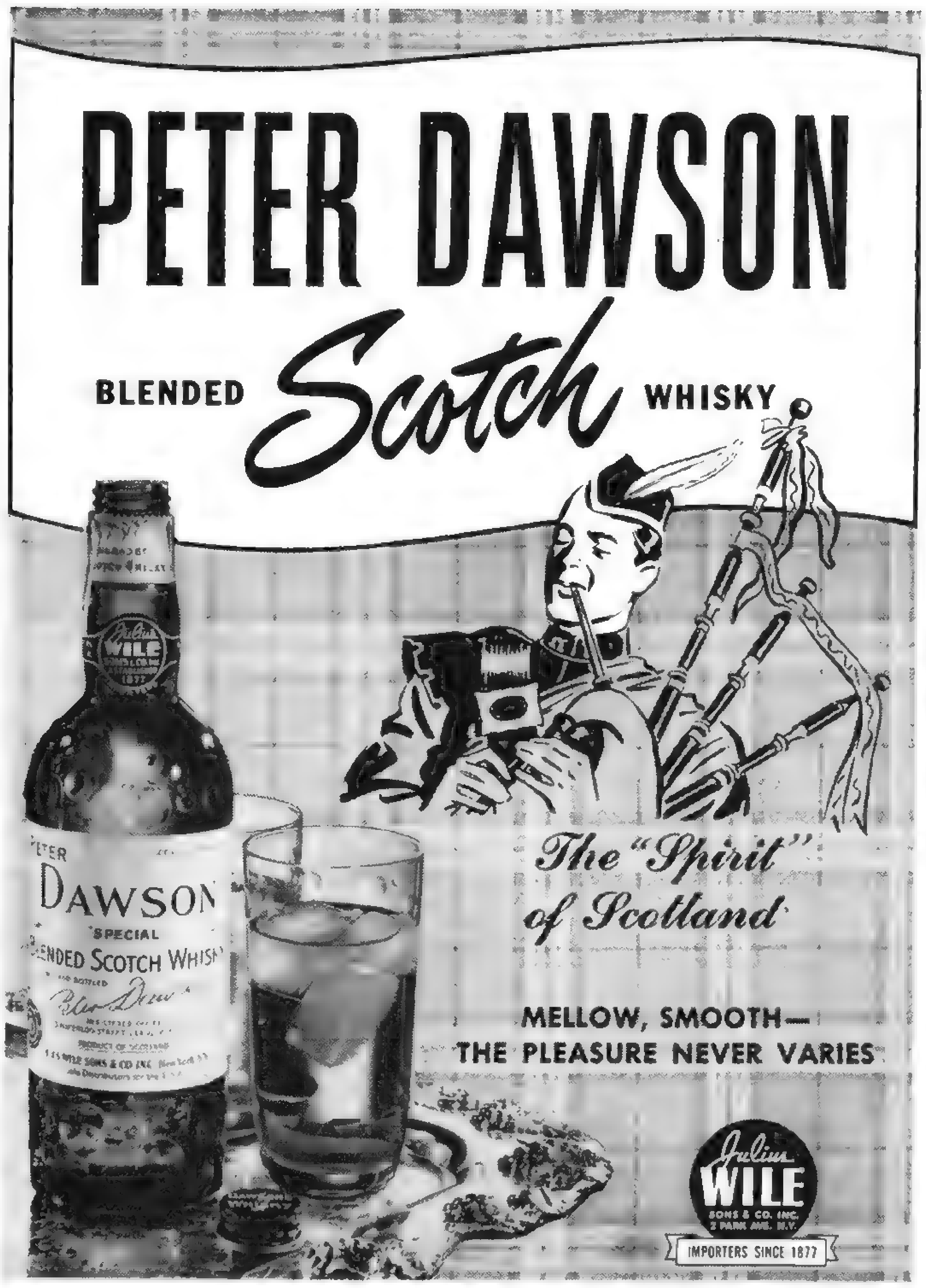
Not a 2 or a 5 in the card—and 33 putts and 33 other shots; usually the cards of 66 are compiled with the aid of a hot putter and no more than 30 strokes on the greens. . . Bobby did a 68 next day to complete a qualifying score of 134, a record which still is standing, after fifteen years.

And I remember a run of ten rounds on various courses, none of them push-overs, when Bobby was rehearsing for the Walker Cup match of 1928 in a sort of tour, when I kept his scores carefully and his average for ten consecutive rounds was 68½, which doesn't sound so terrible today—but that wasn't in tournament competition, and it was all back in the old time when he was tournament tough. And while he looks pretty stylish in casual rounds today, and while he beat Henry Picard, one of the better modern competitors, recently in that challenge match in which Bobby's team defeated the Ryder Cup professional squad, he still isn't the Jones of the Gay Twenties when the pressure comes on.

And yet—and yet, when they talk about Ben Hogan, who played in 56 consecutive tournaments before he finished out of the money; and Sammy Snead at this writing pushing Hogan closely for the Vardon Trophy, awarded on points; and Johnny Bulla, and Byron Nelson, and Ralph Guldahl and the others, and how Bobby Jones would have played second fiddle, or maybe fifteenth fiddle, to them at his best, I like to think about good old Craig Wood, and good old Gene Sarazen, and good old Denny Shute, still in there pitching, and putting.

You see, these three Musketeers are of the same vintage as Bobby Jones. Craig Wood is 40 years old, four months older than Bobby, with Sarazen born in the same year, and Denny Shute also getting along. Sarazen won the U. S. Open in 1922, a year before Bobby won it, and came back to win it again in 1932, along with the British Open, which Shute captured the next year in a play-off after a tie with Craig Wood. Champions all, these

Continued at top of page 188



PETER DAWSON
BLENDED Scotch WHISKY
Peter Dawson Special Blended Scotch Whisky
The "Spirit" of Scotland
MELLOW, SMOOTH—THE PLEASURE NEVER VARIES
Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc. Importers since 1877
86.8 PROOF • JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., 2 PARK AVE., N. Y., SOLE U. S. AGENTS

For Men who "Look Under the Hood"

You wouldn't select a car by the paint job and upholstery alone! It's the same way in selecting a watch. Admire the case . . . but examine the movement. Study the mechanism. It's the perfection of these features that makes every Eterna Watch a timepiece to be relied upon!
★ 17 JEWELS
★ DUST-PROOF
★ NON-MAGNETIC
★ SHOCK PROTECTED
ETERNA
Famous Since 1856
"The Protected Precision Watch"
SOLD AT GOOD JEWELERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Super thin watch in solid gold. 14K gold filled or stainless steel case. Sweep second hand available.
ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA • 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C.

"FOLLOW ME"
- the fragrance that lasts and lasts . . .
EAU DE TOILETTE
Suivez Moi
FOLLOW ME
by VARVA
PARFUM
Suivez Moi
FOLLOW ME
by VARVA

The price of Varva's compelling, unforgettable Parfum Suivez Moi merely represents its intrinsic value. The increasing pleasure one derives from it is something beyond price.

Parfum . . . . $1 to $15

Eau de Toilette $1 to $4.50

Talc, Sachet and Bath Powder 55c to $1.75

At your favorite store or write

VARVA

19 WEST 18TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

HOW TO TELL A GENTLEMAN . . .

Jaro Fabry
7 UP

1. He never invites a lady up to see his etchings unless he has etchings

2. He always blends his Scotch with 7-up*

* If *you* haven't tried Scotch and 7-UP, you're really missing something. For 7-UP is sparkling . . . crystal-clear . . . with a delicate lemon-lime flavor that points up the Scotch and gives a highball wonderfully distinctive tang and zest. Next time you're Scotch-highball-minded, serve . . . or order . . . Scotch and 7-UP.

The Translated Bobby Jones

Continued from pages 45-187

old boys; and contemporaries of Jones in the old days—but not rated as high. Sarazen, for example, won only a single U. S. Open in which Jones played, while Bobby won four and was second in four Opens that included Gene.

And yet, when you are talking about the spectacular Hogan and the model stylist, Sam Snead, and what they would do to the Jones of yesteryear, you might remember that Sarazen tied for the top in the U. S. Open in 1940, losing in the play-off to Lawson Little; and that Craig Wood, who never finished higher than ninth in the Jones Era, tied with Byron Nelson and Denny Shute for the lead in 1939, when Lord Byron won in the second play-off—and last June at Fort Worth this same Craig Wood won the U. S. Open in brilliant style, with Denny Shute, another oldtimer, in second place, and Hogan and Snead and Nelson and Guldahl from five to sixteen strokes behind the lead.

When I reflect on the recent performance of these three contemporaries of Bobby Jones, I get a sneaking notion that if he had stuck to the competitive game he might conceivably be found knocking around the top, even now and at his age.

And if translated to this era in his pristine form, and swinging the steel-shafted clubs with what Mr. Bernard Darwin once called "the almost drowsy grace of Bobby Jones"—well, I don't know, and you don't know, and nobody knows what would happen. But I'll let you in on a little secret of his career and the record of which Bobby Jones, deep in his heart, is proudest.

Not the Grand Slam—you guessed wrong there. Nobody is ever likely to equal that stunt, entrenched, as George Trevor once said, within the Impregnable Quadrilateral of Golf. It would have to be an amateur, you see, and they don't seem to be constructed that way now.

To Bobby Jones the Big One was always the Open Championship, of this country and of Great Britain, where he was engaged with the class of the world, professional and amateur—not playing against one man at a time, but against the field.

And in the last nine years of his competitive career, playing in nine United States Opens and three British Opens, he finished first or second in *eleven* of the twelve starts. First, seven times. Second, four times.

And if, as M. Maeterlinck once suggested, everything that has happened conceivably happened at the same time, and if the Bobby Jones of the Gay Twenties were translated as a golfer to this era, why, I think I'd just be stringing along with him again, and following him along the fairways and through the rough—whether I personally had been translated or not.

I think he'd be doing pretty well. #

Columnists' Fifth Column

Continued from page 79

friend, her present boy friend that is, was "someone" on Wall Street. Years ago his girl friend had been "someone" who was now the girl friend of "someone" on Wall Street; I mean someone else. This girl friend now was the girl friend of a man who knew the cousin of a columnist. A real columnist, that is. The real McCoy.

It was as easy as that.

So I was inside. Really inside. I didn't have exactly a ringside seat, I must admit, but if I stood on my chair and kept turning my head around and pushing people aside, I had a fairly good view.

They took my hat off, which was very foolish because I had put my press card on it so anybody could see. They made some fuss when I started to type my story, though I really hadn't typed anything but "At a ringside table in Twenty-one. . . ."

I ordered a steak, and when it came the waiter showed it to me as though I just wanted to look at it, not to eat it. But then I understood that really refined people—those who come to Twenty-one and such joints—don't always eat what they've ordered. Because they've forgotten by the time the food arrives, or they change their minds. So the next night when he brought my steak and showed it to me, I severely shook my head.

I said, "No. No good. It stinks."

Whereupon he collapsed.

That's the way we became friends. I had to make friends in this joint, and in other joints too—El Morocco, the Stork Club, Monte Carlo, and what not. I made the rounds and got the boys—the waiters, I mean—to give me the lowdown . . . to tell me who was there and who wasn't.

One evening I got pretty excited. The Mayor came in. But then I began to feel silly. I was the only one who had got excited. Nobody else even so much as turned his head. No waiter ever came near His Honor's table.

Well, the more I went to those joints, the more I found out that nobody counted very much except the doorman, the headwaiter, and sixteen men. The sixteen men who somehow managed to be in all the spots at the same time every night (I never found out how they did it, but they did it)—they were the real big shots.

And among those sixteen, there were four who again controlled the other twelve. You've guessed it. The sixteen were the sixteen real columnists. By real I mean not the columnists who write news, but those who write gossip. And the four—well, they didn't even write gossip. They only wrote gossip about gossip. The tops, you know. It would take an Einstein to figure it all out.

Those four: let's call them A, B, C and D. Any similarity to really alive persons is, of course, purely coincidental. They just ate and drank and breathed to make the illusion more perfect.

You know them all. There was Mr. A. He was nice enough. He reminded me of a young nephew who loves to play with electric trains. He liked to play with his automobile. He'd race all over town in it. He thought it was fun. My nephew would have thought so, too.

And then there was Mr. B. Mr. B. knew all about New York society—whatever that means. He knew all the families and all the skeletons in all their closets. Hundreds of them . . . I mean closets. He looked as though it were a bother for him to be in the same room with anybody else. He would have preferred to float somewhere in the ether, and in the social register, of course.

Mr. C. went in for fancy clothes. He usually appeared in white tie, his tails made of purple cloth. He had lots of pearls and diamonds strewn about his person, and if you came anywhere near him, his aroma made you think there was a lady around—well, a dame. But it was only Mr. C.

Mr. D. I liked best. I thought he was just too, too funny. He never sat at his own table. He was always sitting under the tables of other people, taking down what they were saying. Of course, everybody knew about this deplorable habit, and all the people whose conversations he spied upon tried to be funny as hell and spoke only in gags. But somehow he didn't trust his own sense of humor (in which distrust he was quite correct), and came over to Mr. A and asked him whether or not he should include it in his column.

But Messrs. A, B, and C were very, very severe. There they sat in their chairs—no, on their thrones. They glared at each other and at the world in general. People would come into the night club, go over to their tables and whisper something, and then the moguls would say, "That's good for the column." Or they would say, "That's no good for the column." And then people would walk away, either extremely happy or utterly crushed, their eyes filled with tears of joy or vice versa. Some people would try extra hard to give them tips about the private lives of their best friends in order to escape the rap themselves. But such bribery did not work. Not that A, B, C and D tossed out any valuable items of indiscretion, but they also never gave up what they considered a news item, just because it might ruin the lives of those concerned. "I hear you're crazy about So-and-so," they would say to a woman who had appeared with her husband, who definitely was not So-and-so. And when the woman wrung her hands and implored them to forget about it, they would say, "It's a good item, isn't it? How can we suppress it?"

They were stern, but just. Somehow, like the Greek gods, if you get me.

I didn't get a good column together the first few days. My city editor was greatly upset.

"It isn't news if someone dines in a night club with his own wife," he shouted at me. "Even if he is someone in Wall Street."

Triumphantly I pointed to another item.

"Oh, that," he moaned. "That's what you call an item. That's his girl friend of last season."

I said I would try my best. He said it might be a good idea if I would study the competition. So they put me in a little office and for one week I had to read all the gossip columns published in New York City.

Let me tell you. I went through the Sahara Desert without any water for three days. They shot me in the First World War and the doctors thought they would have to amputate. In Hollywood, I covered the shooting of a whole Cecil B. DeMille picture with two hundred seventy-five thousand Indians. I listened to a speech of Lindbergh's. But it was only now that I knew what real suffering was.

I would have jumped out of the window many times if I hadn't thought of my dear mother-in-law, whom some day I'm going to . . . but that's another story. Twelve times I went down and out. Twelve times they revived me with water and smelling salts. Then, still weak, I asked for a dictionary. I mean a dictionary containing all the cryptic new words you find in the columns—you know what I mean.

On the fifth day, still woozy, I sat down to analyze what I had read. This is what I found the columns consisted of:

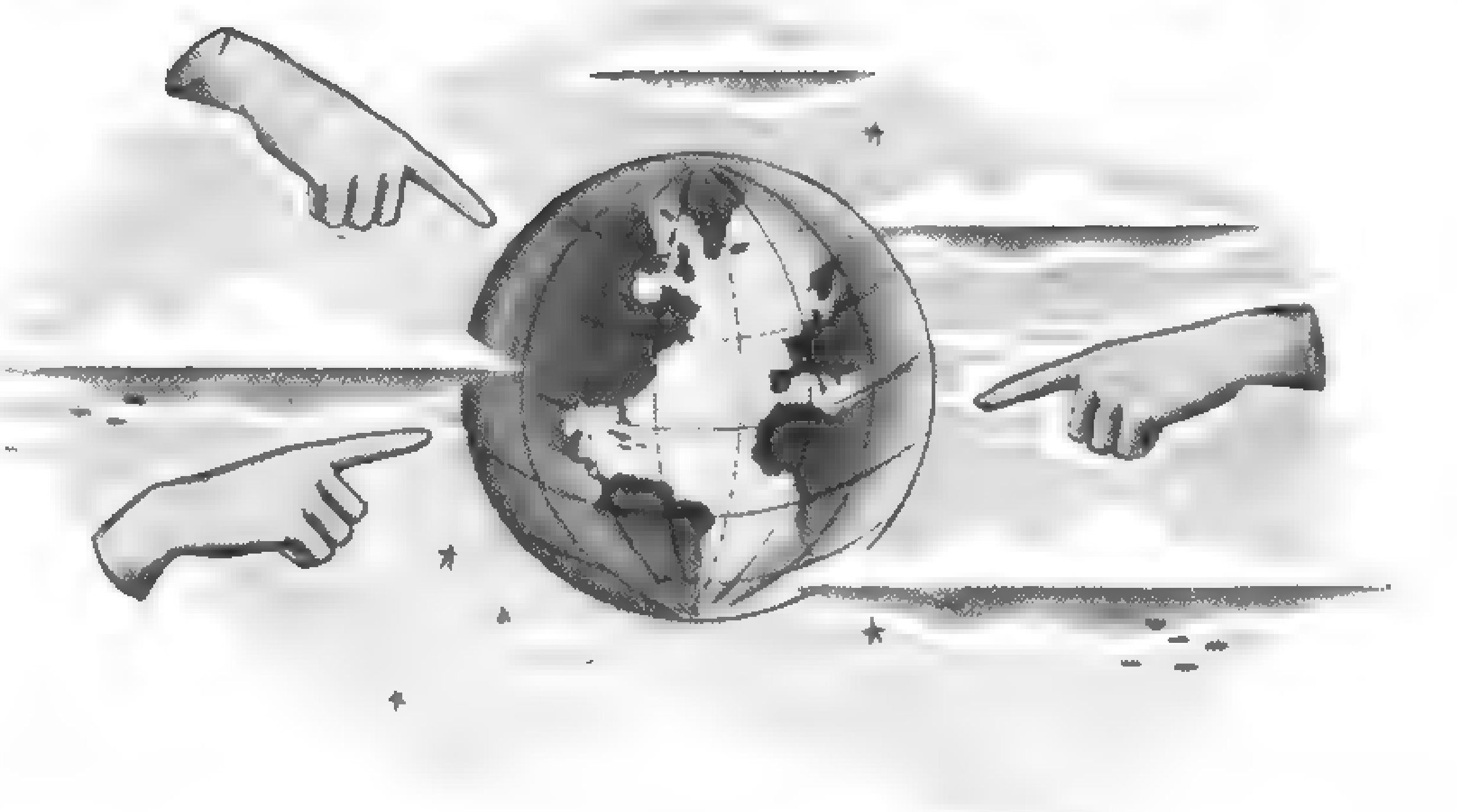
1. Facts	00.001%
2. Rumors that married people have fallen in love with people they are not married to	28.700
3. Rumors that women are pregnant	9.900
4. Rumors that happily married couples are about to divorce	57.400
5. Miscellaneous rumors	3.999
	100.000%

On the sixth day I was allowed to have a little consommé. I suddenly had the idea. The idea. I asked the nurses to get the boss to my bedside.

He listened. And then he nodded thoughtfully. "Go ahead," he said.

It was a very simple idea, at that. Sixteen columnists spend their time writing about several hundred people who come into the night clubs. Why not write about those sixteen men? The columnists, of course, were not at

Continued on page 190



PICK A COUNTRY FROM A TO Z

WE DARESAY you could draw a line from wherever you are around the world without passing through a single civilized community where the name Cinzano would not be greeted with familiarity and respect. So superior is this magnificent vermouth that Kings and Princes you couldn't count on a dozen hands have preferred it to any other vermouth for over a hundred years.

Indeed, in many countries of the world, "Cinzano" *means* "vermouth." Try Cinzano in *your* next cocktail and see why this aperitif and cocktail-glorifier has girdled the globe.

WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'LL FIND

CINZANO

SWEET (for aperitif [before meals] or cocktails) alcohol 15.6% by volume

VERMOUTH

MFRS. SINCE 1816

DRY (for better cocktails) alcohol 19% by volume

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE IMPORTERS

R FURNITURE

You are invited through the courtesy of your merchant, to visit our Display rooms in the following cities, where America's most distinctive furniture is on permanent exhibition.

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.

MAKERS OF FINE DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM SUITES FOR OVER 60 YEARS.

BOSTON · CLEVELAND · CHICAGO · CINCINNATI

DETROIT · KANSAS CITY · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA · PITTSBURGH · SHEBOYGAN · ST. LOUIS

Uptown freematic

THE SHOE FOR JANUARY

How light your step . . . how free your stride when your choice dictates this double-soled Uptown in rich-looking Tan Calf. Enjoy swank style . . . and Flexibility from the first step in Uptown Freematics.

Uptown SHOES "FOR THE MAN ABOUT TOWN"

FLEXIBLE

MOST STYLES $5.50 to $7.50 SOME HIGHER

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND Branch of International Shoe Company ST. LOUIS

Give him the thrill of a Pipetime . . .

Fond hopes are lavishly fulfilled for the man who gets a KIRSTEN Pipe for Christmas.

It pre-cools smoke — condenses and traps bitter-tasting oils and tars — cool, clean, sweet. You'll like its fragrance, too.

Give him a KIRSTEN, $5 to $10
(Slightly higher in Canada)

At Leading Dealers Everywhere

THE Kirsten
[PATS. AND PATS. PEND.]
"RADIATOR" PIPE

KIRSTEN PIPE CO., Dept. 301 — 3129 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash.
In Canada: 425 Howe St., Vancouver, B. C.

FOR A REAL
"Merry Christmas"
CHOOSE RENAULT

RENAULT
AMERICAN
Sherry
Renault
ITALIAN
RENAULT
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH

Alc. 20% by Vol.

Alc. 15.9% by Vol.

RENAULT
Finest American
CHAMPAGNES
STILL WINES • VERMOUTHS
SPARKLING WINES

"DRINK RENAULT — THE WINE WITHOUT FAULT"
L. N. RENAULT & SONS, INC.
Egg Harbor City, N. J.

SINCE 1870

Columnists' Fifth Column

Continued from pages 79-189

all interesting, but at least they were less uninteresting than the people they had written about for years.

I made a thorough study of the problem. I read hundreds of gossip columns those men had written (my doctor says if I never do it again I may still last another few years). And I found out that they write a lot about themselves. About their private lives, their wives, their children, and all that. But I found out—and it wasn't difficult for a real reporter to find out—that most of it was faked. Or, to be polite, fiction. They tried to picture themselves as nice, average citizens. But they were nothing of the sort; on the contrary, they were terribly, terribly interesting personalities.

Well, that's where I came in. I organized my little spy ring. I had them followed, shadowed; I got reports on whom they ate with, drank with, with whom they sat up late at night or early in the morning; with whom they breakfasted.

I didn't mean any harm. I just treated them as they had been treating café society, or society, or whatever it is. I just figured that they were public figures, and rumors about them might be interesting.

But strange things began to happen.

Those sixteen men began to see me (who had been within a few feet of them for weeks on end without their ever having noticed that I was alive), and some of them even went so far as to say hello. Then they came over to my table. The way night club visitors used to go over to their tables, to ask them not to print certain items. They came over to ask me not to print certain items. I shook my head sadly. "It's a perfectly good item. It's good for the column," I said.

During the next few days they became rather pale. They acquired something which fiction writers call a haunted look. Some of them really tried to make friends with me. But it didn't help them any. After all, a good item is a good item.

They talked to the owners of the night clubs, and they got me expelled. That didn't help them either. I had foreseen that and I had already organized my little espionage machine. I knew exactly what went on in the night clubs, just as though I were present myself. In despair they called the whole thing off and I was admitted again.

The strain began to tell on them. All sixteen began to look at each other suspiciously. They started to have fights—first in their columns, then in the more private rooms within the night clubs. Then each one came to my table, trying to buy himself free by giving me dope about the others. They also tried to be very funny and make gags in order to make a favorable impression on me. I listened to everything and took it down, but if I had an item on them—and I always had an item on them (which is easy enough if you don't go in for facts)—it didn't buy them off. I listened to everything and I suppressed nothing.

They got panicky. They asked for police protection. But of course the police couldn't do anything. One even went so far as to phone J. Edgar Hoover and denounce me as a fifth-columist. Mr. A groaned, "Oh for the times when Dutch Schultz was at my disposal. This damned fifth-columnist would never have got to first base."

But here I was publishing my column day after day. I didn't mean any harm. There was nothing much in the columns. Just rumors about the sixteen gentlemen who lived by publishing rumors about the rest of the population.

Well, they couldn't take it. Two of them tried to become real journalists—reporters and such. But they flopped. Once they couldn't write rumors, it was easy to see that they couldn't write at all.

One went to Hollywood to become a scenario writer. I think he should be very grateful to me. He's an enormous success.

Two went on a prolonged vacation. The rest just dropped out. Anyhow—after about four weeks there was only one column in town. And that was my column.

Nine men—the owners of the other nine big New York newspapers—came to see my boss. They complained about me. They said it couldn't go on like this. The boss just smiled. He was doing fine, he said. Circulation was going up every day, he said.

The nine gentlemen said it had to stop. It just had to. Their circulation was falling off more and more every day. In spite of all the sensational news from Europe and in spite of nobody's ever knowing what Mrs. Roosevelt was going to do next—not to speak of Joe Louis. They got down on their knees, they pleaded, they implored—but the boss was adamant.

Five days later the *World-Mirror* collapsed. It just couldn't go on.

Ten days later there was an S.O.S. from the big news syndicates. It seemed they had lost all their customers throughout the United States. They were mystified at first, and then they found out. It was all because Messrs. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O and P were no longer writing. Some said they were rather glad about Mr. L's not writing, and H also wasn't missed too much.

Town meetings were held in certain communities in New England, Texas, Idaho and South Dakota. Resolutions were passed.

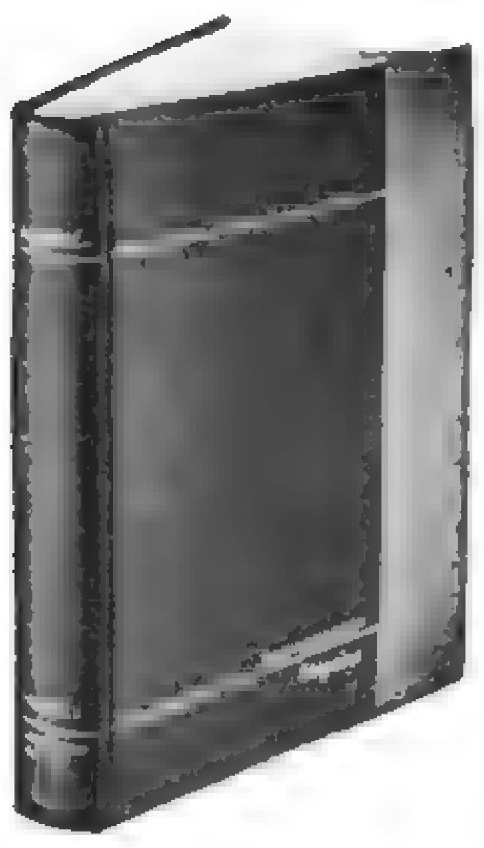
Your copies of

ESQUIRE

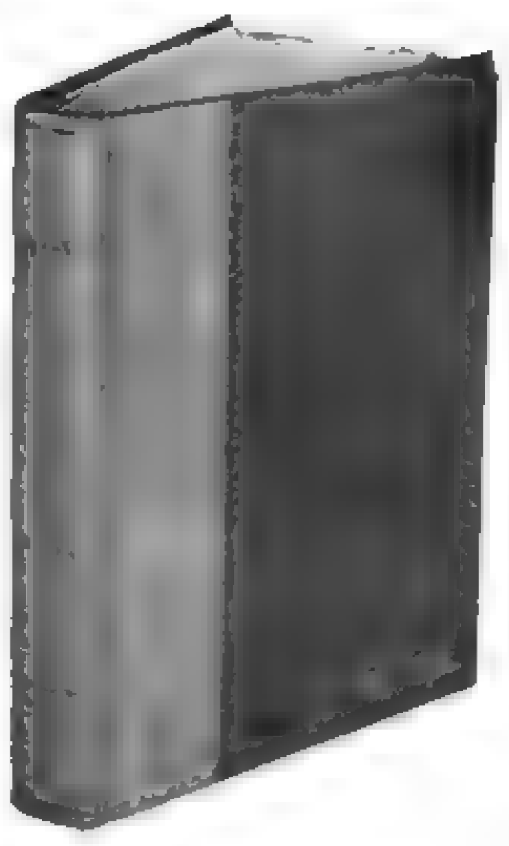
in a

Permanent Book

Tailored in the ESQUIRE distinctive style—it's new and smart—an asset to any club, home or office library—your name embossed on the front cover—making it your personal book. Six issues per volume. December issue completes Volume XVI, July to December, 1941. We can supply most missing issues at 50c per copy—the regular newsstand price.



BUCKRAM—(heavy cloth)—distinctive 2-color Esquire design. A quality binding that is both attractive and durable. Price, $2.50 per vol. With gilt top, $3.00 per vol.



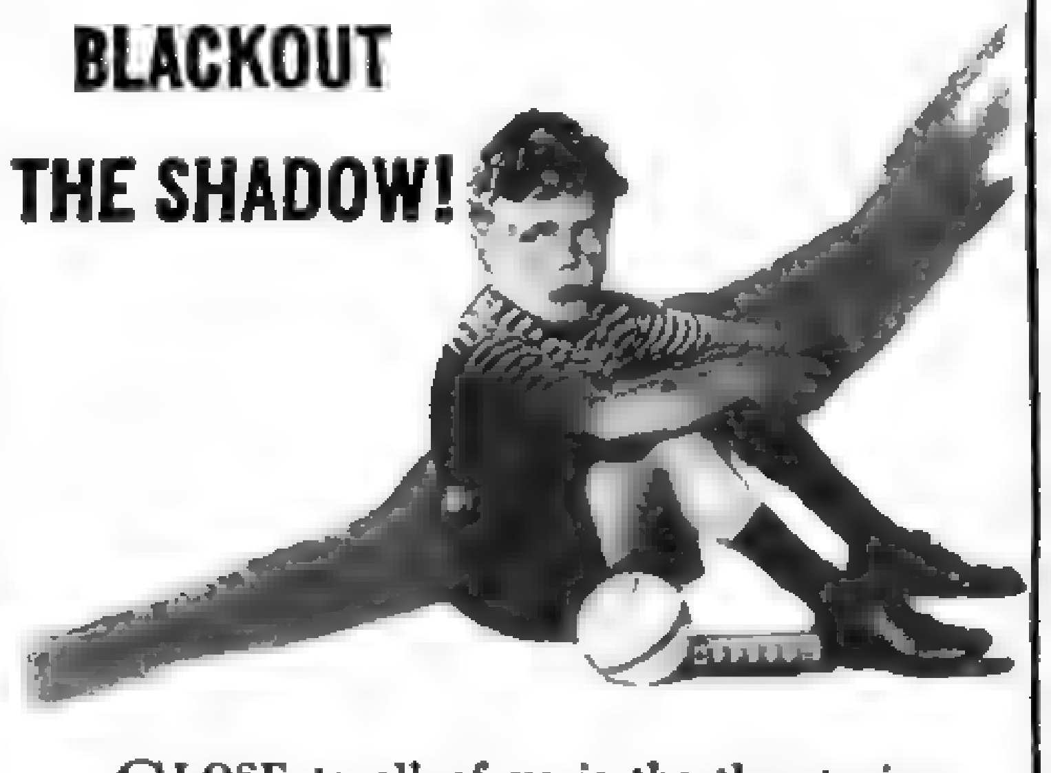
DE LUXE—GENUINE PIGSKIN—Rich embossed burned-in lettering. Gilt top. A luxurious binding comparable to the individual masterpieces of the Old World bookbinding craftsmen. Price, $5.00 per vol.

ESQUIRE, INC.

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Bound books returned express collect

BLACKOUT THE SHADOW!



CLOSE to all of us is the threatening spectre of tuberculosis. No respecter of persons, it lurks in every corner, may strike at any moment. *More people between 15 and 45 die from tuberculosis than from any other disease.*

Yet tuberculosis *can* be driven from the face of the earth. Since 1907 your Local Tuberculosis Association has helped reduce the toll of tuberculosis by 75%!

By buying Christmas Seals you will help us complete the job—and make this a safer world for yourself and your loved ones.

1941
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Buy
CHRISTMAS
SEALS

"Why do we no longer hear who is dining with whom at El Morocco?" Or, "Why don't we hear who on Park Avenue is expecting a blessed event?" The general tenor was, "How can we go on living without knowing about the private lives of people whom we have never met, whom we will never meet, whom we don't care about, and who can go to hell as far as we are concerned—so long as we know about it?"

Thousands, nay, tens of thousands of telegrams poured into Washington. Questions were asked in the House and the Senate. And then I got a telephone call. I was to come to the White House immediately.

I was ushered into a room, and an elderly, very nice gentleman looked at me. "This," he said, "is a state of emergency." He paused a moment. "Five hundred thousand women are marching on Washington, asking what has become of their gossip writers."

I considered that for a while.

"Why don't you write about—about me, for instance?" the man with the kind, serious face asked.

I looked at him. "Are you a columnist?" ⧺

Traced in Moonlight

Continued from page 47

this you will reply that it is destiny."

"Yes."

"Get me out of this place and I will give your destiny a race in the open desert that will resemble two clouds of dust loosened from the caves of hell."

"We may yet be saved by destiny. Or perhaps something may happen and humanity will remember us evermore. That is how things often are. We might have done nothing all our lives and in the end we may be remembered long after we are gone."

"You call that destiny but I would call it vanity. Why should we be remembered? For what? And what good could it do us? Give me something now."

While those words were spoken by Barzor and Rongus in the dungeon under the arena they were repeated again in another part of the city. "Give me something now," was said also by Judas as he stood before the high-priest Caiaphas. And present in the same chamber were priests of the houses of Annas, Boethus and Kathros. The light from a hundred tapers filled the room. The silken prayer shawls with heavy stripes of black and white stood out boldly and reminded Judas of the streets of Jerusalem dark in the shadow and light when filled by the moonlight.

He held his bag open and repeated: "Give me something now. If not fifty pieces of silver then give me thirty."

"But you may not deliver him," said one.

"Ah! That is certain. You will face Him and He will face you. But I warn you; He is all powerful and He will destroy you and your Temple. He is more powerful than the Arabian armies which even now are moving across the desert toward the walls of Jerusalem. He will face you but you may not want to face Him. Therefore, give it to me now."

"Count out the silver!" ordered Caiaphas. "We all stand witness."

"He has been to the Temple every day but you flee from Him. You fear His powers. But now you will face Him. And you will kneel before Him for He will be King over all."

Coin by coin the money was counted into his bag. Some who stood about frowned while others smiled.

Leaving the house of Caiaphas, Judas walked out into the deserted streets. A feeling of great loneliness took hold of him. At length after walking for some time he heard a dull distant tapping. It was as though someone were knocking at a door. Knocking, knocking without reply.

He soon discovered that a blind man was tapping with his staff on the pavement.

"I am a stranger," said Judas approaching the blind man. "I seek the city gate."

"Come," said the blind man. "I will lead you there. But the gates are shut and will not be opened before morning."

"I will sit and wait. The night is long."

"Ah, yes," agreed the blind man. "For those who can see the night must indeed be long."

And as they walked on, the blind man leading the way and tapping constantly with his staff, the same words or words very similar were echoed twice through the night.

The Procurator of Judea was walking nervously along the terraced colonnade of his palace. His hunchbacked slave woman Buncha trailed behind and tried to quiet him. Traced in moonlight the sleeping city spread beneath him.

"The night is long," he repeated.

"Darkness is longer than light because when it is light one can see the beginning and the end but in the dark . . ."

"I am weary of this whole business and would return to Rome!" exclaimed Pilate.

And once again these words seemed echoed, this time far from the walls of the city. On the mount of olives the eleven faithful disciples were waiting patiently around the small fire.

"The night is long but we must wait our Master's return," said one.

"I am returned," spoke a Voice from the darkness.

He came toward them and in the light of the fire they could see His face. They smiled and at once forgot how long the night had been and all the scenes which were traced in moonlight. ⧺

SANTA APPLAUDS

ZERO KING'S

BROTHER-AND-SISTER ACT

Full-cut ulsters of fine cotton Gabardine, Zelan-processed to resist rain, snow, wind, perspiration, even after dry cleaning! Sound advice: Get a Zero King sport fashion for yourself, and give a duplicate to your favorite female.

ANTI-FREEZE
LADY ANTI-FREEZE

ANTI-FREEZE. "Your ulster, sir" . . . for style and downright warm comfort. Full length. Clipped lamb lining. Luxurious Laskin Lamb collar. Leather sleeve lining, roomy pockets. In mode tan. Sizes 36 to 46. About $39.50

LADY ANTI-FREEZE. Same as above. Sizes 12 to 20. About $29.95

The perfect gift — famous **ZERO KING GOLFER** — of Zelan-processed KODIAK KLOTH, Whitman all-cotton fabric. Pro'-action back, tee band under pocket flap, zippered score card (and cigarette) pocket, chained pencil in slot. Talon front.

For HIM—eggshell, putty, sea green, mode tan. Sizes 36 to 46. About $8.95

For HER—eggshell, putty, sea green, aspin blue. Sizes 12 to 20. About $8.95

ZERO KING

At better stores everywhere, or write B. W. Harris Mfg. Co., St. Paul, Minn.

This
Gift
IS
Different!

EMC Electric Gum Massager and Toothbrush Toothmaster

.. Promises a lifetime of pleasure in ..

Healthy Gums Beautiful Teeth!

The Gift for "HER" — Beautifully designed, smartly modern. Safeguards that "sparkling smile."

The Gift for "HIM" — Practical, time-saving. A business asset for vigorous mouth hygiene.

For Youngsters, too — It's fun to use the Toothmaster. Children love it. Starts them on the right road to dental health.

***Modern way to* DENTAL HYGIENE!**

A few minutes every day with the rubber Gum Massager protects your gums against dental ills such as gingivitis, pyorrhea, loose teeth. Then a quick change to the bristle brush "sweeps" your teeth sparkling clean — with thousands of "up-and-down" strokes per minute.

EMC Electric Gum Massager and Toothbrush Toothmaster

Only **$9.95**

Call for it at Leading Stores Everywhere

Housed in attractive ivory colored gift case. AC current. Extra Gum Massagers and Brushes available in 5 colors, for family use — 80c each.

UL UNDERWRITERS APPROVED

★ By sending in this Gift Coupon Today you will assure Delivery Before Christmas ★

ELECTRIC MOTOR CORPORATION,
1215 STATE STREET, RACINE, WIS.

Send prepaid . . . EMC Electric Gum Massagers and Toothbrushes complete at $9.95 each. Enclosed is (Check) (Money Order) for $..................

Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Dealer's Name ....
Address ....

ELECTRIC MOTOR CORP.
1215 State Street Racine, Wisconsin

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

JANUARY 1942

- Abels, Robert 8
- Adler Shoe Stores 8
- Admiral (Continental Radio & Television Corp.) 185
- Allen Edmonds Shoe Corp 193
- Alligator Co., The 15
- Amberg File and Index Co 14
- American Engraving & Printing Co. 14
- American Optical Co. (Polaroid) 132
- Arden, Elizabeth 120, 121
- Arden Book Co 8
- Arnold, Schwinn & Co., Inc 173
- Arrid (Carter Products, Inc.) 178
- Arrow Shirts (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 115
- Axton-Fisher Tob. Co., The (Doublets) IV Cover

- Bar Mart 8
- Battle Creek Equipment Co 10
- Beau Brummell Ties, Inc 166
- Ben-Burk, Inc. (Old Mr. Boston) 20, 21
- Birdsell Labs. (Stahly Razor) 144
- Block, H. & L 185
- Browne Vintners Co., Inc. (White Horse) 181
- Burger, Joseph (Staturaids) 14

- Cafe Bagatelle 25
- Calvert Distillers Corp 159
- Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  - Cinzano 189
  - Nuyens 167
- Carter Products, Inc. (Arrid) 178
- Cerveceria Cuauhtemoc (Carta Blanca Beer) 16
- Champs-Elysees 25
- Chippewa Shoe Mfg. Co 192
- Christy Co., The 8
- Cinzano (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 189
- Circle "R" Ranch 25
- Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow Shirts) 115
- Collar-Smooth 10
- Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc 16
- Continental Distilling Corp 16
- Continental Radio & Television Corp. (Admiral) 185
- Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 155

- Dawson, Peter (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) 187
- DeLacy Dist. Co. ("Toasties") 10
- Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's Rum) 24
- Dewar's (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 142
- Distilled Liquors Corp. (Hildick's) 130
- Divan Parisien 25
- Dobbs (Hat Corp. of America) 29
- Dodge Motors 4
- Don Q Rum (Schieffelin & Co.) 175
- Doublets (The Axton Fisher Tob. Co.) IV Cover

- Electric Motor Corp 192
- Engels & Krudwig Wine Co 192
- Eterna Watch Co. of Am 187
- Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 164

- Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., The 12, 13
- Fitch Co., The F. W 143
- Folly Turkey Farm 192
- Forbidden Fruit (Chas. Jacquin et Cie) 186
- Forstner Chain Corp 14, 170
- Fox Shoppe 14
- Frankfort Distilleries, Inc. (Four Roses) 19
- Fratelli Branca & Co., Inc. (Fernet Branca) 25
- Furman Co., The 10

- Galocha Moderna (A. K. Mauro) 183
- Gates-Mills, Inc 10
- General Briar Pipe Co., Inc 25
- Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc. (Kentucky Tavern) 135
- Gokey Co 14
- Golan Wines, Inc:
  - Golan 22
  - I.V.C. 161
- Gorham Co., The 140
- "Gripper Fasteners" (Scovill Mfg. Co.) 131
- Grun, Otto 8

- Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp., Ltd.) 125
- Harris Mfg. Co., B. W 191
- Harvey's Ports & Sherries (Park & Tilford Import Corp.) 165
- Hat Corp. of America (Dobbs) 29
- Health Appliance Co. (Nods) 10
- Hershey Mfg. Co 8
- Hildick's (Distilled Liquors Corp.) 130
- Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co. (White Stag) 177
- Houbigant 17
- Hull Mfg. Co 25

- International Latex Corp 141
- International Shoe Co. (Roberts, Johnson & Rand) 189
- Interwoven Stocking Co 147
- I.V.C. (Golan Wines, Inc.) 161

- Jacobson & Sons, Inc. (Jayson) 156
- Jacquin et Cie, Inc., Charles (Forbidden Fruit) 186
- Jameson & Co., Inc., Wm. (King's Ransom) 25
- Jantzen Knitting Mills 128
- Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 155

- Kaywoodie Co III Cover
- Kelly's, Jimmy 25
- Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Dist. Co., Inc.) 135
- Kirsten Pipe Co 190
- Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 164
- Kriser Corp., J. 14

- Laird & Co 193
- Lastex (U. S. Rubber Co.) 171
- Leon & Eddie's 25
- Leroux & Co., Inc 133, 194

- Many, Blanc & Co:
  - J. Bavet 16, 24
  - DuBouchett 24
- Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 168
- Mauro, A. K. (Galocha Moderna) 183
- McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Martins V.V.O.) 184
- Meier's Wine Cellars, Inc 28
- Morrell & Co., John (Red Heart) 184
- Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip 152
- Mt. Hope Finishing Co. (Wat-a-tite Process) 175

- National Brewing Co., The 25
- National Dist. Prods. Corp:
  - Old Angus 172
  - Old Taylor 176
- National Magic Co 10
- New York Sun, Inc., The 23
- Northern Furniture Co 189
- Northland Ski Mfg. Co 8
- Nuyens (Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.) 167

- Old Angus (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.) 172
- Old Mr. Boston (Ben-Burk, Inc.) 20, 21
- Old South Perfumers 186
- Old Taylor (Natl. Dist. Prods. Corp.) 176

- Park & Tilford Imp. Corp:
  - Beaulieu Vineyard Wines 16
  - Booth's House of Lords 28
  - Harvey's Ports & Sherries 165
  - Reserve 30
  - Vat 69 169
- Parker Pen Co., The II Cover
- Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) 24
- Pioneer Accessories 9
- Plaza Hotel, The 28
- Polaroid (Am. Optical Co.) 132
- Portage Shoe Mfg. Co 194
- Postal Telegraph 28

- Rabsons Music Shop 8, 14
- Radio Record Co 10
- Record Bar 192
- RCA 126
- Red & Black Label (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 27
- Red Heart (John Morrell & Co.) 184
- Red Raven Corp. (Billy Baxter Club Soda) 25
- Regal Shoes 7
- Regent Cigarettes 174
- Renault & Sons, Inc., L. N 190
- Reserve (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 30
- Roberts, Johnson & Rand (Intl. Shoe Co.) 189

- Savoy-Plaza 16
- Schenley Distillers Corp:
  - Dewar's 142
  - Red & Black Label 27
- Schieffelin & Co:
  - Don Q Rum 175
  - Teacher's 3
- Seagram Distillers Corp 116, 117
- Seven-Up Co., The 188
- Sherry Netherland, The 25
- Somerset Imp., Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 125
- Stahly Razor (Birdsell Labs., Inc.) 144
- Stone Tarlow, Inc. ("Elevators") 10
- Swank Jewelry 154

- Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.) 3
- Texas Tanning & Mfg. Co 129

- Union Pacific R. R 177
- U. S. Rubber Co. (Lastex) 171

- Varva 188
- Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.) 169

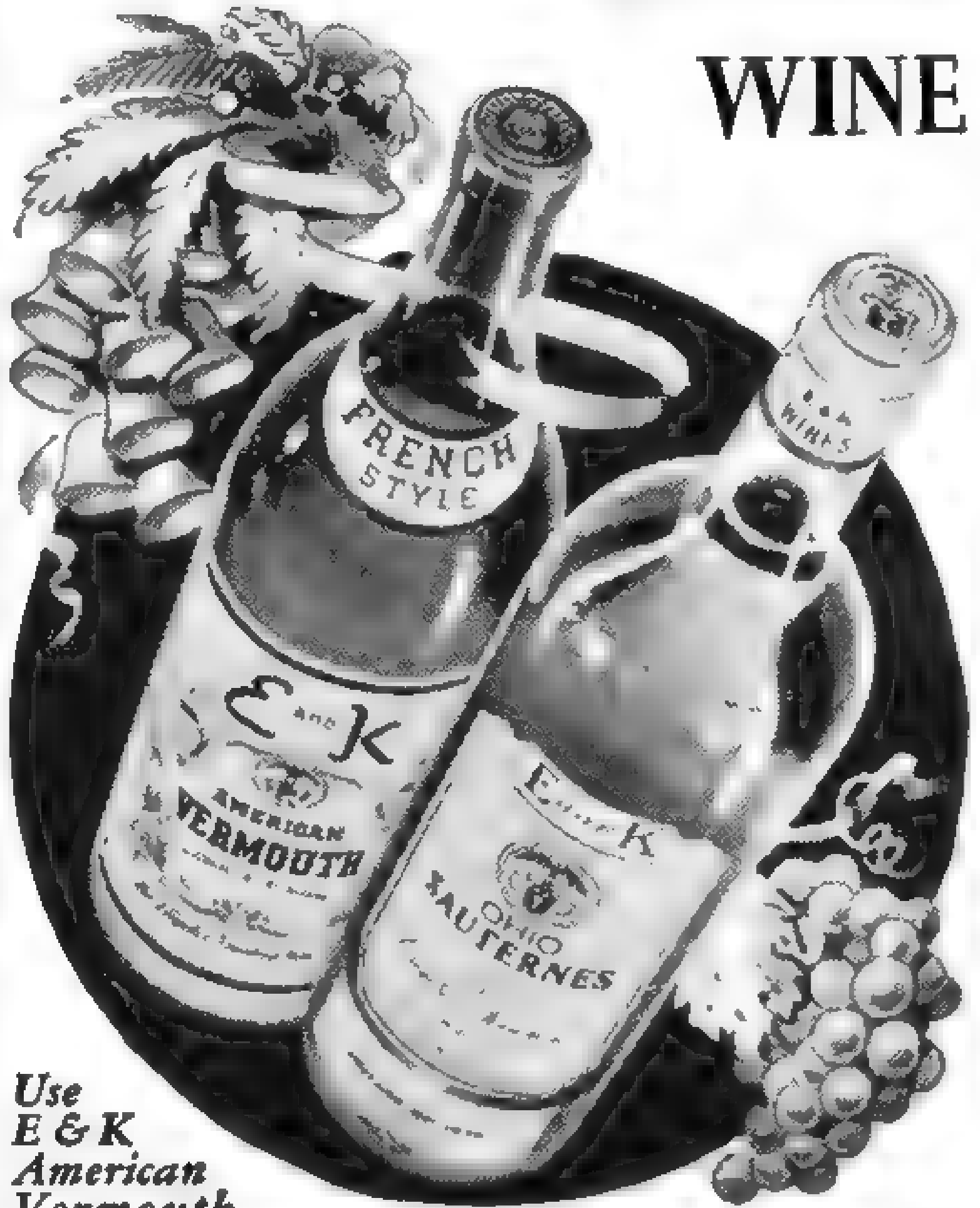
- Walker & Sons, Inc., Hiram 149
- Wat-a-tite Process (Mt. Hope Finishing Co.) 175
- White Horse (Browne Vintners Co., Inc.) 181
- White Rock Mineral Springs Co 127
- White Stag (Hirsch-Weis Mfg. Co.) 177
- Wilcox-Gay Corp 145
- Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Peter Dawson) 187
- Wine Advisory Board 150

- Yale, George 10

- Zim Manufacturing Co 14

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

You know you're giving the finest WINE



Use E & K American Vermouth (alc. 18% by vol.) for perfect Martinis

when it's E & K

Brighten the holidays with *really fine* wines! Give E & K, *the finest wine from America's finest grape district* . . . the Lake Erie Wine Islands. Taste the delicious E & K Sauternes, Chablis, Rhine, Delaware . . . also enjoy E & K Port, Sherry with 20% alcohol by volume. Engels & Krudwig Wine Company, Sandusky, Ohio. Since 1863.

AMERICA'S FINEST GRAPE DISTRICT
SANDUSKY
E&K
OHIO'S FINEST WINE

Folly Turkey Farm
ROAST YOUNG TURKEY

In Jars **FARM PACKED** ***Sliced*** **...READY TO SERVE**

Tender young turkeys . . . roasted to a golden brown . . . basted the good old fashioned way; the light and dark pieces vacuum sealed in glass jars with pan juices filling the chinks between slices, keeping them moist and savory. Serve hot or cold. Another treat is Folly Farm Turkey Noodle Soup—rich true turkey broth, every spoonful holding flavorsome tidbits. Also from our own farm kitchens comes the turkey's frame trimmings mixed with giblets, broth, and seasonings, making our delicious Turkey Sandwich Spread.

Order this economical introductory case direct from the farm—

IDEAL FOR GIFTS

- 3 jars Roasted Sliced Turkey, large size
- 3 jars Roasted Sliced Turkey, handy size
- 3 jars Turkey Sandwich Spread
- 3 jars Turkey Noodle Soup, large size

Above 12 jar Special only $7.86 prepaid. Just send check or money order to Ed Morse, Folly Turkey Farm, Trevor, Wisconsin.

FOR MORE SKIING PLEASURE WEAR
Original
CHIPPEWA
SKI BOOTS
"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.
Look for the ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Label on every pair

"America's Finest" . . . that's what the nation's leading sportsmen say about ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA boots, famous for 40 years. Perfectly made of finest leathers with every feature for added foot comfort, ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Ski Boots are your best buy.

See your local dealer or write for FREE illustrated catalog.

LIQUOR FOOD

RECORD BAR

AMAZINGLY Different

Phone
MUlberry 9606

2178 Noble Rd.
Cleveland Hts., Ohio

Hypnotism Grows Up

Continued from page 84

obligingly rattled his most terrifying rattle. If he showed any inclination to let up, he was prodded with a sharp metal prong. The hypnotized subject was brought in, and told to look at the snake, told that it was a poisonous rattler. The rattler, annoyed with the whole proceedings, coiled up ready for the kill, rattling for dear life. "Go and pick the snake up in your hands." The subject looked at the snake, and then at the experimenter, apparently wondering whether the animal was the only reptile in the room. Again the unrelenting experimenter commanded the subject. This time the subject slowly walked toward the snake, bent down to pick up the snake, was saved by the glass.

Psychologist Wells of Syracuse University, working independently, used a somewhat different setting. Under hypnosis the subject was told that after he came out of the trance he would go to the coat that was hanging on the wall, take a dollar from it, since he would think the coat was his own, (actually it was Dr. Wells' coat) then forget the whole incident.

The subject was brought out of the trance, laughed at his friends who had come to see the experiment. Suddenly he stood up and walked to the coat hanging on the wall. His best friend challenged "what are you doing with that coat?" The subject was surprised, calmly said it was his coat, and proceeded to extract the dollar bill, put it in his pocket and sat down. Had he forgotten the whole incident as instructed? Dr. Wells, apologizing for his curiosity, asked the subject where he ordinarily kept his money. "In my wallet." Wells suggested he look in his pockets. When the subject found the dollar in the unaccustomed pocket, he was surprised but rationalized, claiming he had left it there in order not to have to go into his wallet to pay for his streetcar fare. Then he put the dollar into his wallet. Apologizing for his boorishness, Dr. Wells then asked the subject how much money he had before he came to the office. The subject counted the money in his wallet, including the extra dollar, and gave that as the amount, apparently forgetting how much money he really had before the extra dollar had blessed his wallet. He had also forgotten that he had been hypnotized. Dr. Wells instructed his friends to accuse him of the crime, and try to get him to give the money back. The next day his best friend began kidding him about it. The subject thought it was a poor sort of joke, and denied the incident. Other friends also tried. The subject was adamant.

Then Dr. Wells asked him if it weren't theoretically possible that he had been hypnotized and made to steal. The subject grudgingly admitted that it was *theoretically* possible, but that he himself was a very poor hypnotic subject. A few weeks later Dr. Wells felt that the experiment had gone far enough. The subject was asked whether he would be willing to undergo hypnosis. The subject was willing, but warned that he wasn't a very good subject. He actually went under very quickly, and under hypnosis recalled the whole incident. When he woke he was embarrassed, feeling that he had stolen money, and being at the moment without any money to make reparation. Two days later he came back to the office and shyly paid his debt.

On the basis of these experiments, Dr. Wells concludes that if the subject is deeply hypnotizable, a person may be made to commit crime against his will, but no more than two or three in a hundred are capable of hypnosis deep enough to be so influenced.

The success of these efforts obviously depends on the subject being a rare hypnotic subject. What about the common garden variety subject, who doesn't lose complete control, and who remembers everything? Will they, like Janet's hysterical lady, simply balk? The answer seems to be yes and no. Psychoanalyst Kubie reports the case of a subject who had been instructed under hypnosis, to turn a drinking glass upside down when he came out of the trance. On waking, the subject remembered what he had been instructed to do. He was uneasy, determined to resist the suggestion. This seems like a harmless suggestion, but Dr. Kubie knew that this subject was a very orderly, neat, personality, and that it would violate his established habits. At first the subject felt slightly nauseous, asking for a glass of water, obviously obsessed with the idea of the glass, but still resisting the suggestion. Then the party proceeded as usual, but it was noticed that the subject seemed disturbed. After half an hour's resistance, the subject could hold out no longer, and turned the glass upside down, felt better, and joined the conversation.

Similar evidence comes from Psychologist White of the Harvard Psychological Clinic. Here the suggestion was that the subject on waking would throw a pillow across the room. The subject remembered the suggestion, and was determined to resist a suggestion he felt beneath his dignity. The subject had an appointment that made it urgent for him to leave immediately, but he was loath to go before throwing the pillow, and also unwilling to do it. The conflict grew in intensity, the subject becoming more and more tense. What to do? He *could* have left, had in fact every reason to—but there was that nagging urge to throw the pillow. Pacing up and down the floor, the subject laughed at himself and the experimenter. What the hell—why not? He grabbed the pillow, threw it, laughed, and left. ⧺

LIKE FLOATING ON AIR

Osteo-path-ik

FLOATING SUPPORT

Styled by Allen Edmonds

The patented Osteo-path-ik construction does it. No nails! No breaking in! Action-free construction *plus* CORRECT scientific support.

THE ROGUE

MILITARY STYLES ARE ALL THE GO

Dashing yet always in good taste —that's the secret of Osteo-path-ik's style success. THE ROGUE (top): flying cadet oxford of tan Luxor calf; leather lined; plain toe. All styles illustrated $10 (West of Rockies, $10.50).

See classified phone directory under "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer's name, or order direct (enclose cash, money order, or C.O.D. . . . state size and width) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money cheerfully refunded.

ALLEN EDMONDS Belgium, Wisc.

A Gift To Announce A Gift! A frameable, four-color reproduction of one of James Pollard's most famous prints will announce your gift of Coronet... now just $2.50 per year!

Partybook
86.4 PROOF
Three Star
LAIRD'S
APPLE BRANDY

For your pleasure

There's never a dull moment at your parties with LAIRD'S new 40 page party book. It has everything - - - games, quizzes, horoscopes, cocktail and party food recipes; refreshing ideas; sparkling suggestions.

Of course you will want to try

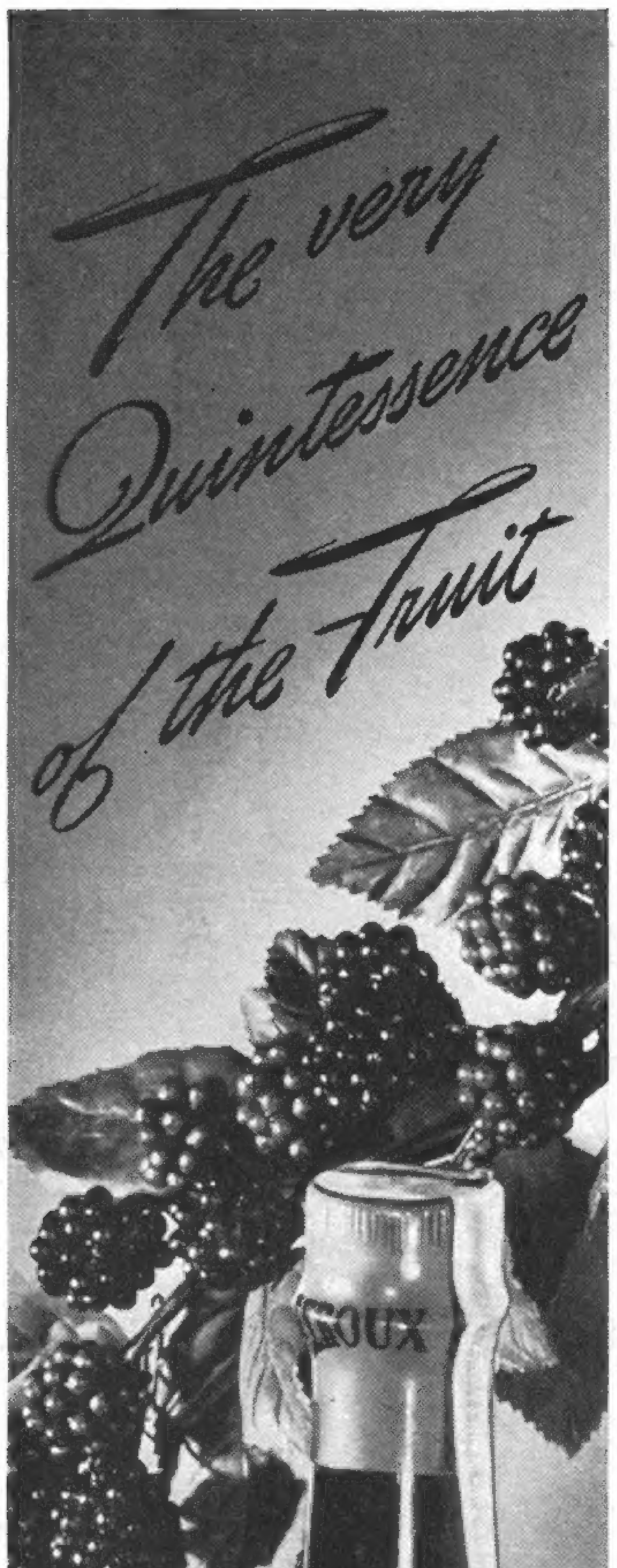
Laird's old time Egg Nog Recipe.

It's in the party book with many other fine cocktail recipes.

LAIRD & COMPANY
Scobeyville, New Jersey

Rush my copy of your new 40 page Party Book. Enclosed, please find 10c for handling.

Name
Street
City State


The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
RE-DISTILLED SPIRITS USED IN THIS PRODUCT ARE ALL BRANDY
LEROUX Blackberry FLAVORED Brandy
LEROUX
70 proof

ONE OF THE FAMED
LEROUX *Liqueurs*
THE WORLD'S FINEST
IMPORTED BASIC FLAVORING INGREDIENTS
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937
LEROUX & COMPANY, INC.
Philadelphia, Pa.
New York City • Brussels, Belgium
Available at better bars and package stores

Anything for a Laugh

Continued from page 98

in drill. I was there; I was probably a little more awkward than some; I disbelieved as profoundly as anyone; and in the end, or at least up to now, I feel that the way we made fun of drill was good for us; and that we became pretty good soldiers in spite of it. Perhaps better than if we had loved to drill.

It seems to me that a lot of camp comedy is a hangover; or that the men who provide the material are looking into the well-stocked files.

You can turn up identical jokes in *Punch* for 1860, 1880, 1900, 1920; probably not 1940 because of the war. But you will find the jokes of 1914 repeated again in 1941.

Our preparedness jokes are the same, not only because the material is the same. I have seen dozens of pictures of ill-fitted soldiery—which had some point in 1917; but clothes are carefully fitted today, and altered; and shoes are perfectly tried, and the men get a light off-duty oxford—but the jokes are still about the small man getting the enormous clothes.

The British Army swore in Flanders in the time of Churchill's great ancestor Marlborough and they swore when Churchill was at Antwerp in 1914 and now they hardly had time to swear in Flanders, but are probably swearing in Libya, and at the same things: the food, the clothes, the heat, the mud. The prerogative of the soldier is to complain about those things which would annoy him if he remained a civilian; that is true of democratic armies, of armies made up of ordinary people.

This is a fairly new invention in itself; it is a by-product of the French Revolution; and the difference from small standing armies on one hand, and from mercenaries on the other is marked: for the professional soldier must not complain about the domestic life of the military; and his purpose in life is to be as good a soldier, for as long a time as possible. The civilian-soldier's function is to go fighting into a short war and then to come home a civilian. So he lives as much like a civilian as he can; and jokes about the same things.

He jokes about his complaints. He does not joke about warfare, about fighting, about wounds, about the chances of getting killed in war—because he does not complain about these things.

No doubt there are military jokes in Germany and Japan; I know of none, recollect none from earlier days. For purposes of comparison, we can look to France which made merciless fun of the sex life of every rank, made fun of the *embusques* and the foppish captain; and was sardonic about civilians.

Or then we can look to the English and the Dominions; from them we got in the past war, Old Bill and in the present, Col. Blimp; we have had for generations, in British humor, the puffing mustached colonel. In times of peace he came from India; in time of war he bothers the War Office (unless he *is* the War Office). He reappeared in *Punch* recently; a fattish oldish officer bristling to his wife, saying "Who's running the war, me or your mother?" He is known the world over. But he passes unnoticed in our comedy because he passes unnoticed in our lives.

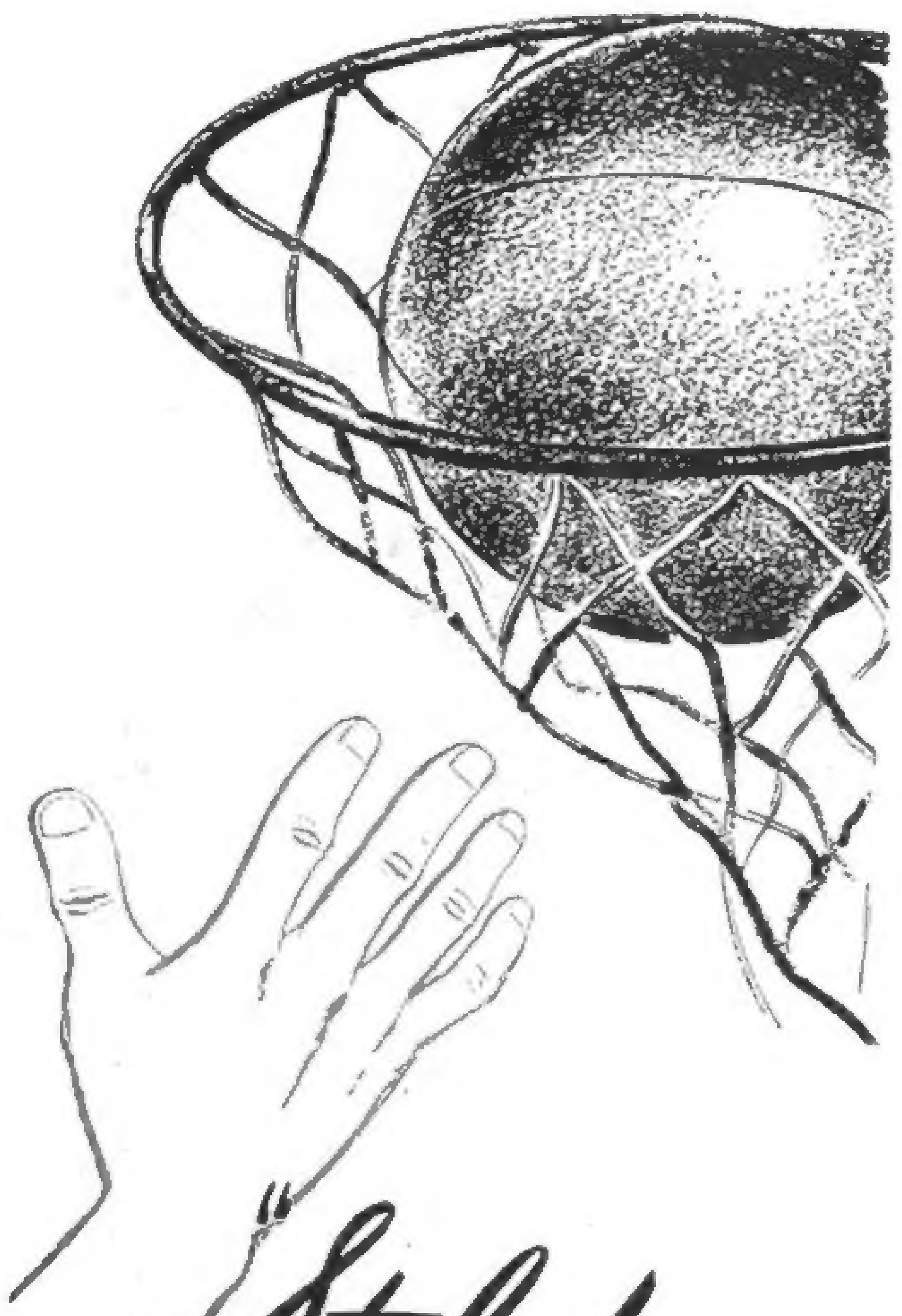
The soldier doesn't laugh at the brass hat in America; he doesn't believe that officers hide in the rear; he doesn't think that majors are all foolish. The only reason you may have for suspecting the soldiery of any lack of faith is the full text of one version of *Mademoiselle from Armentières*. The ribald description of *all* branches of the service is as scandalous about the artillery as it is about major generals and commanders-in-chief.

The old accusation that all other ranks and services were more pleasurably engaged while the infantry actually won the war—that's not to be taken as a slur on our morale. Merely an expression of envy.

The comedy which the sailor makes about the soldier and which the marine makes about both, is not different, basically, from the comedy which is made by rival prep schools, and by freshmen at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The comedy which the public cares about has nothing to do with comparative honors. The public wants the comedy which the men in the service want. A soldier's show at Ft. Monmouth makes fun of the business of peeling potatoes; kitchen police is good fun for the mothers and young nephews of soldiers, too; and KP is one of the Army institutions which comedy may destroy, if common sense and the progress of American machinery don't destroy it first. Slipping out of camp and bluffing when you are caught; all the minor infractions of rules, all errors about commands, and all circumstances in which a soldier acts like a civilian (see Bob Hope in *Caught in the Draft* for an early example) are always pleasing to the stay-at-homes and are not offensive to the soldier.

I do not know what kind of farce or burlesque or comedy would really offend a soldier. The danger is rather that serious works, rolloboys business about glory and duty, will offend more. For the soldier wants to be treated as a citizen except where soldiering, the actual business of warfare, is concerned. He wants to be what he has been called, a citizen-soldier. That was once the definition of militia; it is still the best description of our Army. And our comedy is the proof of it. ⌗

THE *Deciding* POINT



"*Styled* BY PORTAGE"

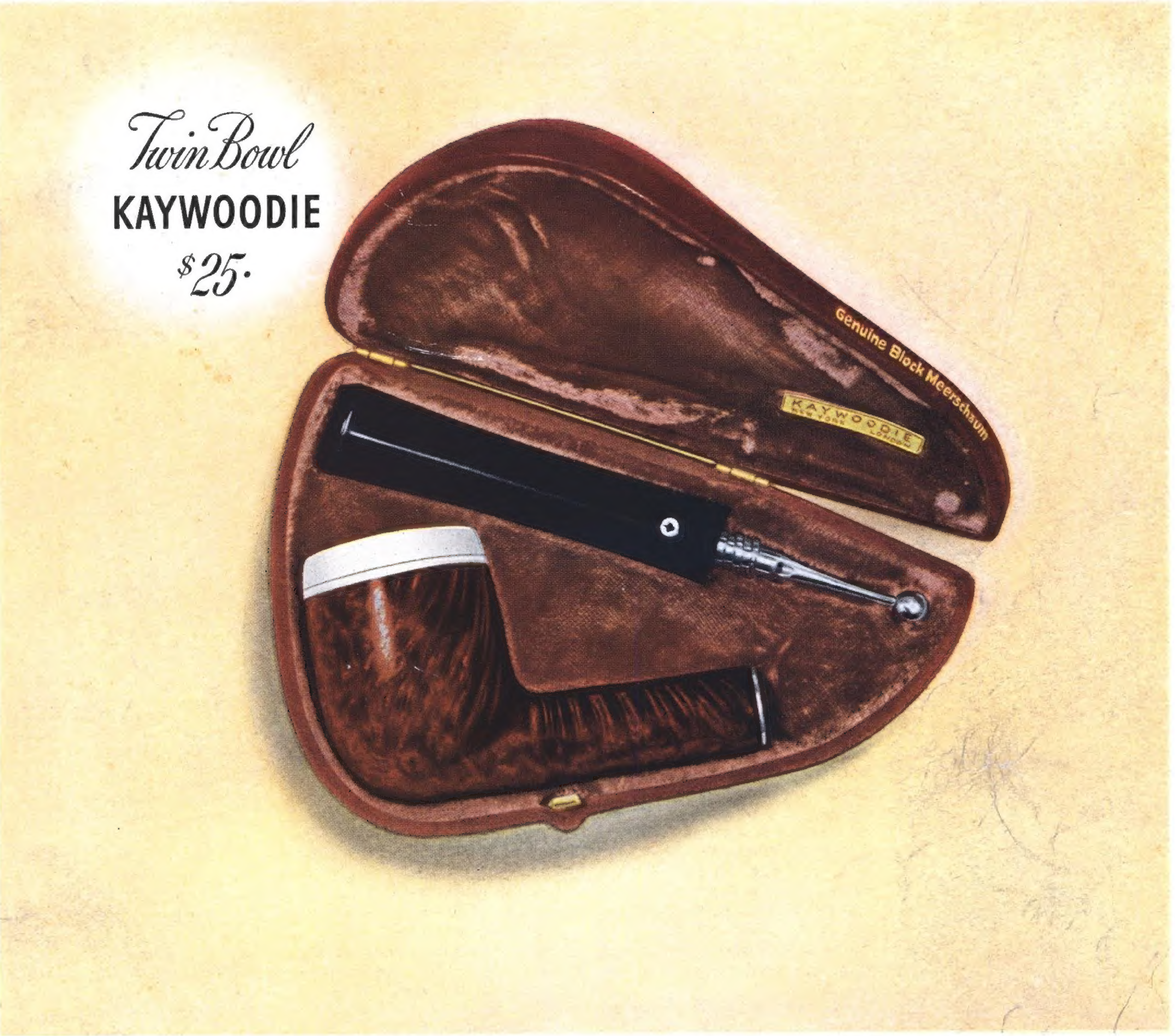
A great scoring combination — Portage styling plus Portage quality! Portage Shoes are a "walkaway" for value — finer leathers . . . greater care . . . easier miles and longer wear. See your nearby Portage dealer, or write for his name.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

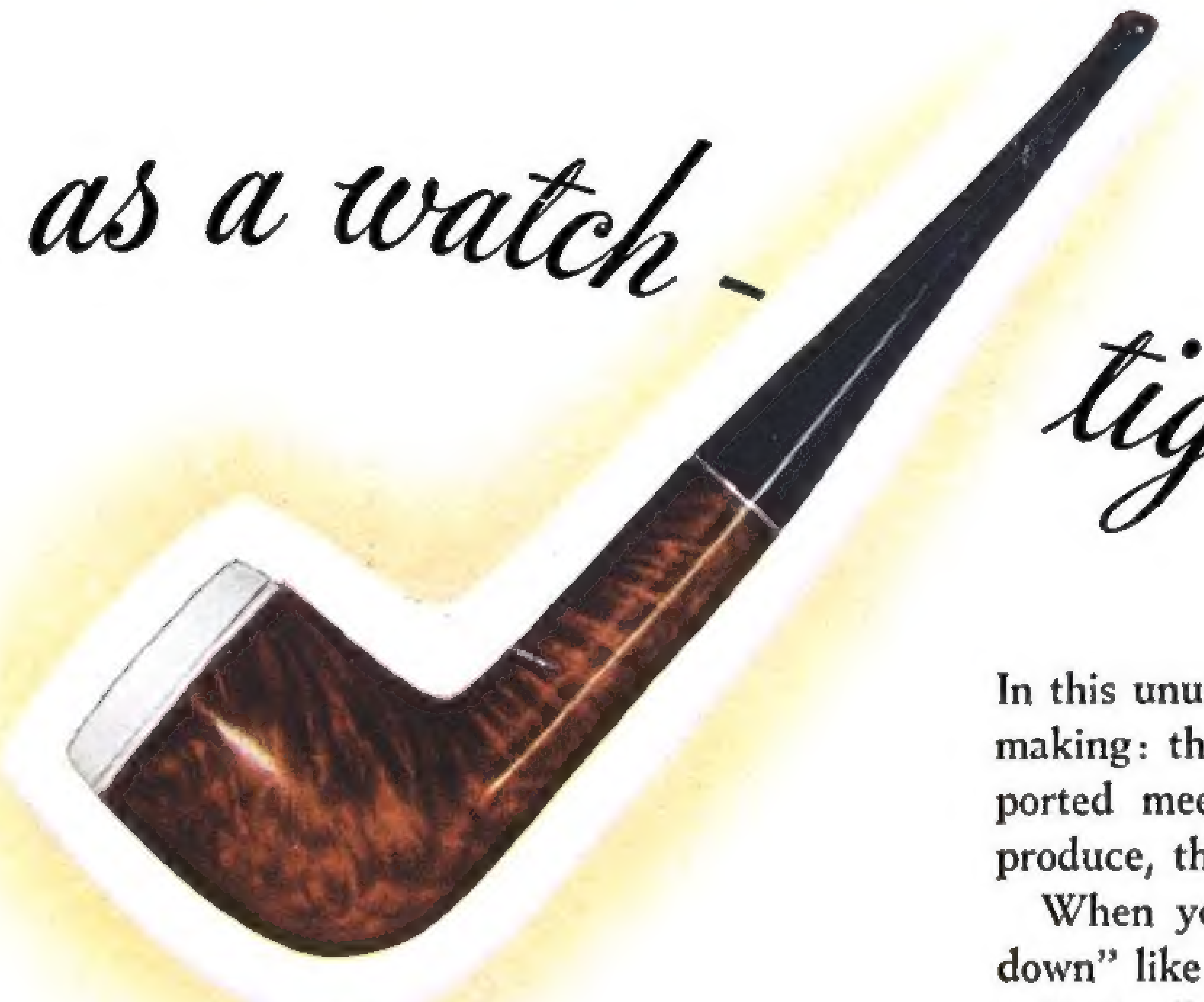
Model 133
STANFORD
Imported Brown Heather Grain

Model 6854-1
BOULEVARD
Brown Cordwainer hand finish

PORTAGE
Shoes $5.50 to $8.50



© 1941, KAYWOODIE CO.



Trim as a watch – tight as a clam!

In this unusual pipe are united the two choicest materials known to pipe making: the rare Flame Grain 200-to-400 year-old briar, and pure imported meerschaum. Kaywoodie craftsmen, masters of their art, will produce, this year, a severely limited few.

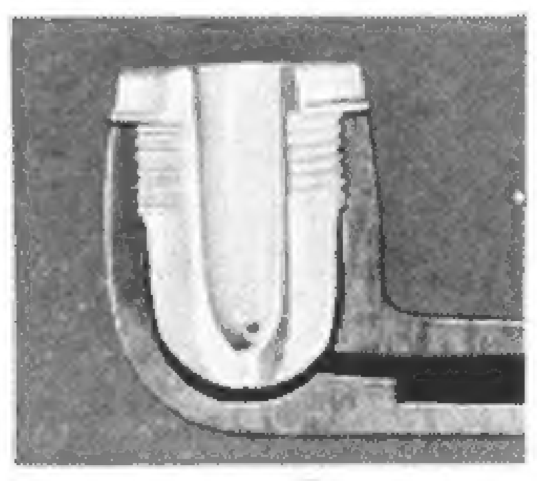
When you are not smoking your Twin Bowl Kaywoodie, it "knocks down" like a gun—you simply unscrew it in the middle, and place in the individually fitted hand-made case. This permits the interior of the pipe to "air out," to dry and "rest," and lends added enjoyment to your next smoke.

Actively contributing to the coolness of the smoke, is the metal Drinkless Attachment (patented) which precipitates volatile impurities from the smoke, prevents the passage of solid particles.

In a velour-lined leather case of traditional cabinet-maker's design

Made entirely by hand, the trim compact case is covered with the finest grade of calf or morocco leathers. It fits perfectly into your pocket and is an admirable traveling companion. There is also a Kaywoodie All-Meerschaum Twin-Bowl Pipe, at $35.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*



Between Inner and Outer Bowl is an Air-Space Chamber

Precision-fitted, the imported meerschaum inner bowl comes out for easy cleaning. The ample air-space between the bowls creates a heat-diffusion cooling chamber. Result: an exceptionally trim cool-smoking pipe.

**KAYWOODIE
COMPANY**
Makers of Fine Pipes since 1851
NEW YORK • LONDON
In New York, 630 Fifth Ave.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

AXTON·FISHER
presents
SOMETHING NEW
for
CHRISTMAS
DOUBLETS

A New Cigarette...

Rare Mildness...Matchless Flavor...Imperial Size...Oval Shape ...Exclusive Twin Pack...the World's Supreme Quality Cigarette!

DOUBLETS
DOUBLETS

TWO PACKS IN ONE!

Doublets are sold regularly in the exclusive twin pack shown above. It's actually two packs in one—a *pair* of thin crush-proof pocket cases in your choice of six contrasting colors. These smart wafer-like cases never make an unsightly bulge in your pocket or purse. They're self-opening, too—just press and the lid flies open!

Here it is. The cigarette you've always wanted—"A Masterpiece of the Tobacco Arts"—virtually custom made to the specifications of the most discriminating smokers. For their introduction to America's cigarette connoisseurs, Doublets are offered in this handsome holiday gift box. It contains twelve wafer-thin pocket-size cases, each holding ten of the new *Imperial* Doublets.

Please note these four features which make Doublets America's most distinguished cigarette:

FIRST, Doublets contain the world's choice tobaccos, skillfully blended to achieve a rare combination of extreme mildness and excellent flavor.

SECOND, Doublets contain no acrolein—the major throat irritant which is present in the smoke of nearly all other cigarettes.

THIRD, Doublets are oval-shaped to fit the fingers and lips...and 20% longer for additional smoke filtering, extra coolness.

FOURTH, Doublets' exclusive twin pack, designed by one of America's foremost artists, gives you a set of luxurious pocket-thin cases that are unequalled for beauty and utility.

What finer Christmas remembrance could you choose for any smoker than this treasure chest of the world's supreme quality cigarettes? And be sure to get some Doublets for yourself so that you, too, may learn what tobacco arts and science can offer in sheer cigarette enjoyment! Ask your favorite tobacconist for the new *Imperial* Doublets *today!*

Imperial Doublets are 20% longer than ordinary cigarettes...with a distinctive slenderized oval shape...an extra-long, fine-grained cork tip.

IMPERIAL
DOUBLETS
"A Masterpiece of the Tobacco Arts"

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, Inc. "HOUSE OF TRADITION"